

AMERICA'S LEADING SPORTSCASTER

BILL STERN'S

SPORTS BOOK



Edited by
BILL STERN



NO. 2
SUMMER 10c

MAN O'WAR

Saga of a Champion

"RUBE"
WADDELL

The
Magnificent
Screwball

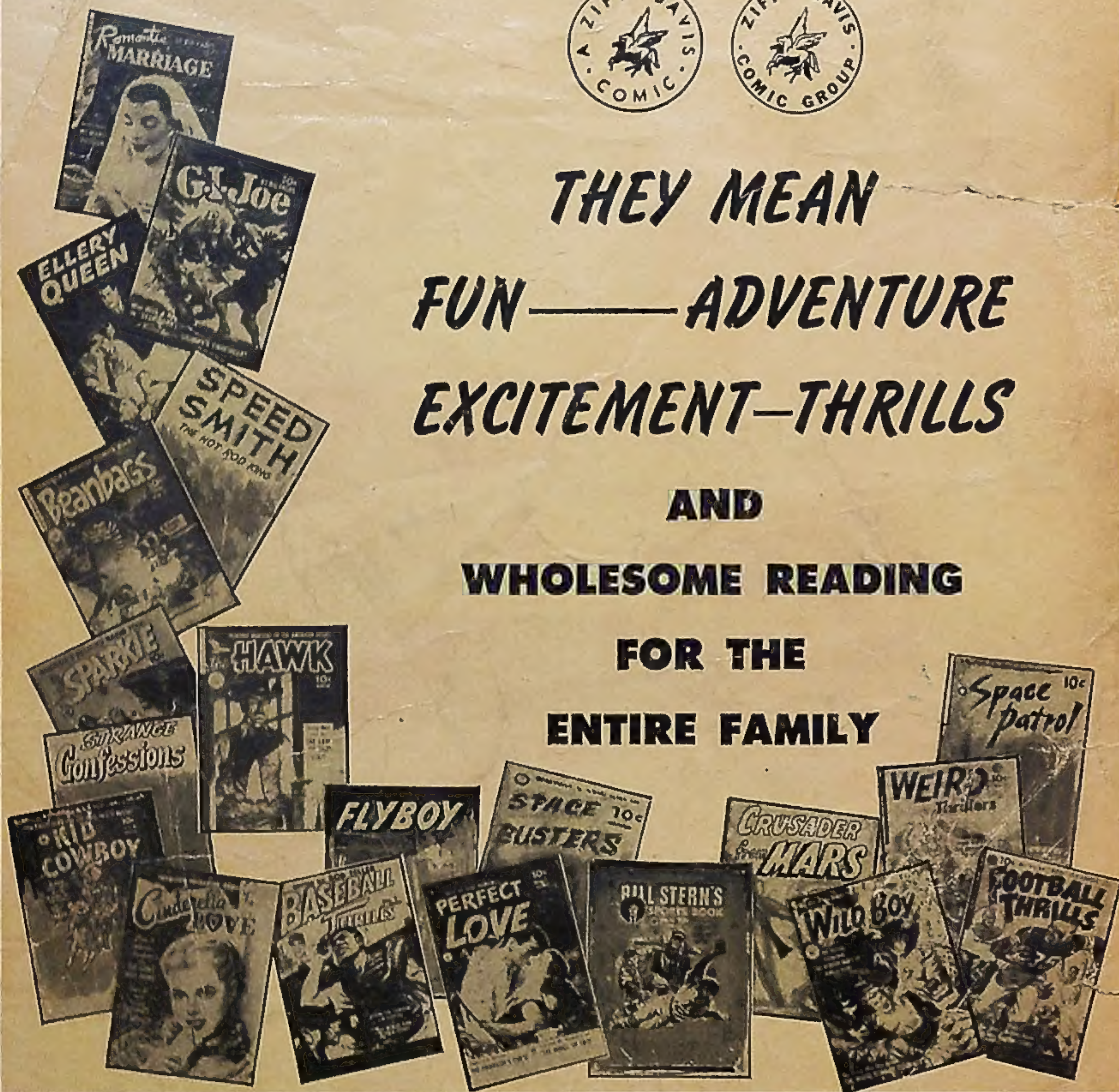
Two Fists and a Great Heart...
THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN JAW
SHAMROCKS AND BASKETS The Original Celtics

Look!

FOR THESE SYMBOLS



THEY MEAN
FUN——ADVENTURE
EXCITEMENT—THRILLS
AND
WHOLESOME READING
FOR THE
ENTIRE FAMILY



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The Magnificent Screwball "RUBE" WADDELL



BILL STERN

"THIS IS THE STORY OF GEORGE EDWARD WADDELL, KNOWN IN BASEBALL AS 'THE RUBE'! THOUGH HE AVERAGED 22 VICTORIES A SEASON DURING HIS MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER, THE TALL SOUTHPAW WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS BASEBALL'S GREATEST SCREWBALL. LET'S GO BACK TO THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. WE FIND CONNIE MACK, YOUNG AND DYNAMIC MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS, IN PUNXSUTAWNEY, PENNSYLVANIA, WADDELL'S HOMETOWN..."

RUBE'S A GREAT PITCHER, MR. MACK, BUT HE'S A NATURAL-BORN SCREWBALL!

I'LL BE SATISFIED JUST AS LONG AS HE PITCHES WINNING BALL!

PUNXSUTAWNEY PA.

"MACK WAS DELIGHTED AS THE HUGE, ECCENTRIC WADDELL SIGNED A PHILADELPHIA CONTRACT. HERE WAS THE GREATEST 'FIND' IN THE STILL-YOUNG AMERICAN LEAGUE. IN 1902, RUBE RETURNED TO THE PHILADELPHIA CAMP IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA..."

RUBE, MEET OSSIE SCHRECK, OUR CATCHER AND YOUR ROOMMATE!

HI, OSSIE, BOY!

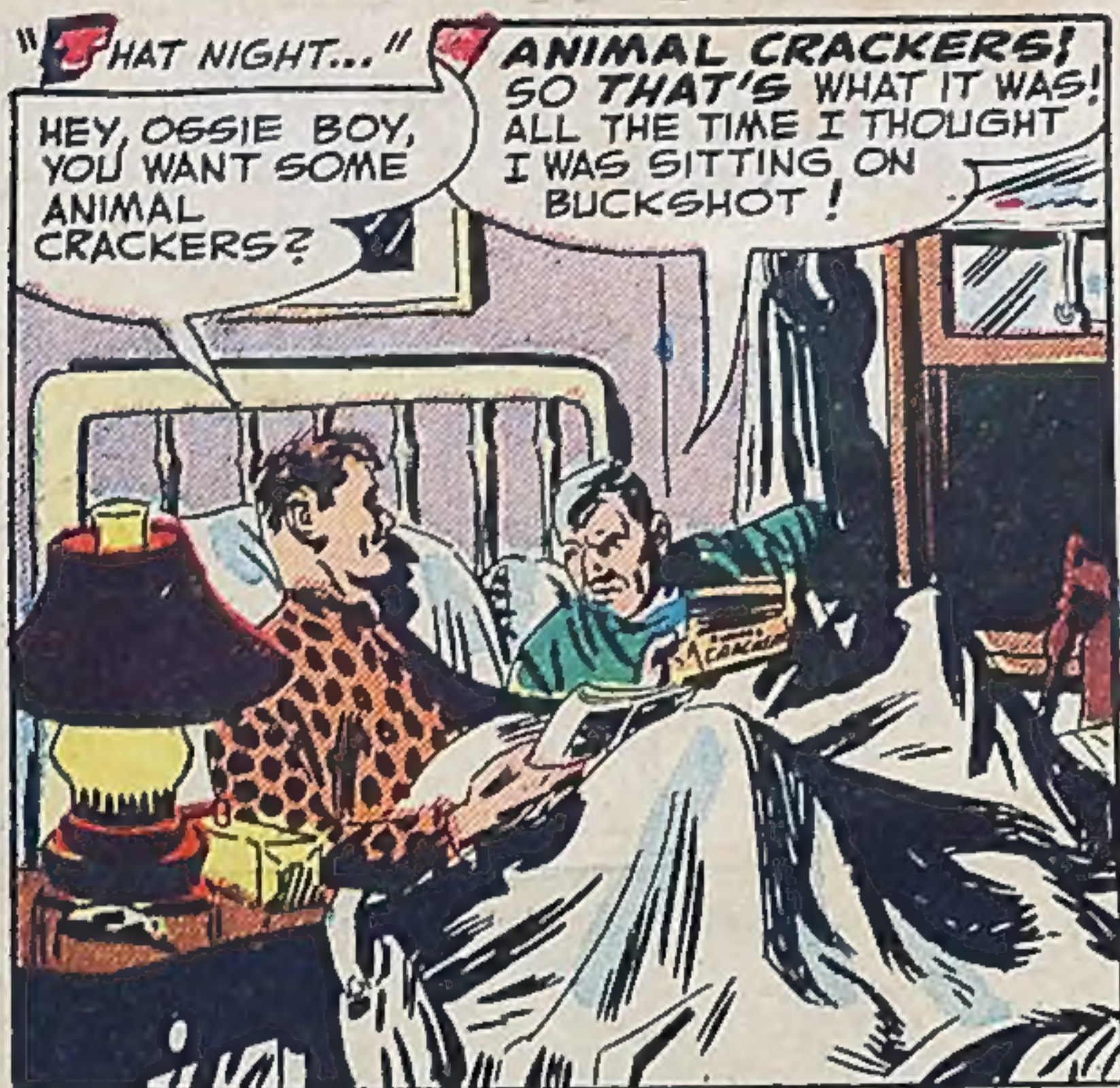
HI, RUBE! GOOD TO HAVE YA WITH US!



I HOPE YOU BOYS DON'T MIND SHARING A DOUBLE BED! THE CLUB'S A LITTLE SHORT OF MONEY AND...

MR. MACK, WHEN IT COMES TO SLEEPIN' THERE AIN'T A THING IN THE WORLD THAT'LL BOTHER ME!

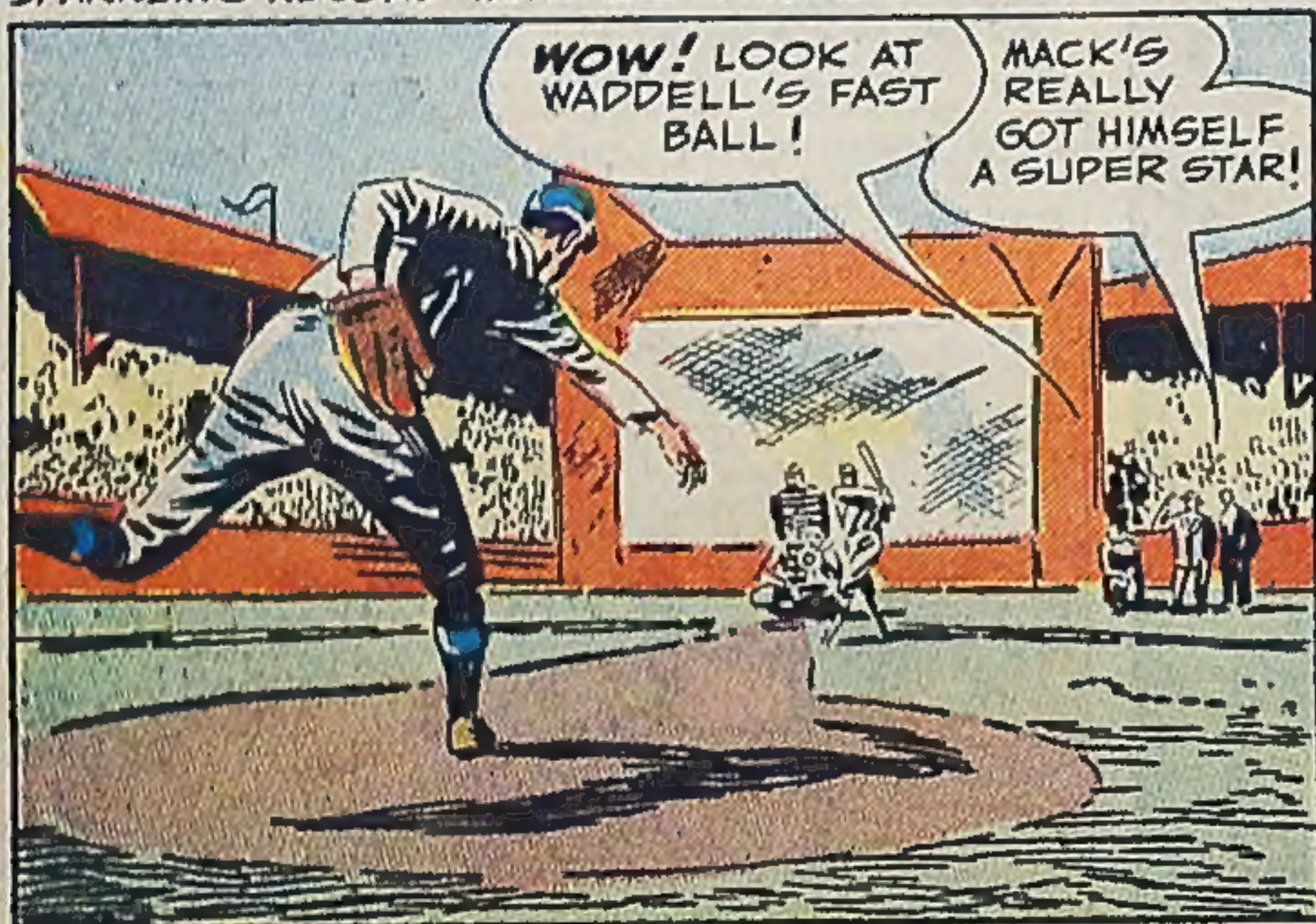




"SCHRECK WASN'T JOKING. CONNIE INSERTED SUCH A CLAUSE IN RUBE'S CONTRACT-- CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL IN BASEBALL HISTORY..."

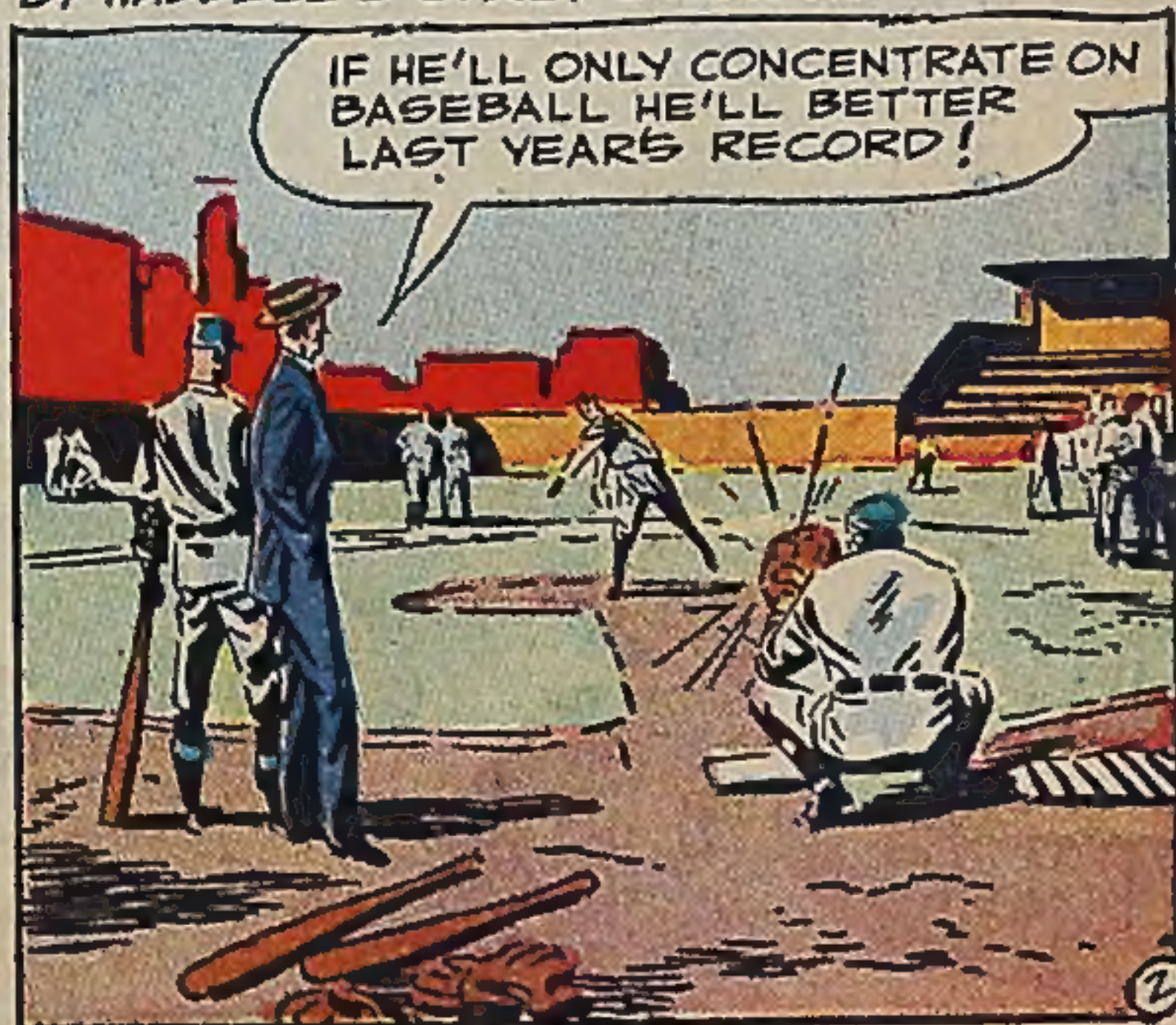
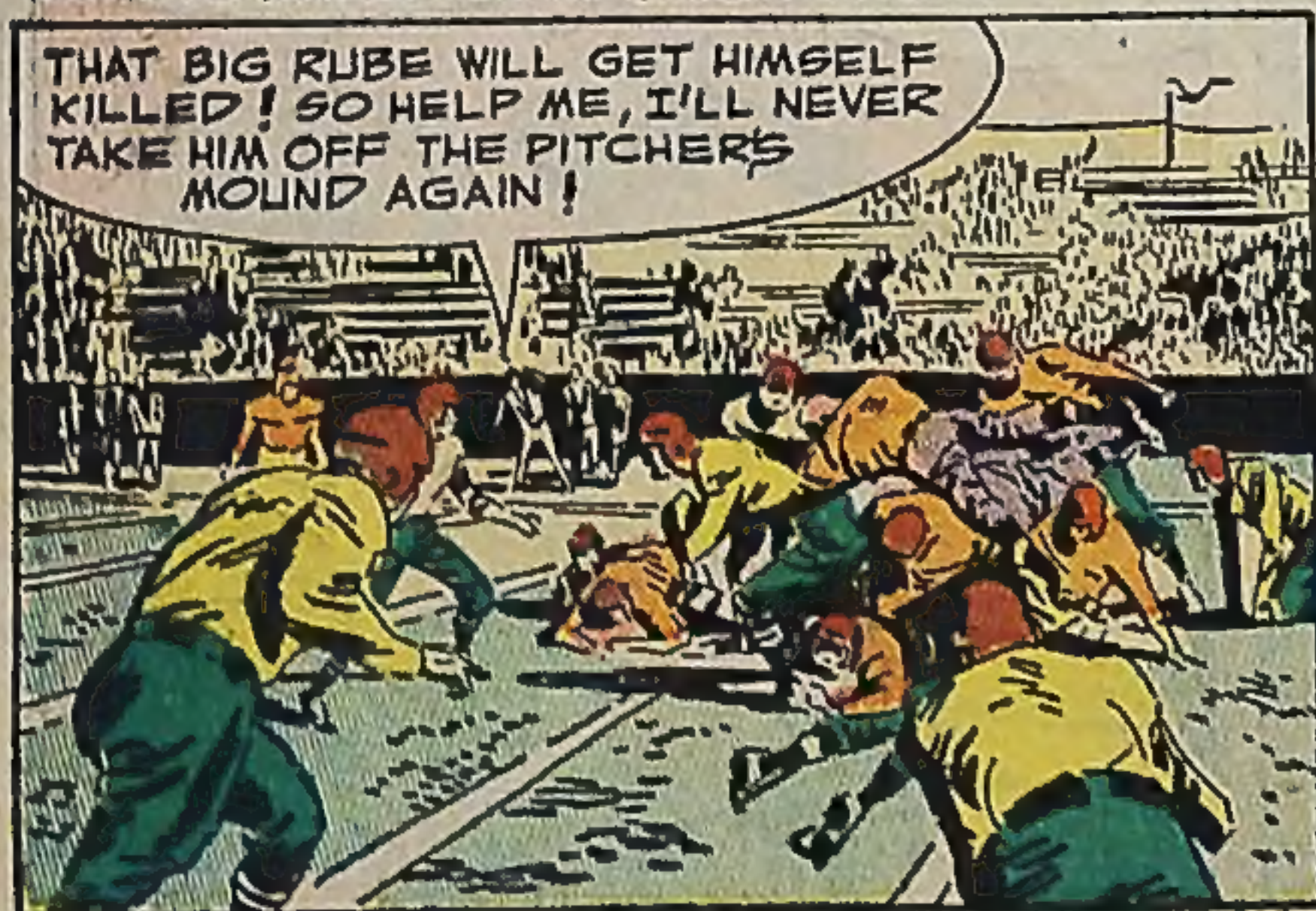
"THAT SEASON WADDELL WON 23 GAMES, AND PHILADELPHIA COPPED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT. ADDED TO RUBE'S SPARKLING RECORD WERE 210 STRIKEOUTS..."

"AFTER WINNING THE PENNANT (THERE WAS NO WORLD SERIES) CONNIE MACK DECIDED TO EXTEND HIS OPERATIONS..."



"AND SO RUBE WADDELL TRIED HIS HAND AT FOOTBALL. HOWEVER, THE ONLY OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THAT GAME AT SHIBE PARK WAS THE FACT THAT IT WAS PLAYED UNDER LIGHTS, MORE THAN 30 YEARS BEFORE LARRY MACPHAIL INTRODUCED THE ARCS TO BASEBALL IN CINCINNATI..."

"THE 1903 SEASON ROLLED AROUND, AND AT TRAINING CAMP CONNIE MACK WAS PLEASED BY WADDELL'S EARLY START..."



"BUT THAT VERY NIGHT..."

MR. MACK! MR. MACK!
IT'S THAT CRAZY
PITCHER OF YOURS!

WHAT'S
WRONG?
IS WADDELL
ALL RIGHT?



"A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE FAIR GROUNDS..."

HE'S IN *THERE*, MR. MACK!
HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED!
YOU'VE GOTTA STOP HIM!



OF
ALL
THE ...

DARNED IF I DON'T
WIN AGAIN! THESE
ALLIGATORS IS
A CINCH!

ALL DONATIONS
KINDLY ACCEPTED
FOR RUBE WADDELL,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
PITCHER AND ALLIGATOR
WRESTLER!



YOU DUMB CLUCK!
WHAT IF THAT MONSTER
HAD BITTEN OFF
YOUR LEFT ARM!

SHUCKS, MR. MACK, I
COULD ALWAYS PITCH
WITH MY RIGHT ARM.
COULDN'T I?

MR. FEARLESS
LIVE ALLIG
TORS!"



"IF HE HAD TO,
RUBE WADDELL
PROBABLY
COULD HAVE
PITCHED WITH
HIS RIGHT ARM.
THE RUBE WAS
GOOD, AND HE
KNEW IT.
SOME DAYS
LATER, IN AN
EXHIBITION
GAME, WADDELL
PULLED OFF
HIS CRAZIEST
STUNT.
IT WAS THE
LAST INNING,
AND WITH THREE
BATTERS TO
FACE, HE CALLED
IN HIS FIELDERS.
HE STRUCK
OUT THE
FIRST TWO
BATTERS,
AND..."

STRIKE THREE--
YER OUT!

HE STRUCK OUT **ALL THREE**
BATTERS! RUBE WADDELL
MAY BE A SCREWBALL, BUT
HE'S THE GREATEST SCREW-
BALL I'VE EVER SEEN!



"RUBE HAD A GREAT YEAR IN 1903, WINNING 21 GAMES AND STRIKING OUT 301 BATTERS. AS THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON ENDED..."



YOU WERE GREAT, RUBE! WE COULDN'T HAVE ENDED UP IN SECOND PLACE WITHOUT YOU!

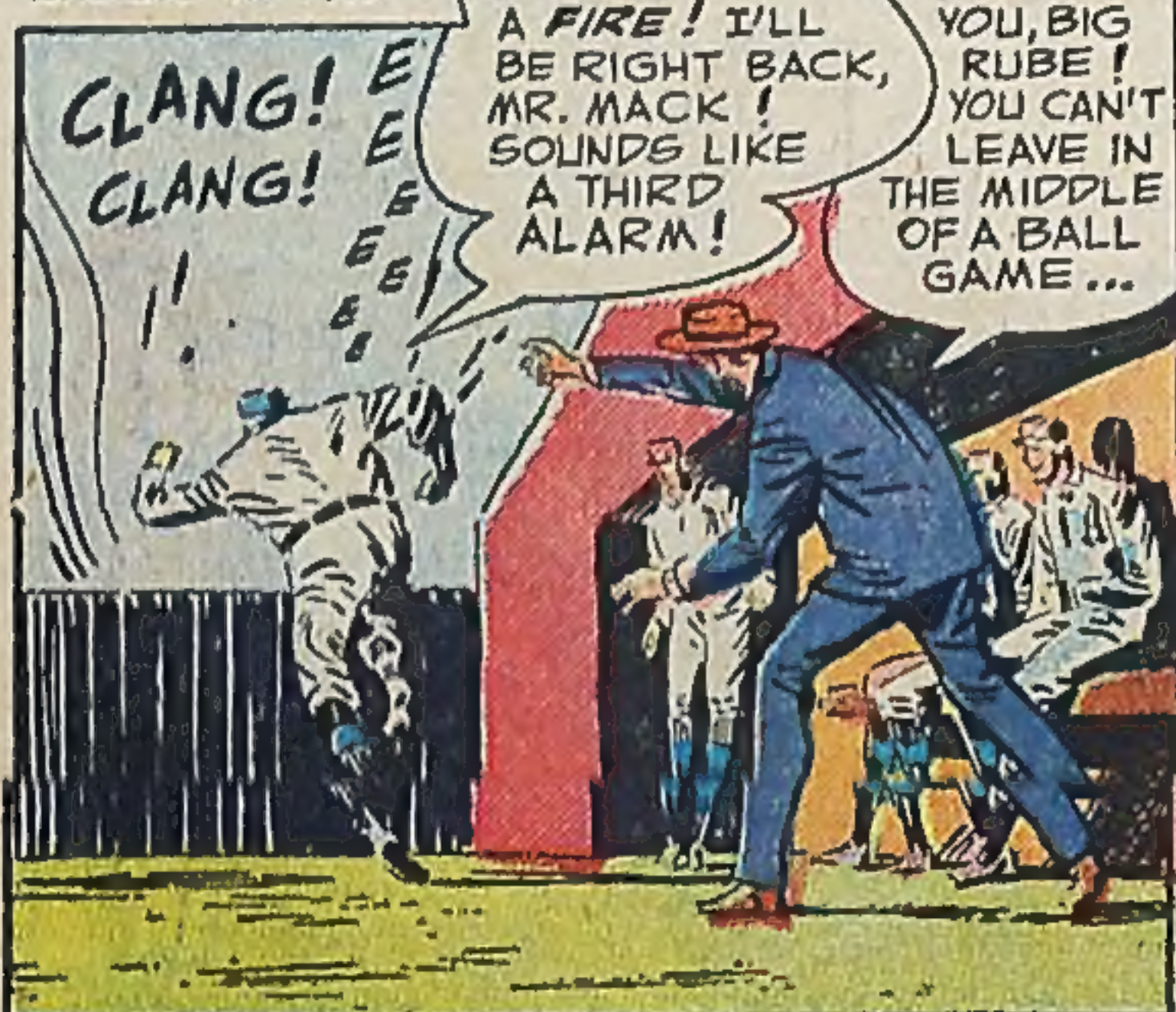
AW, SHUCKS, GUYS! I LET YOU DOWN! WE COULD'VE WON THE PENNANT EASY IF I WON A FEW MORE GAMES!

YOU DID YOUR BEST, RUBE, AND I'M PROUD OF THOSE STRIKEOUTS YOU POSTED THIS SEASON!

MR. MACK, I'M GONNA STOP HORSIN' AROUND NEXT YEAR! I'LL GET YOU A WHOLE PASSEL OF STRIKEOUTS!



"BUT IF CONNIE HAD EXPECTED RUBE TO STOP HORSIN' AROUND HE HAD ANOTHER GUESS COMING. AS THE 1904 SEASON WAS WELL UNDER WAY..."



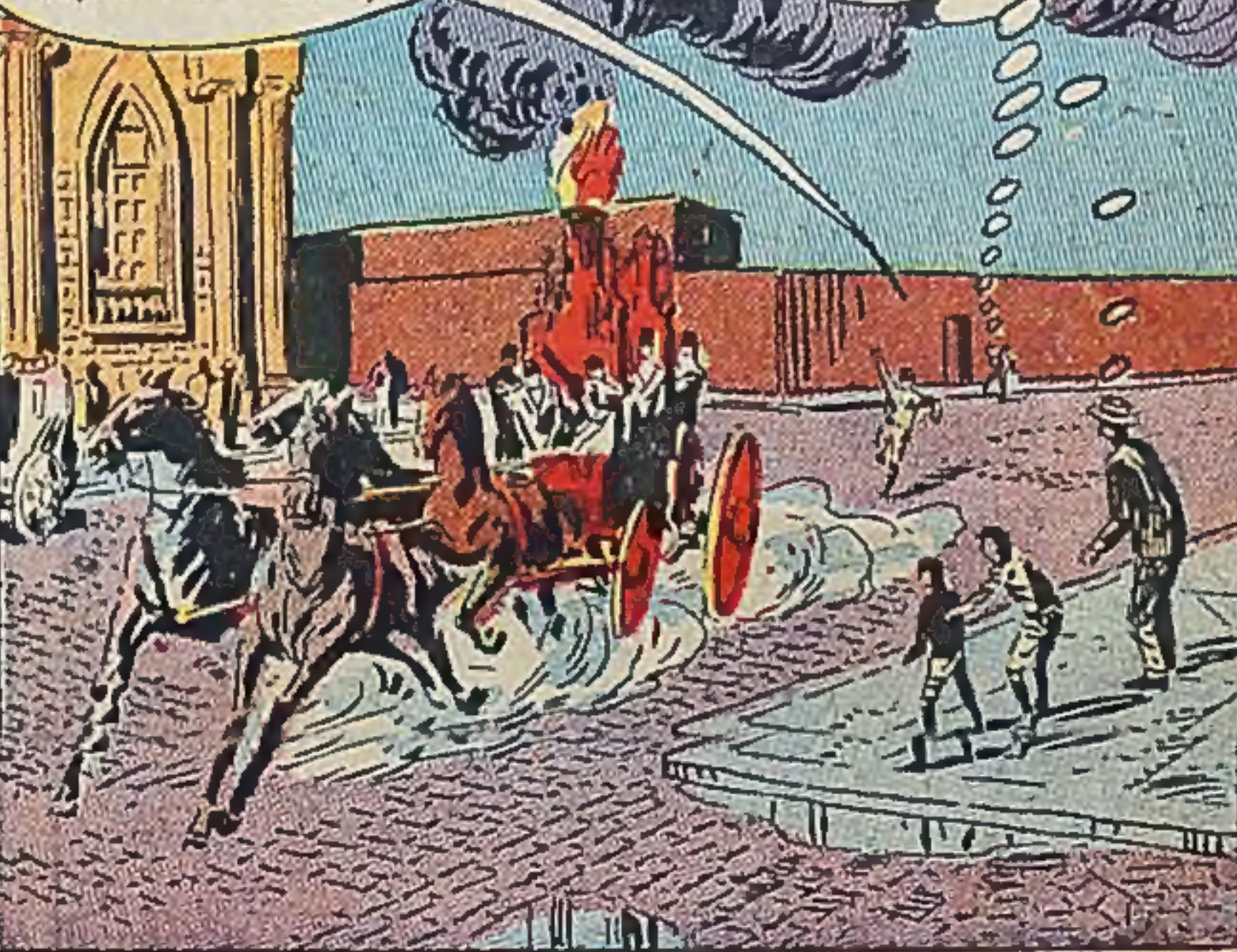
CLANG! E
CLANG! E

A FIRE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, MR. MACK! SOUNDS LIKE A THIRD ALARM!

YOU, BIG RUBE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BALL GAME...

HOT DAWG! IT IS A THIRD ALARM! HEY, FELLERS, WAIT FOR ME!

OH, RUBE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP?



"RUBE CONTINUED 'HORSIN' AROUND,' BUT HE MADE GOOD HIS PROMISE. WADDELL WOUND UP THE 1904 SEASON WITH 'A WHOLE PASSEL' OF STRIKEOUTS. 343 BATTERS WENT DOWN BEFORE RUBE'S POWER HOUSE DELIVERIES AND NOT UNTIL 1946, WHEN BOB FELLER STRUCK OUT 348 FOR A NEW RECORD, DID ANYONE APPROACH THIS MARK..."

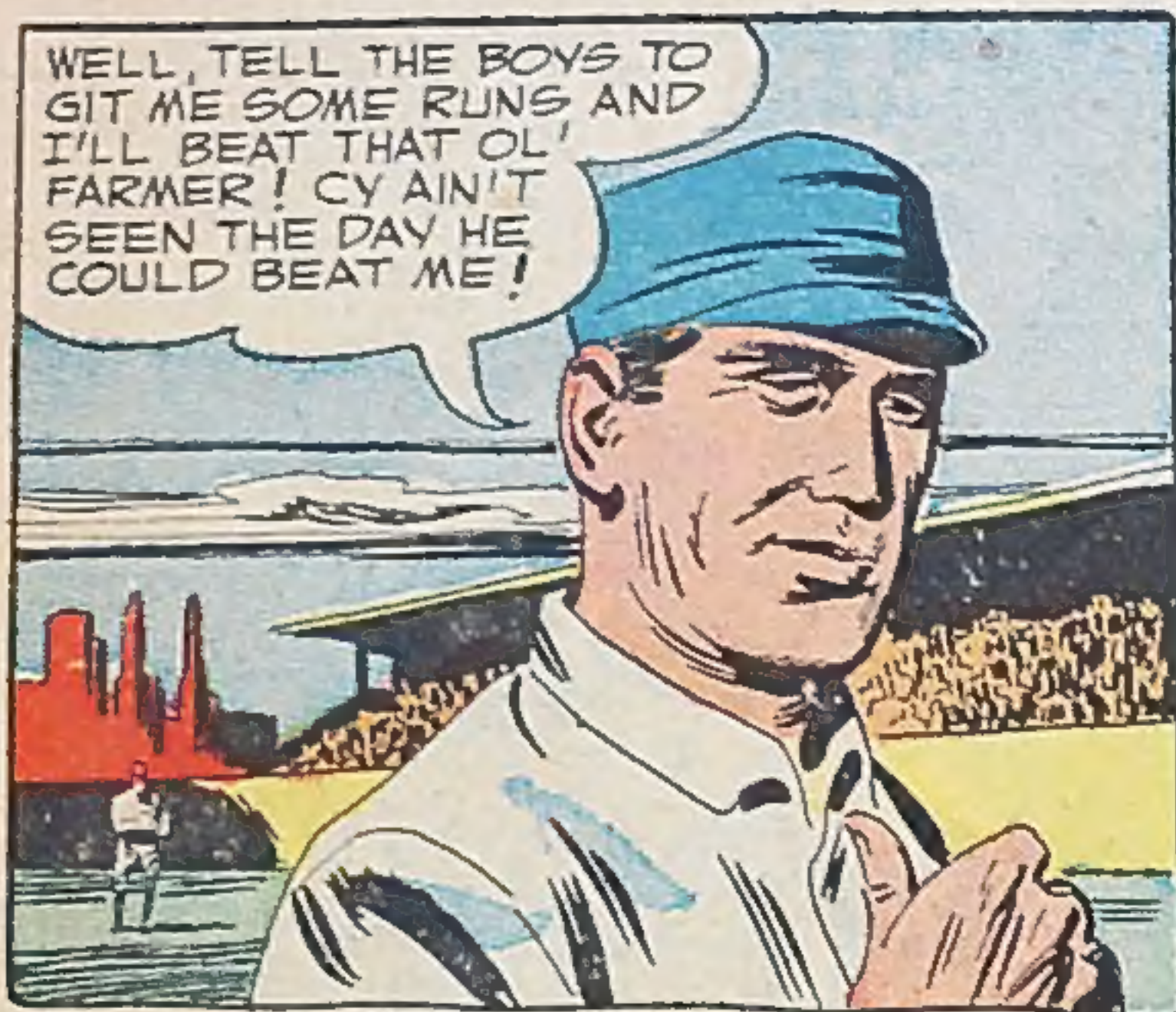


"WADDELL IMPROVED AS THE YEARS WENT BY. 1905 FOUND HIM AT HIS PEAK. EVEN UNDER PRESSURE THE RUBE WAS A COOL CHARACTER. ONE AFTER-NOON IN BOSTON..."



HEY, OSSIE BOY! AIN'T IT GETTIN' KIND O' DARK? WHAT INNIN' IS IT?

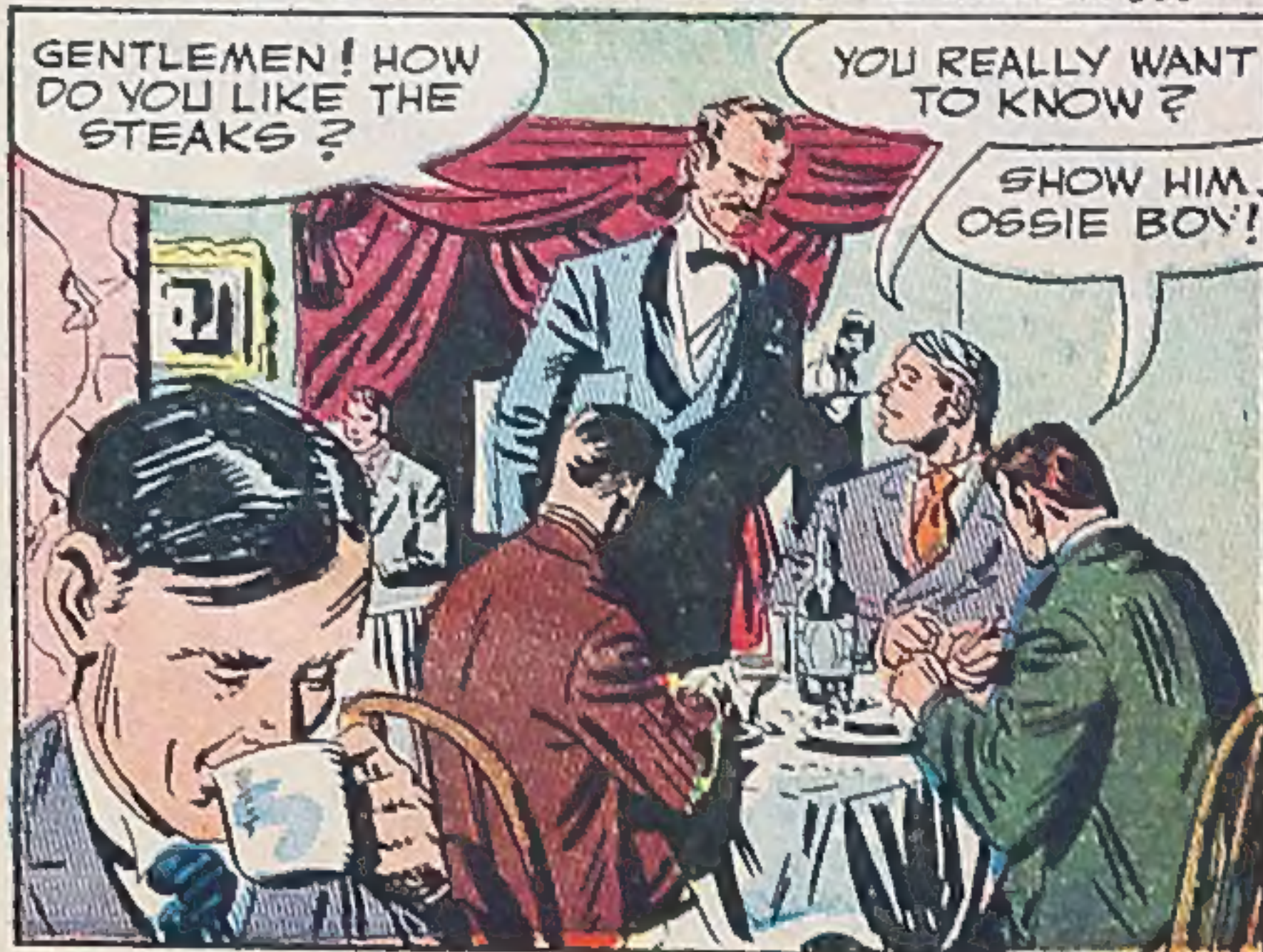
WE'RE IN THE SEVENTEENTH, RUBE! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO BREAK THROUGH CY YOUNG YET!



WELL, TELL THE BOYS TO GIT ME SOME RUNS AND I'LL BEAT THAT OL' FARMER! CY AIN'T SEEN THE DAY HE COULD BEAT ME!

"IN THE TOP OF THE 20TH INNING, PHILADELPHIA SCORED TWO RUNS TO HAND WADDELL A 4 TO 2 VICTORY OVER CY YOUNG. RUBE WENT ON TO WIN 27 GAMES THAT SEASON..."

"THE DAFFY BATTERY OF WADDELL AND SCHRECK REPORTED FOR SPRING TRAINING IN 1906 AND BROUGHT A NEW BAG OF TRICKS WITH THEM. IN THE HOTEL DINING ROOM ONE AFTERNOON..."



GENTLEMEN! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE STEAKS?

YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

SHOW HIM, OSSIE BOY!



WE DON'T WANTCHA TO THINK THEY'RE TOUGH OR NOTHIN', BUT...

OUT! OUT, I SAY! THE WHOLE BALL TEAM! BASEBALL PLAYERS, PAH!



RUBE, BASEBALL IS GROWING UP! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS!

AW, SHUCKS! YOU KNOW I LIKE A LITTLE FUN, MR. MACK! BUT I'LL TRY-- HONEST!

"RUBE WON 16 IN '06 AND A RESPECTABLE 19 IN '07, BUT MACK REALIZED THE RUBE'S PRODUCTIVE DAYS IN BASEBALL WERE OVER. RELUCTANTLY, HE SOLD RUBE TO ST. LOUIS. AND SO SCHRECK AND WADDELL SAID GOOD-BYE..."

"AFTER LEAVING CONNIE FOR ST. LOUIS, THE RUBE DETERIORATED RAPIDLY. HE WON 19 GAMES IN HIS FIRST YEAR WITH THE BROWNS, 11 THE SECOND AND ONLY THREE IN 1910..."



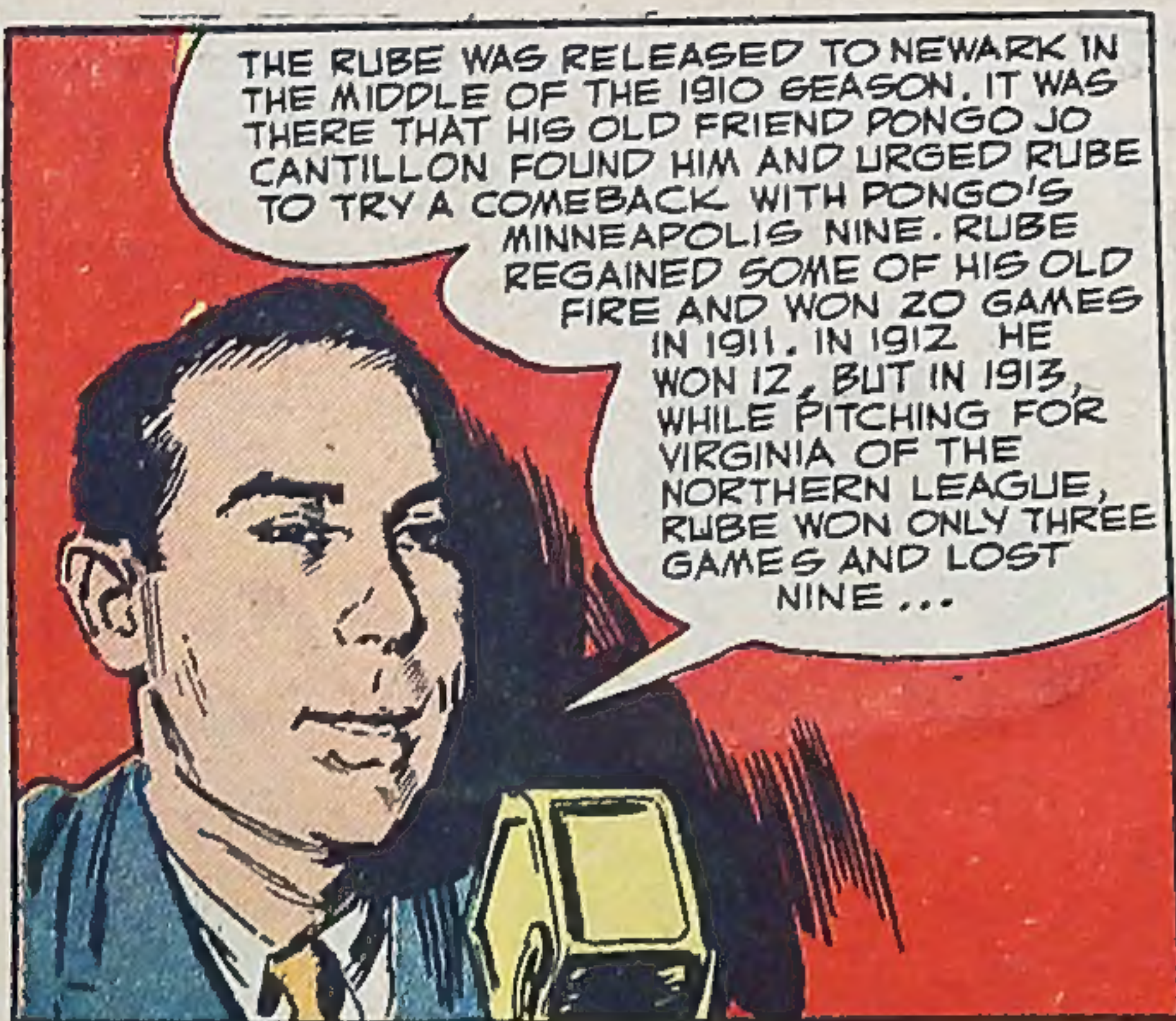
RUBE, I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE GOING AWAY PRESENT...

ANIMAL CRACKERS! AW, SHUCKS, OSSIE BOY, YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA HAVE DONE THAT! THANKS!



THE RUBE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST HIS SPIRIT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SKIPPER, THERE'S NO HEART BEHIND THE ARM!



THE RUBE WAS RELEASED TO NEWARK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 1910 SEASON. IT WAS THERE THAT HIS OLD FRIEND PONGO JO CANTILLON FOUND HIM AND URGED RUBE TO TRY A COMEBACK WITH PONGO'S MINNEAPOLIS NINE. RUBE REGAINED SOME OF HIS OLD FIRE AND WON 20 GAMES IN 1911. IN 1912 HE WON 12, BUT IN 1913, WHILE PITCHING FOR VIRGINIA OF THE NORTHERN LEAGUE, RUBE WON ONLY THREE GAMES AND LOST NINE ...

"ONCE AGAIN IT WAS HIS OLD FRIEND, PONGO JO, WHO CAME TO HIM IN HIS HOUR OF NEED..."

COME ON HOME WITH ME FOR THE WINTER, RUBE! WE'LL HUNT AND FISH AND FORGET BASEBALL FOR AWHILE! NEXT YEAR YOU'LL COME BACK AND SHOW 'EM ALL!

THAT'S AN A-1 IDEA, PONGO! LET'S GO!



"AT CANTILLON'S HOME IN HICKMAN, KENTUCKY, RUBE FELT LIKE A NEW MAN. THEN ONE AFTER-NOON WHILE THEY WERE OUT HUNTING ..."

"ALL THAT EVENING, THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND INTO THE GREY DAWN THE VALIANT BAND BATTLED AGAINST RAGING WATERS OF THE OHIO RIVER..."

HEY, PONGO JO! COME QUICK! THE LEVEE HAS BUSTED, AN' THE RIVER'S RISIN'!

C'MON, LET'S GO, RUBE! WE GOTTA HELP THE LEVEE GANG STACK BAGS OR THE WHOLE VALLEY WILL BE FLOODED!



YOU BETTER GET TO BED, RUBE! SOUNDS LIKE YOU CAUGHT COLD!

(COUGH) NO, PONGO (COUGH) WE NEED EVERY (COUGH) MAN TO FINISH THE JOB!



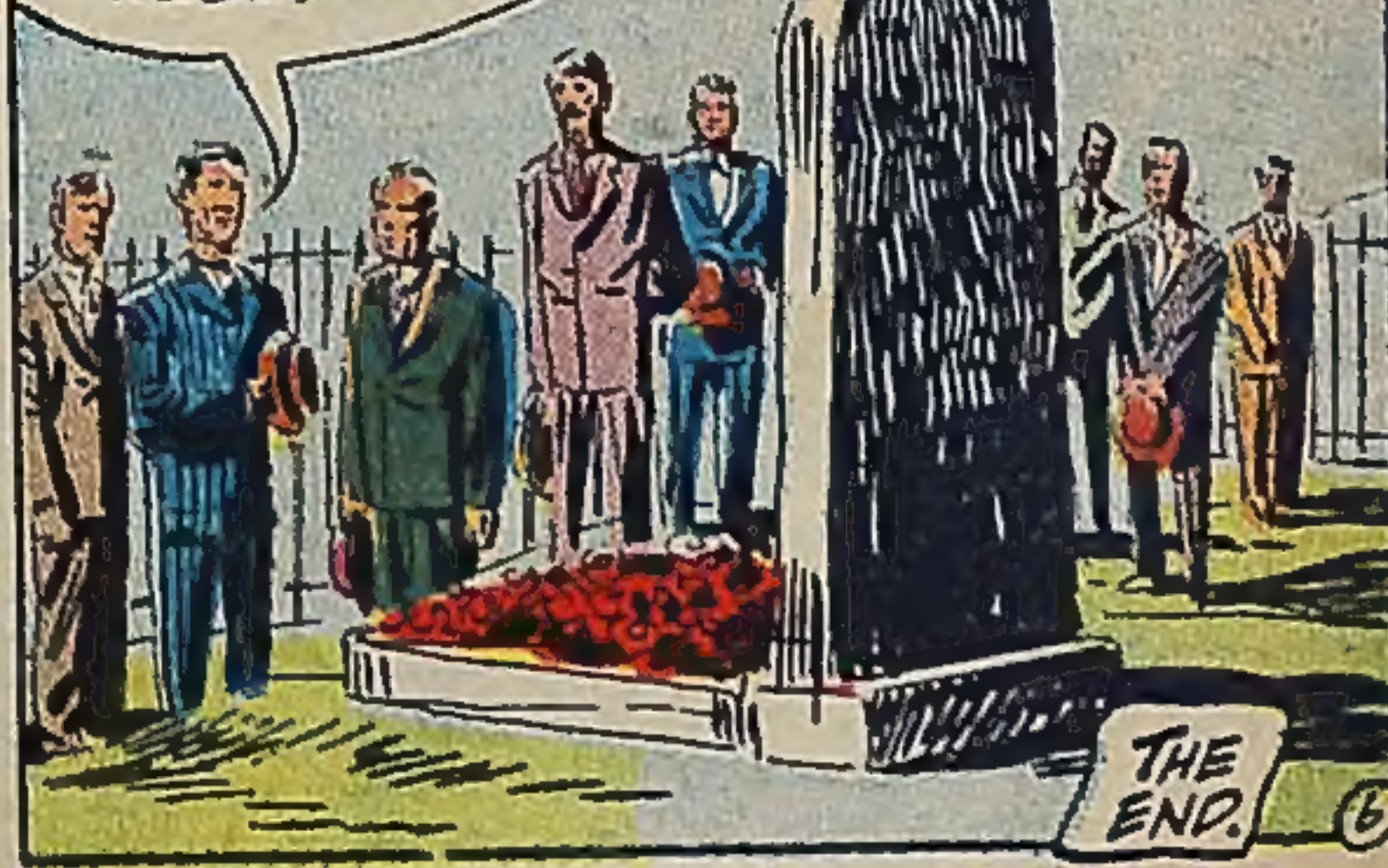
"WADDELL SAW THE RESCUE JOB THROUGH TO ITS COMPLETION, BUT HE HAD BEEN EXPOSED TOO LONG AND NEVER RECOVERED. HE CONTACTED TUBERCULOSIS, AND WAS SENT TO A SANITARIUM IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. THERE ON APRIL 1ST, 1914, RUBE WADDELL, THE 'MAGNIFICENT SCREWBALL', PASSED AWAY! IN THE SPRING OF 1924, JOHN MCGRAW TOOK HIS N.Y. GIANTS TO SAN ANTONIO FOR TRAINING. WHEN MCGRAW VISITED WADDELL'S GRAVE..."

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS! WADDELL WAS TOO GREAT A PITCHER TO LIE HERE FORGOTTEN!



"MCGRAW CONTACTED CONNIE MACK, AND THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF THE TWO BASEBALL MEN, THERE STANDS A FITTING MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE RUBE. IT READS SIMPLY: GEORGE EDWARD WADDELL -- 1876 -- 1914."

HE NEVER DID LIKE STRANGERS TO CALL HIM "RUBE."



THE END.

the "POPSICLE" KIDS SAVE THE DAY

TESS AND TIM SOLVE A BIG GIFT PROBLEM

WOW! WE ALMOST FORGOT MOM AND POP'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

IT'S NEXT WEEK AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY FOR A GIFT!

I'M BROKE TOO!

I GOT IT! WE'LL USE THE "POPSICLE" GIANT GIFT LIST!

TERRIFIC IDEA!

HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC APRON FOR MOM... A HUNTING KNIFE FOR DAD!

I'LL COUNT OUR BAGS!

THE BIG DAY

MY, WHAT A LOVELY APRON!

AND LOOK AT THIS SWELL HUNTING KNIFE!

SAVED BY THE BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS, EH KIDS?

YOU SAID IT! AND THESE "POPSICLE" GIFTS ARE SWELL PRESENTS FOR ANY OCCASION, FOR ANYONE, TOO!

GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#15 TEA APRON
Beautiful vinyl plastic apron with a hand painted flower design. Ideal for Mother, daughter, sister. State choice of Kelly Green, Yellow or Royal Blue. 235 BAGS or 50¢ & 15 BAGS

#11 HUNTING KNIFE
Sturdy precision built with beautiful carved handle. 5 steel blade. Hand tooled leather sheath attaches to your belt. 200 BAGS or 55¢ & 25 BAGS

#116 BASEBALL EMBLEM SET
1 Large & 1 small emblem of your favorite National or American League team. Swell for sweater, jacket, cap. State team. 40 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store or write to **"POPSICLE PETE"** at address nearest you

Address **"POPSICLE PETE"**
Dept. D, Box 678, N. Y. 46, N. Y.
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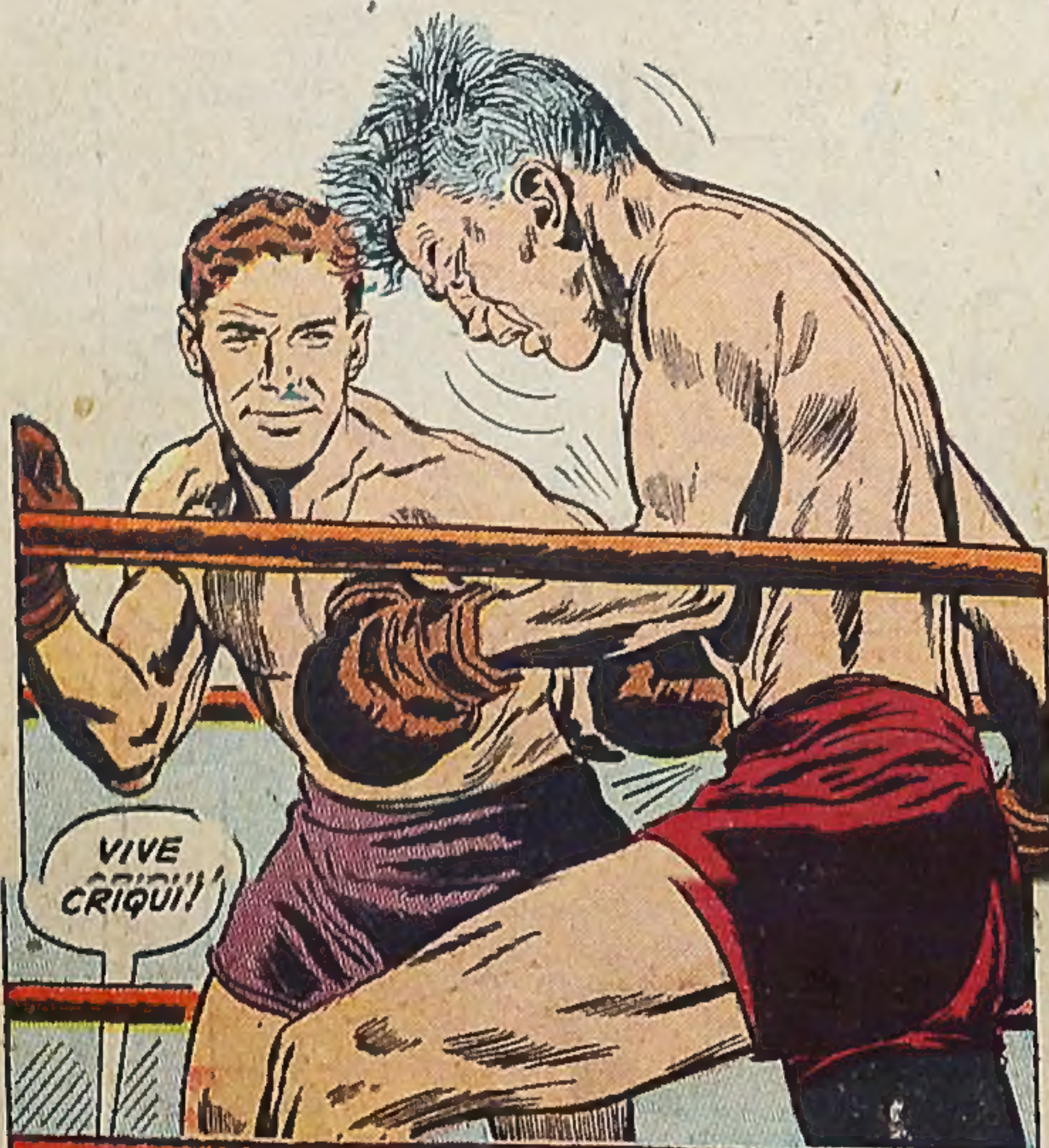


BILL STERN

THE ARCHIVES OF SPORTS ARE FILLED WITH TALES OF COURAGE. SPORTSMEN ADMIRE THE ATHLETE WHO HAS THE WILL TO WIN IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS. SUCH A MAN WAS EUGENE CRIQUI, THE FRENCH GAMECOCK. LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO PARIS, FRANCE. THE YEAR IS 1910, AND WE FIND CRIQUI, A HANDSOME LAD OF SEVENTEEN, WINNING HIS FIRST PROFESSIONAL FIGHT...

The **MAN WITH THE GOLDEN JAW**

The Story of **EUGENE CRIQUI**



VIVE CRIQUI!

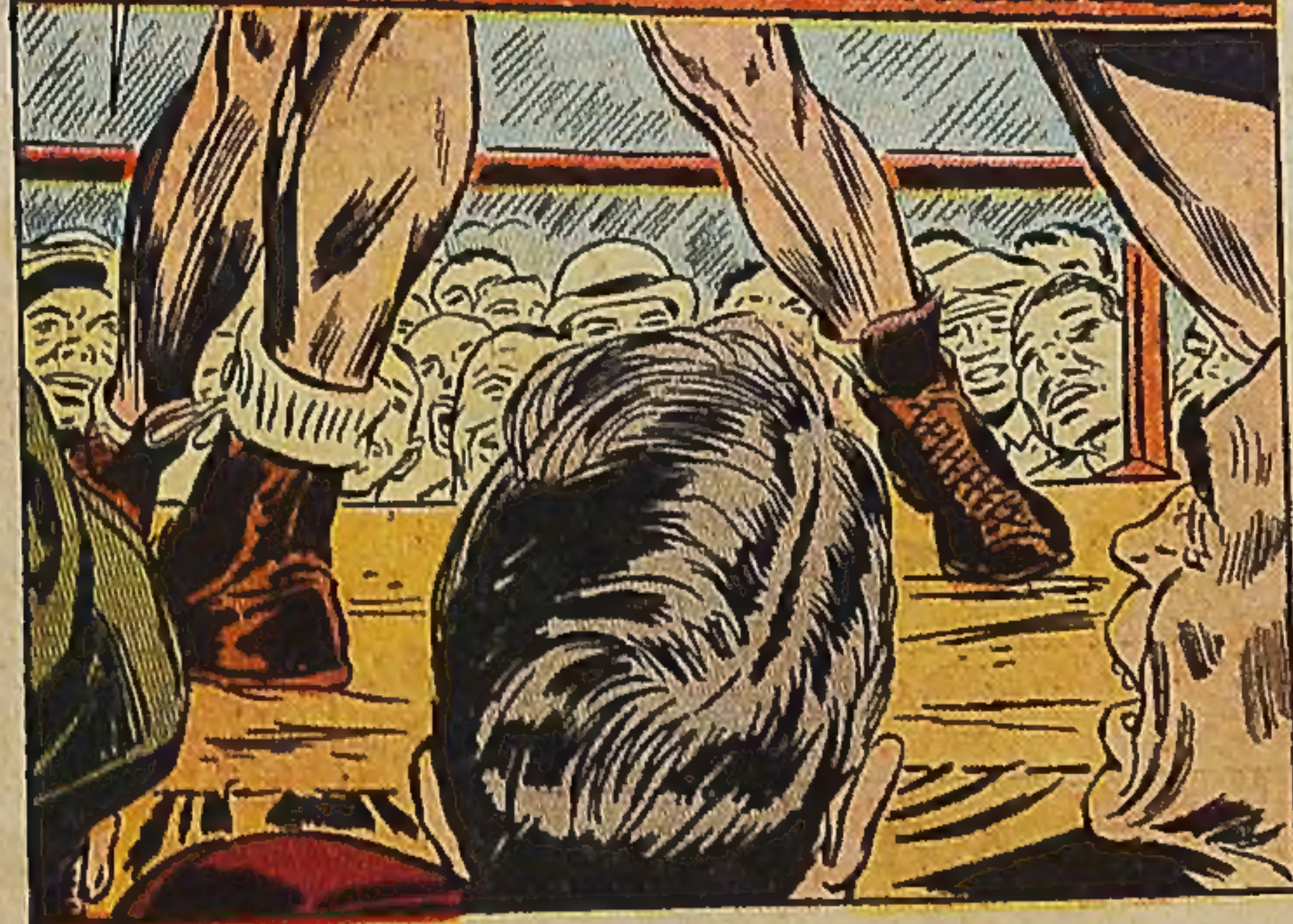


GOOD FIGHT, EUGENE!

GREAT SHOWING, CRIQUI!

AH, RAOUL! THOSE CHEERS SOUND WONDERFUL!

CRIQU

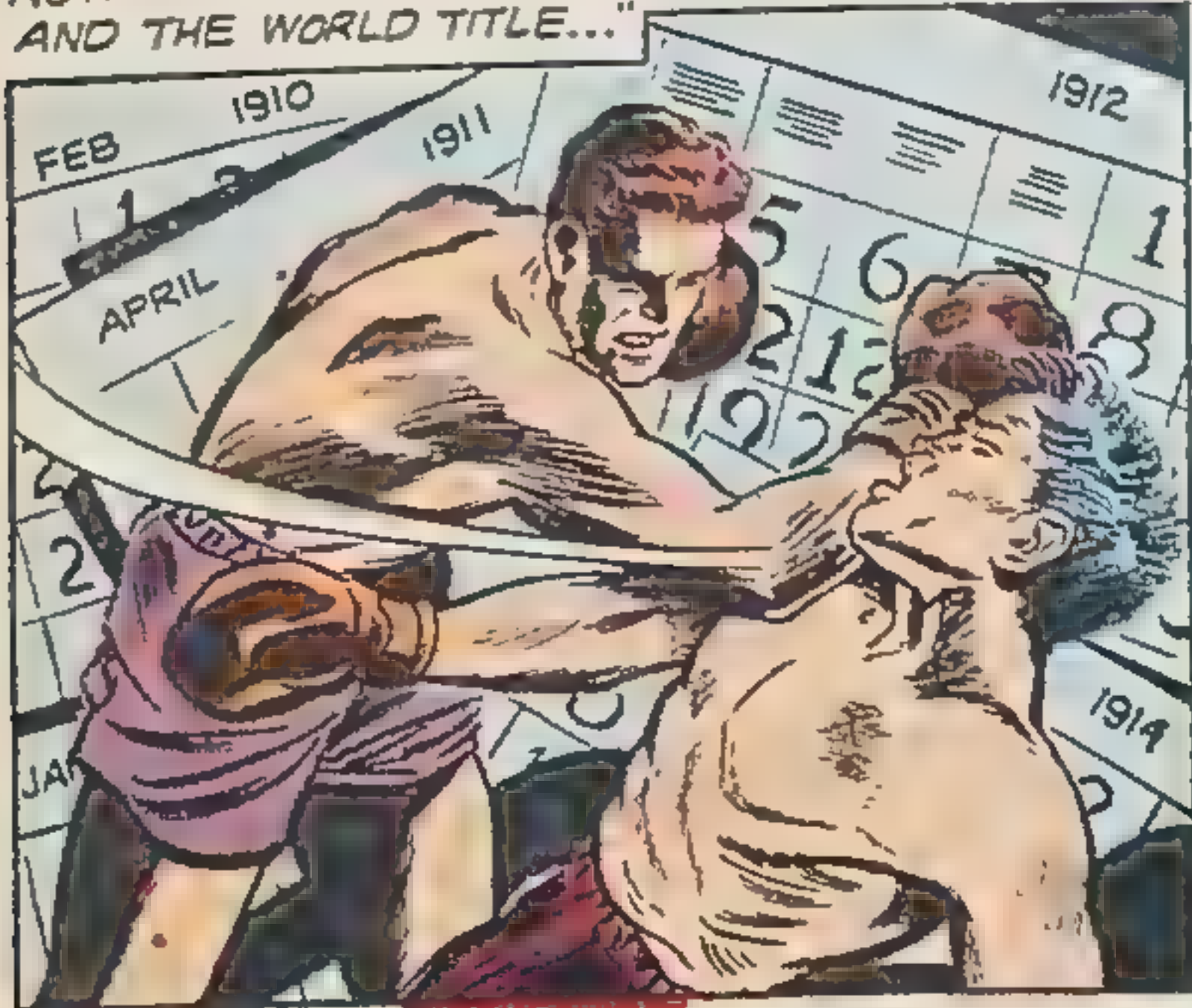


YOU HAVE EARNED THEM, EUGENE! I AM PROUD OF YOU! BUT DON'T LET THOSE CHEERS DECEIVE YOU, MON AMI! THEY CAN TURN YOUR HEAD! AND REMEMBER-- IT'S A LONG, HARD ROAD TO THE TOP!

NOTHING WILL EVER KEEP ME FROM WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP! THAT IS MY LIFE!



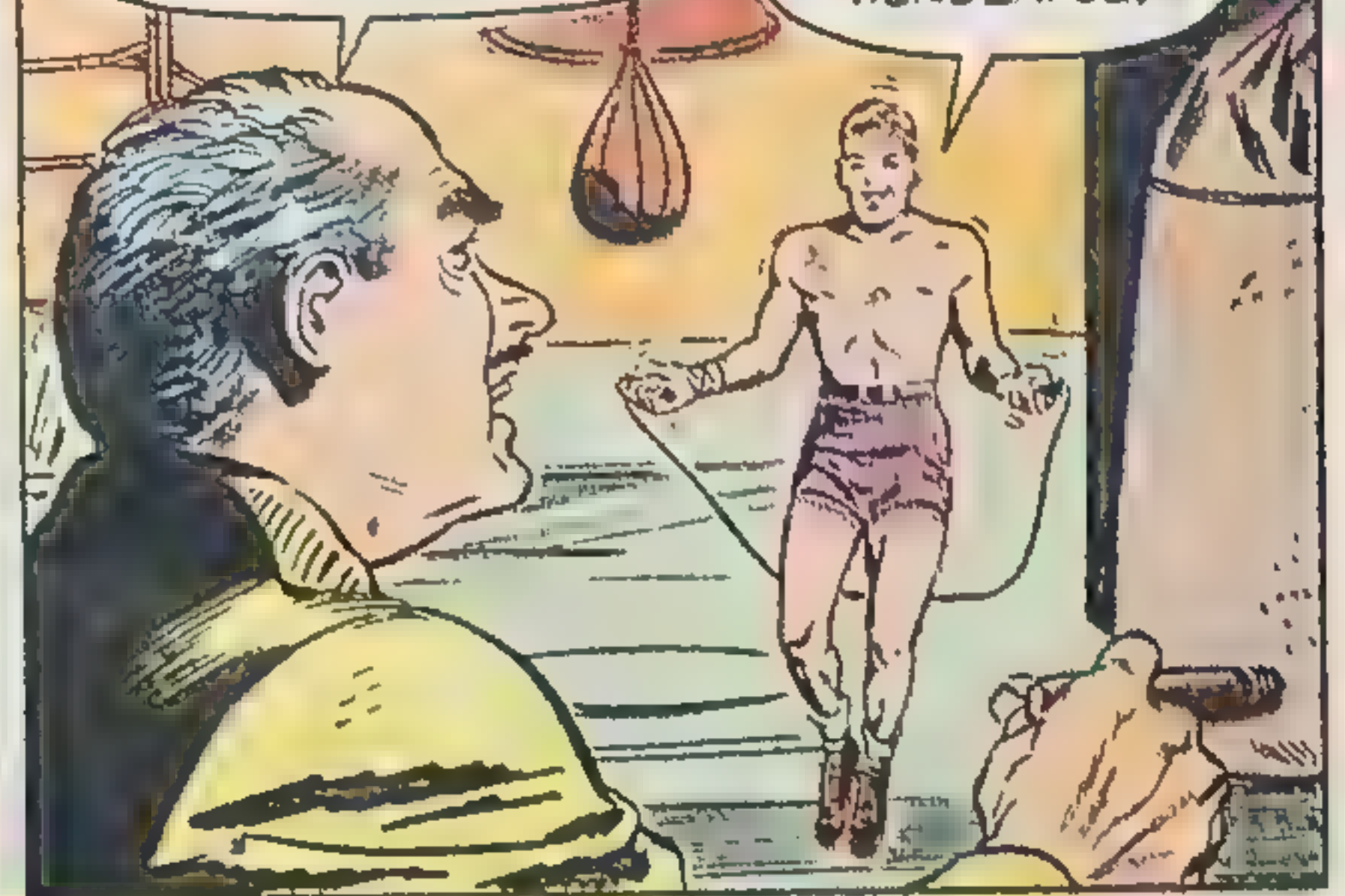
FOR THREE YEARS, THE HAMMERING FISTS OF EUGENE CRIQUI BATTERED THE OUTSTANDING FEATHERWEIGHTS OF EUROPE. IT APPEARED THAT NOTHING COULD STAND BETWEEN THE GAMECOCK AND THE WORLD TITLE...



AND THEN ONE GLOOMY DAY IN 1914...

FASTER, EUGENE, FASTER!
IF WE WIN OUR NEXT FIGHT,
WE'RE CERTAIN TO
GET THE CHAMPION!

YOU'RE
LIKE AN OLD WOMAN,
RAOUL! YOU ALWAYS
WORRY, WORRY,
WORRY! I FEEL
WONDERFUL!



WE ARE AT WAR
WITH GERMANY! GENERAL
MOBILIZATION
IMMEDIATELY!

I MUST
REPORT TO MY
REGIMENT!

WAR

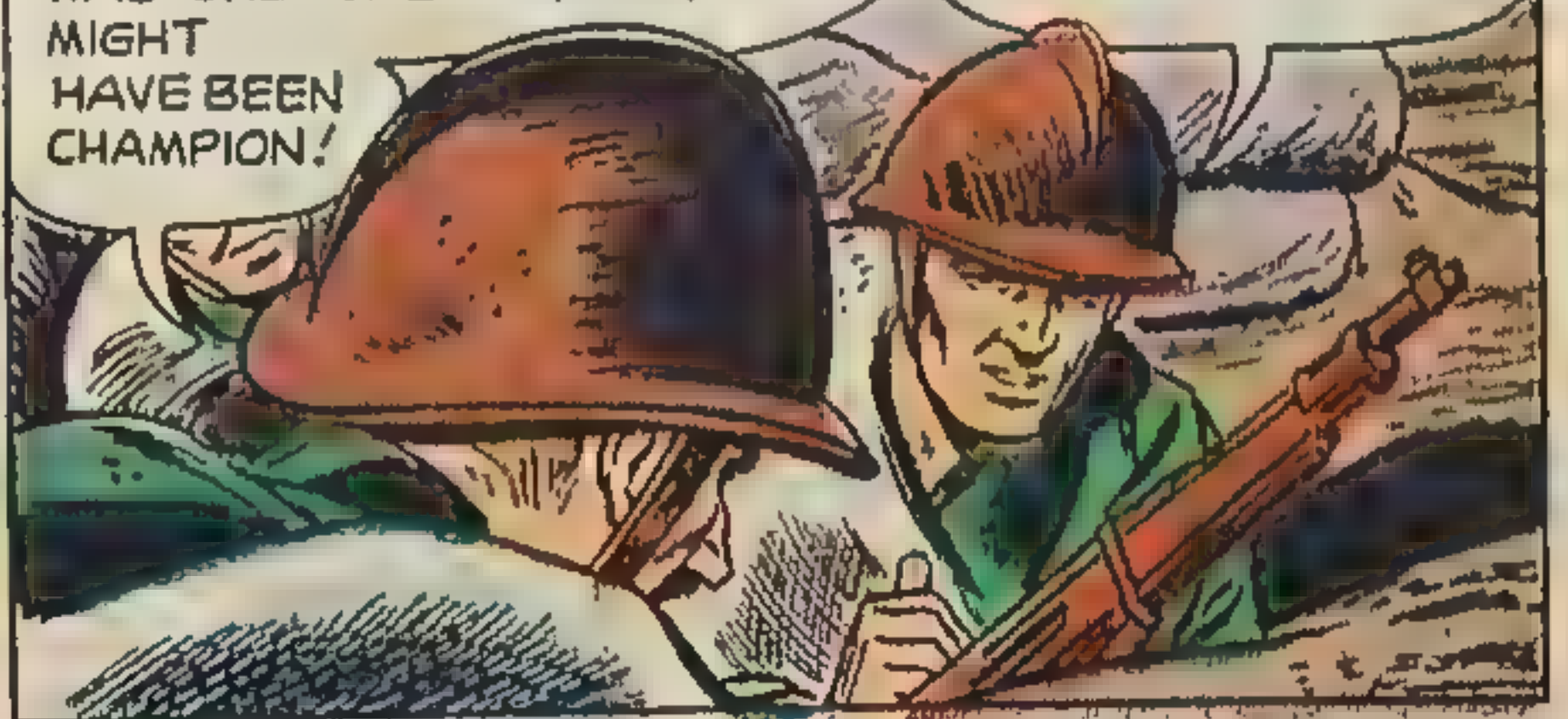
GYM



CRIQUI HUNG UP THE SIX-OUNCE GLOVES AND PUT ON THE UNIFORM OF HIS BELOVED FRANCE. BUT THROUGH THE HOURS OF DANGER AND DARKNESS, THERE WAS ONE THOUGHT UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND. AS HE AND HIS COMPANIONS SAT IN A SHELLHOLE IN A PLACE CALLED VERDUN...

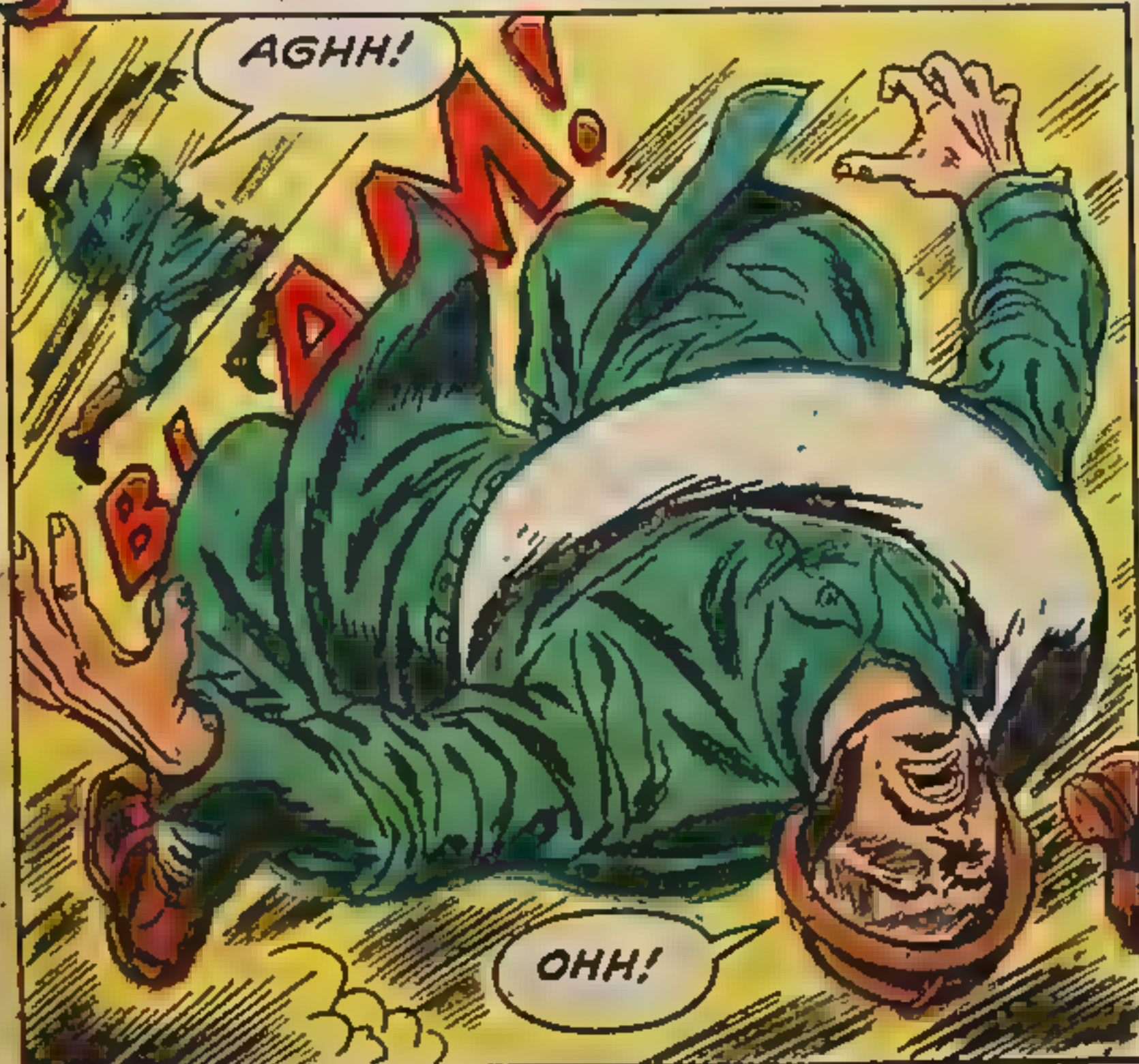
AH, YOU
WERE MAGNIFIQUE IN THOSE DAYS,
EUGENE! SUCH SPEED, SUCH
PUNCHING POWER! AH, THERE
WAS ONLY ONE CRIQUI! YOU
MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
CHAMPION!

MIGHT HAVE BEEN!
WHEN THE WAR IS
OVER, EUGENE
CRIQUI WILL WIN THE
CHAMPIONSHIP!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE FOG AND MIST...

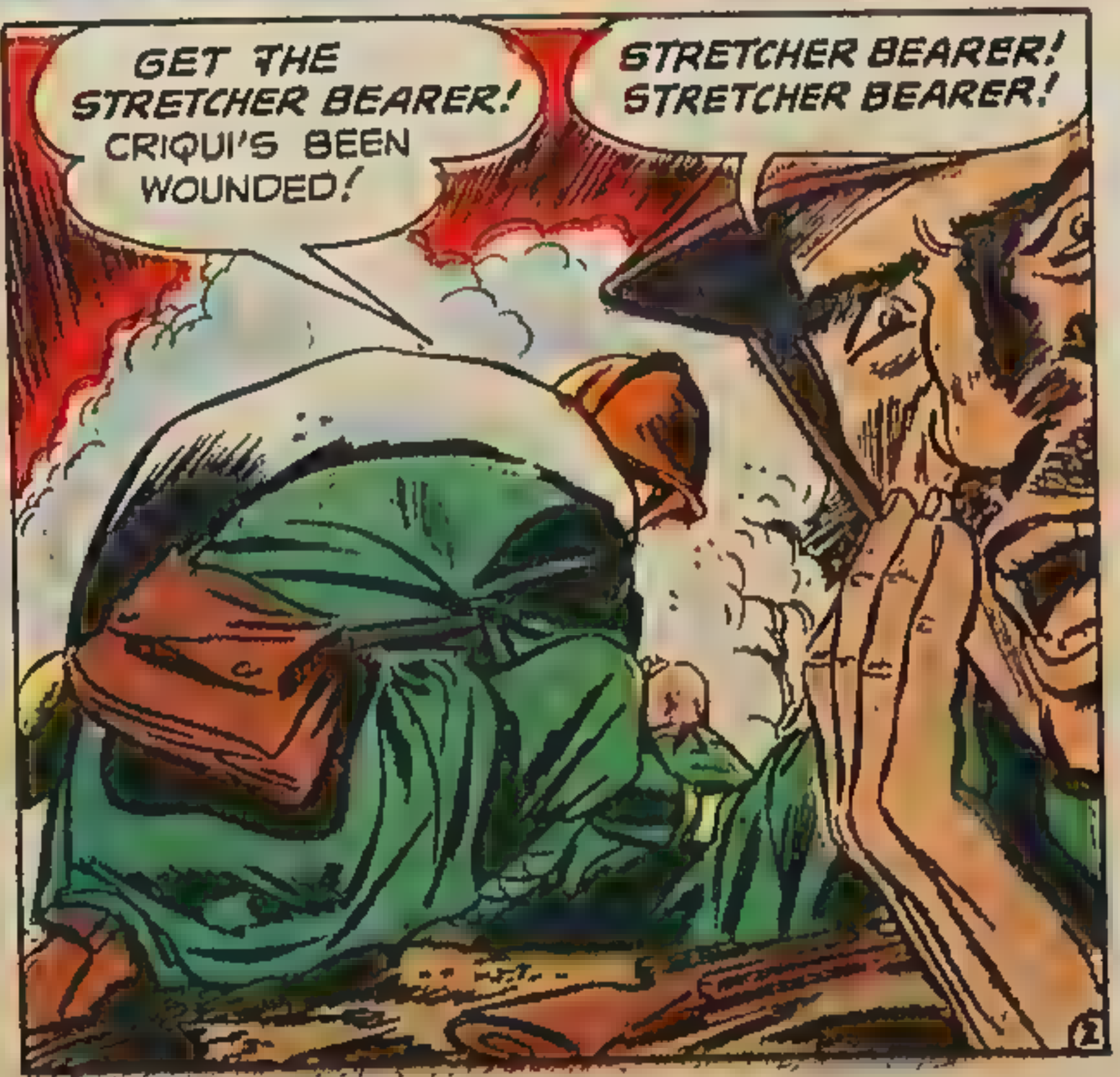
AGHH!



OHH!

GET THE
STRETCHER BEARER!
CRIQUI'S BEEN
WOUNDED!

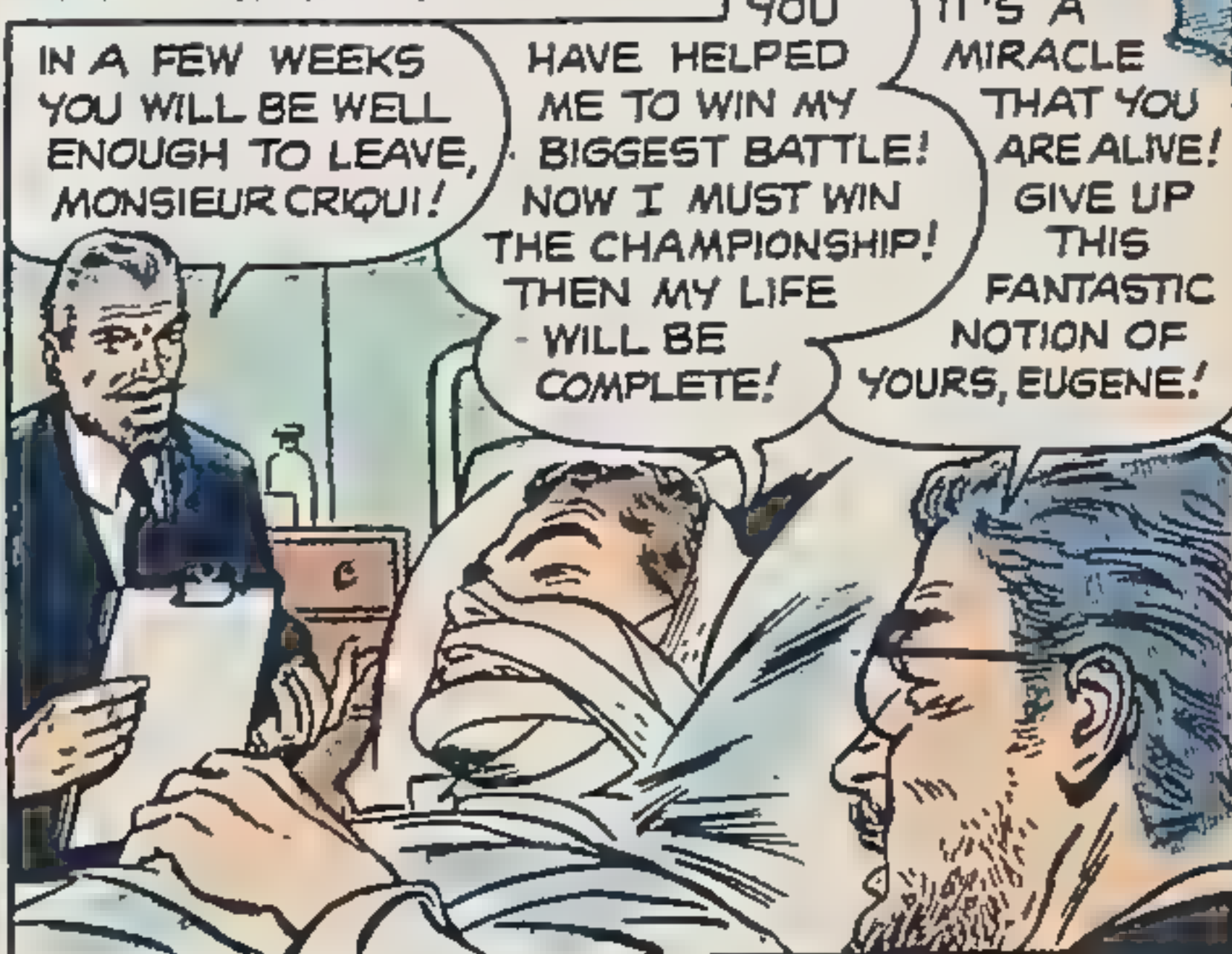
STRETCHER BEARER!
STRETCHER BEARER!



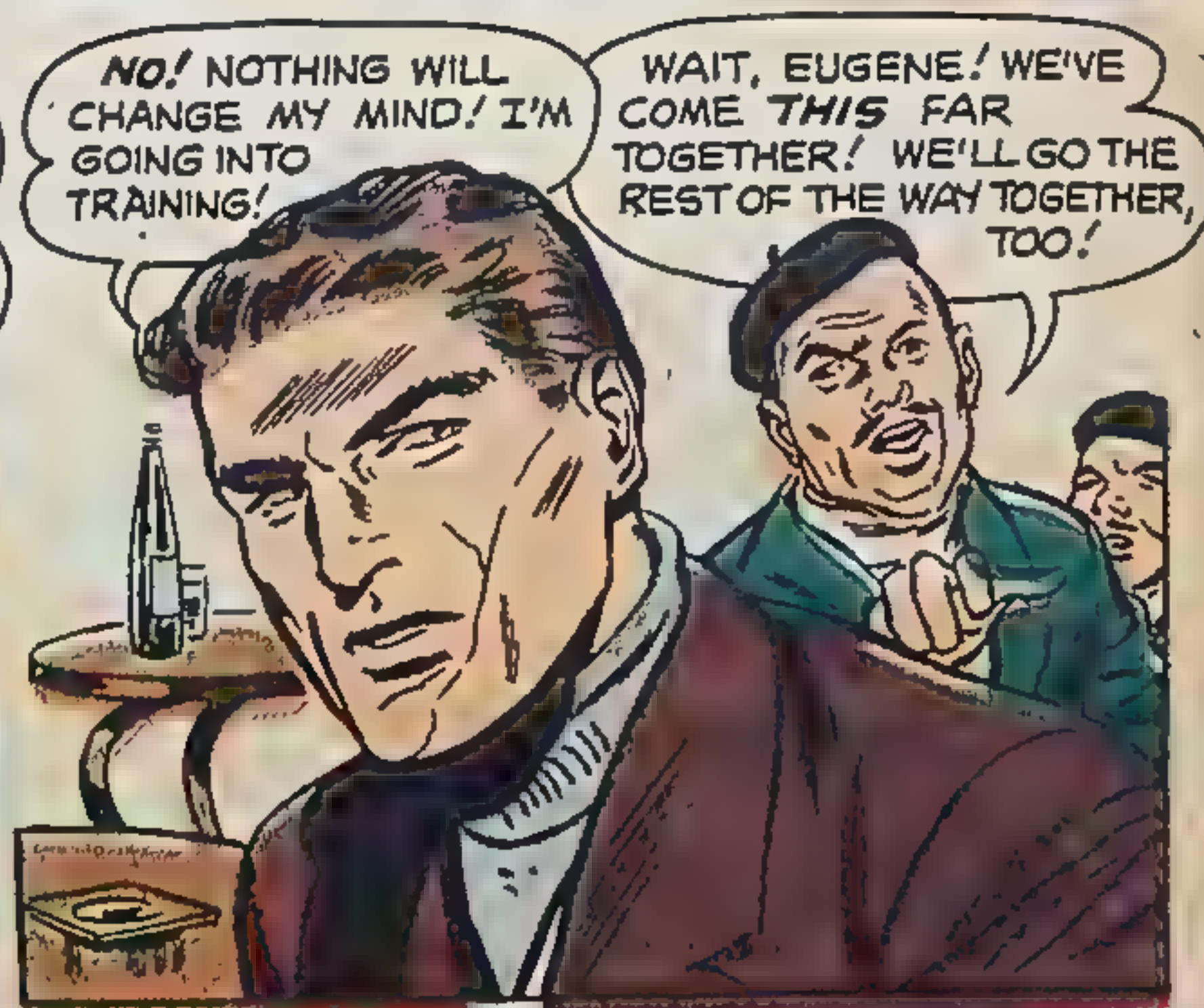
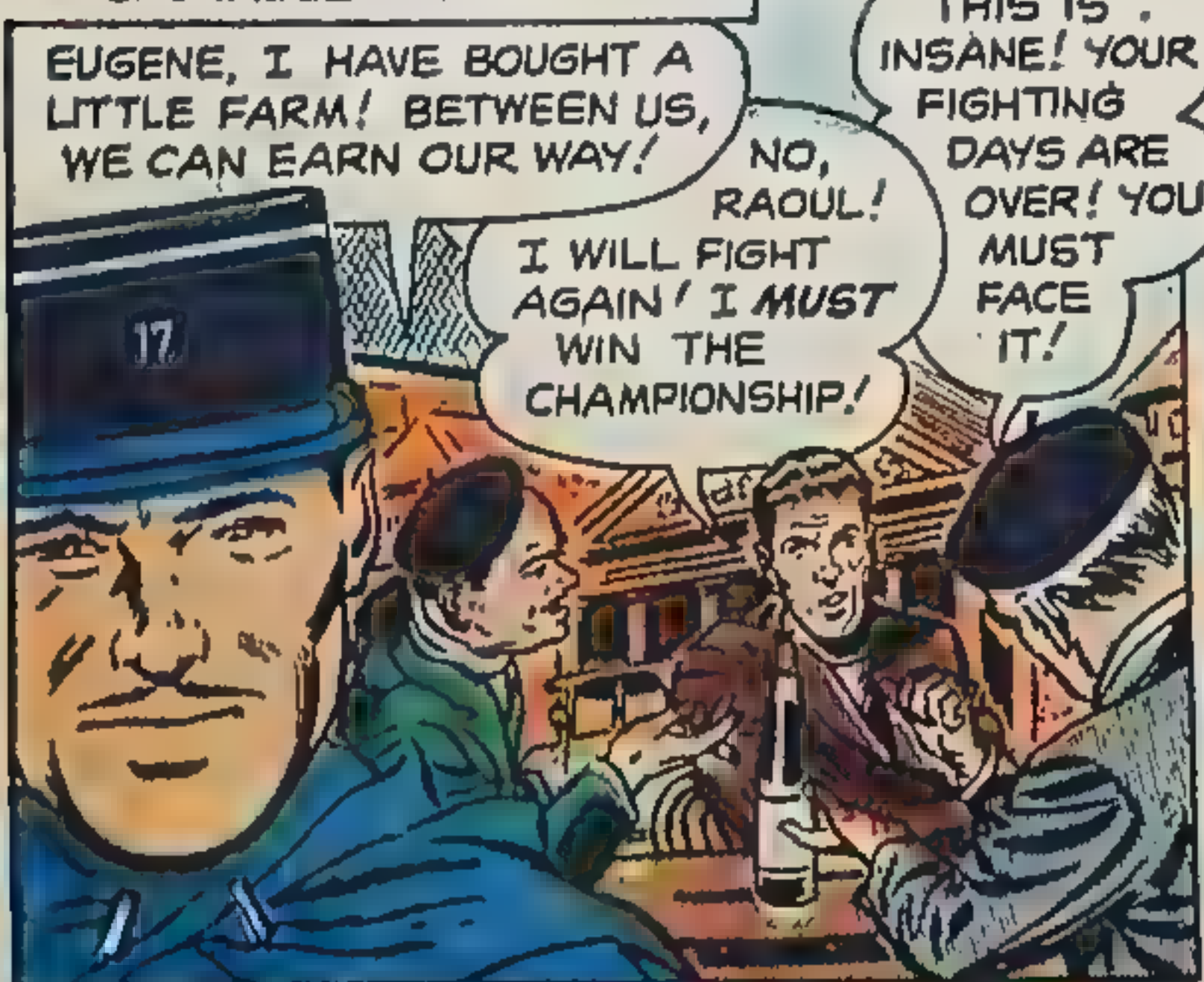
"PRACTICALLY ALL OF CRIQUI'S JAW HAD BEEN BLOWN AWAY. THE SURGEONS PREPARED TO TRY TO GRAFT AN ARTIFICIAL JAW IN PLACE, AS CRIQUI LAY THERE HANGING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH..."



"THE MONTHS WENT BY, AND CRIQUI'S AMAZING SPIRIT PULLED HIM THROUGH ONE CRISIS AFTER ANOTHER. THEN, AT LAST..."



"THE WAR ENDED AND CRIQUI RECEIVED HIS HONORABLE DISCHARGE..."

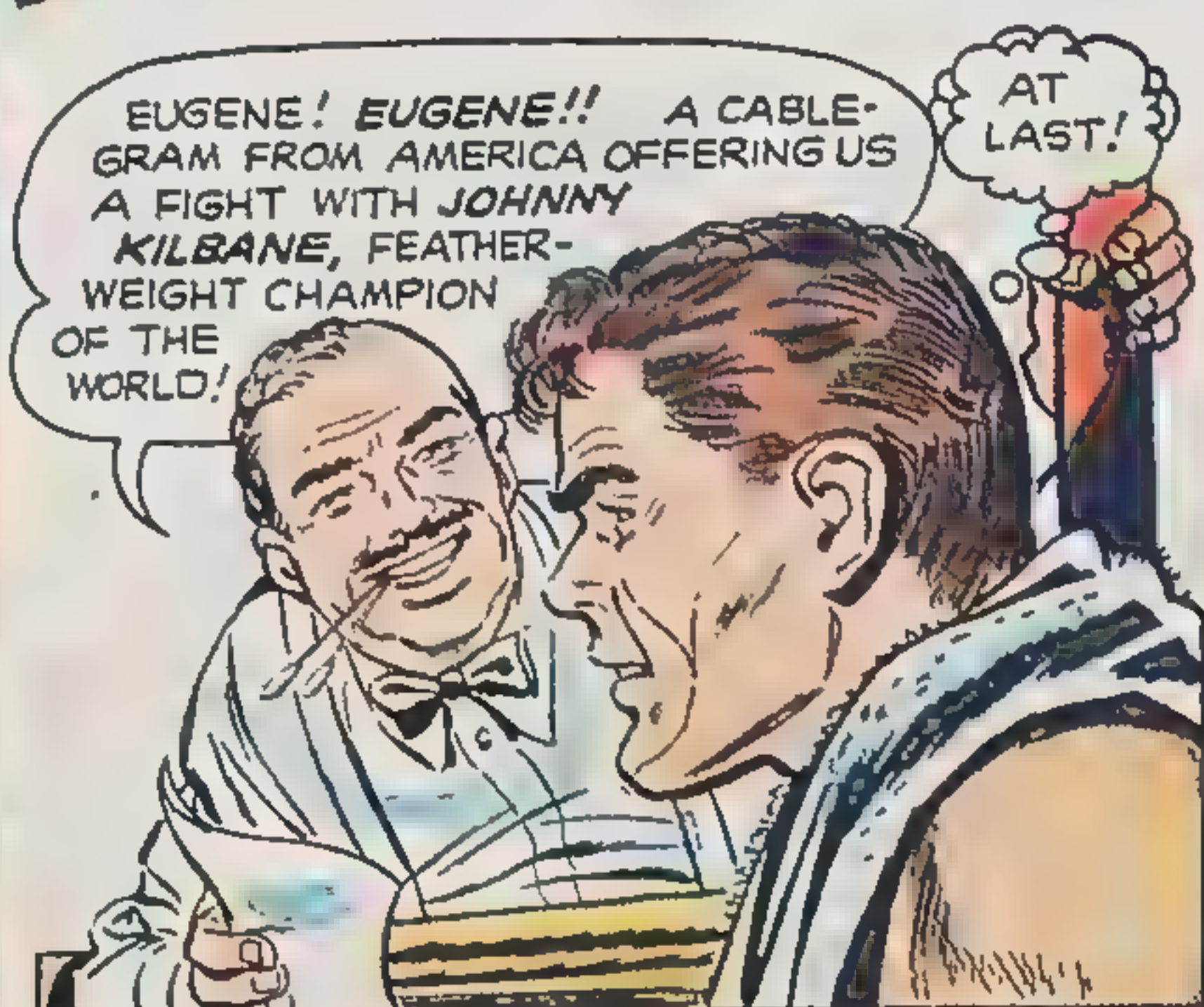
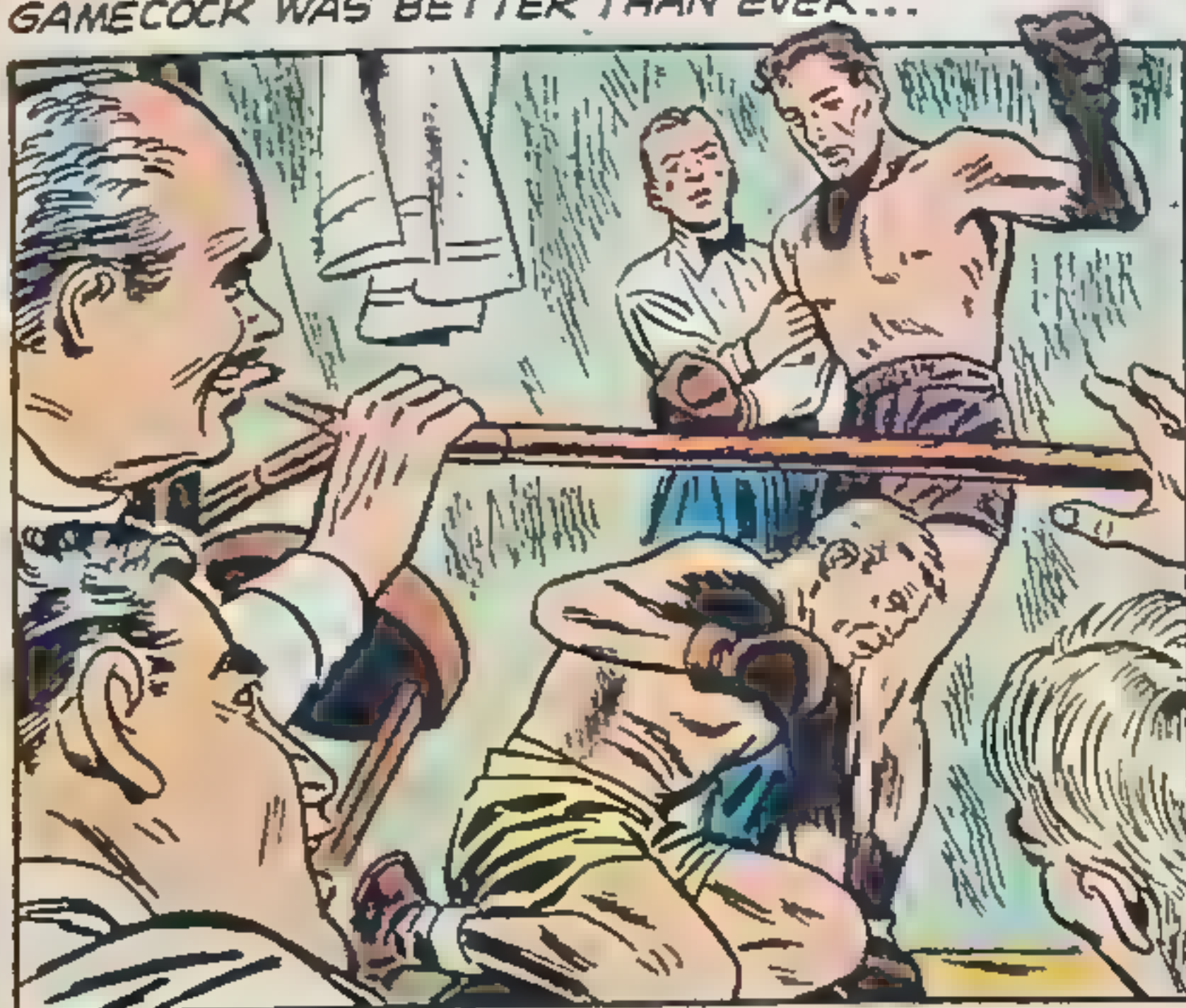


"THE WAR YEARS HAD LEFT CRIQUI RUSTY. THE CLEAR-EYED LAD OF SEVENTEEN WAS NOW A HARDENED VETERAN OF TWENTY-FIVE. BUT THERE WAS STILL STARDUST IN HIS EYES, AND HE WORKED HARD TO ATTAIN HIS GOAL..."



"AT LAST CRIQUI WAS READY! HE CAME BACK TO THRILL ALL EUROPE WITH HIS SKILL. THE GAMECOCK WAS BETTER THAN EVER..."

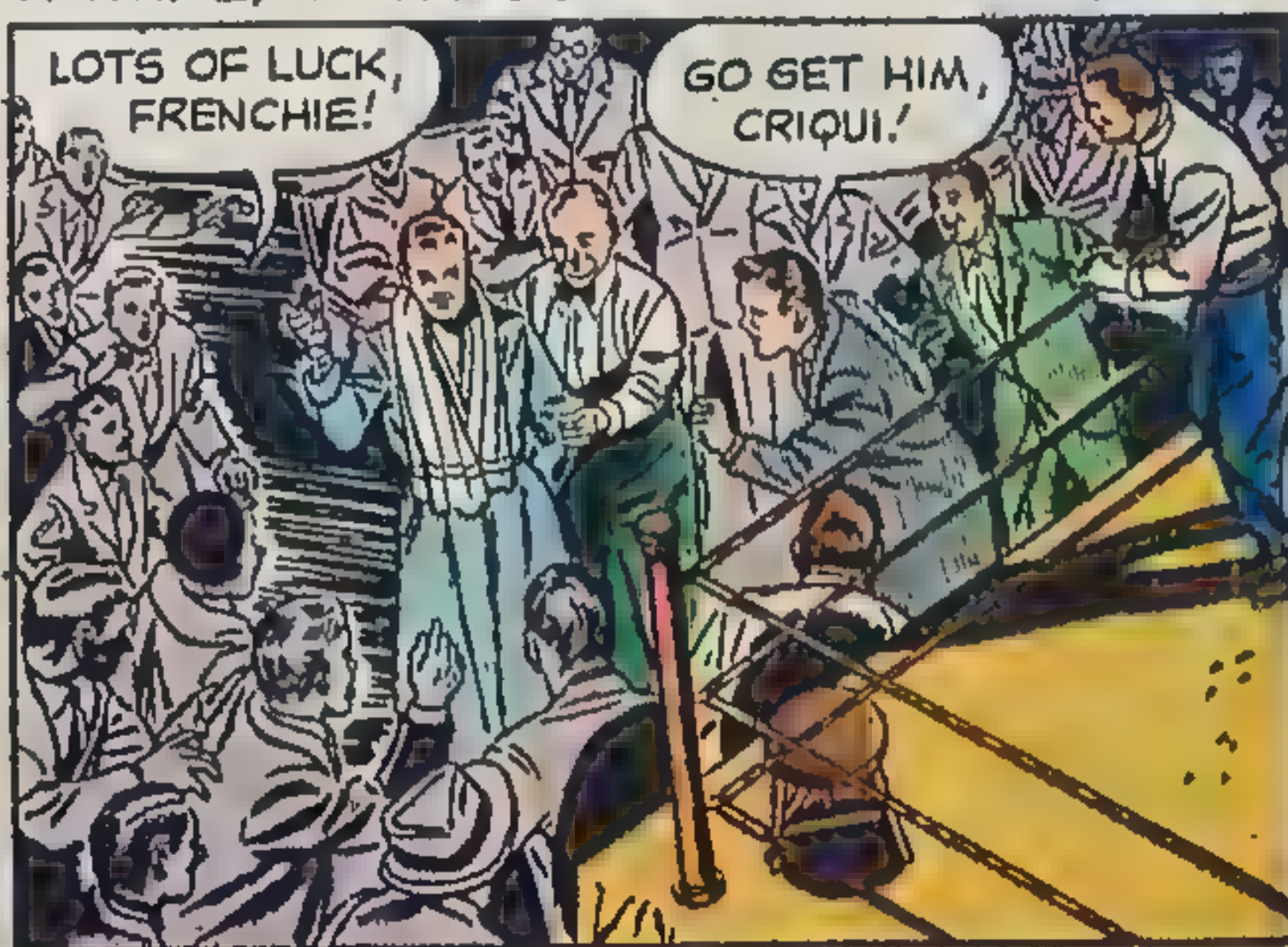
"FOR FOUR YEARS, CRIQUI DEFEATED THE BEST EUROPE HAD TO OFFER. THEN ONE NIGHT..."



"AMERICANS HAD HEARD ABOUT THE FRENCHMAN WITH THE ARTIFICIAL JAW. THEY ALSO KNEW THE DEVASTATING POWER OF THEIR CHAMPION, KILBANE, WHO HAD TO GO OUT OF HIS WEIGHT CLASS TO FIND COMPETITION. IT WAS A SKEPTICAL GROUP THAT GREETED THE FRENCH CHALLENGER..."

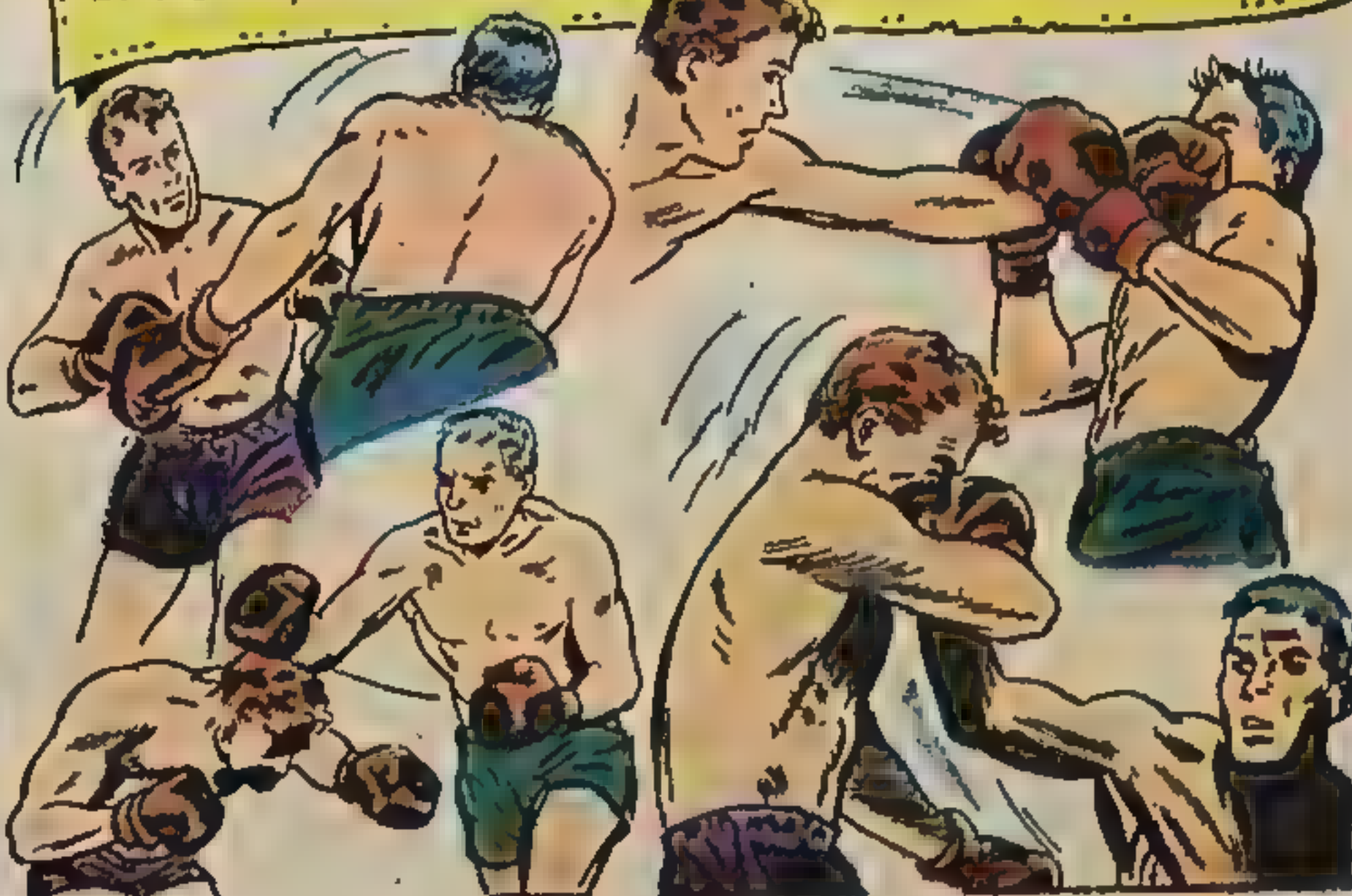
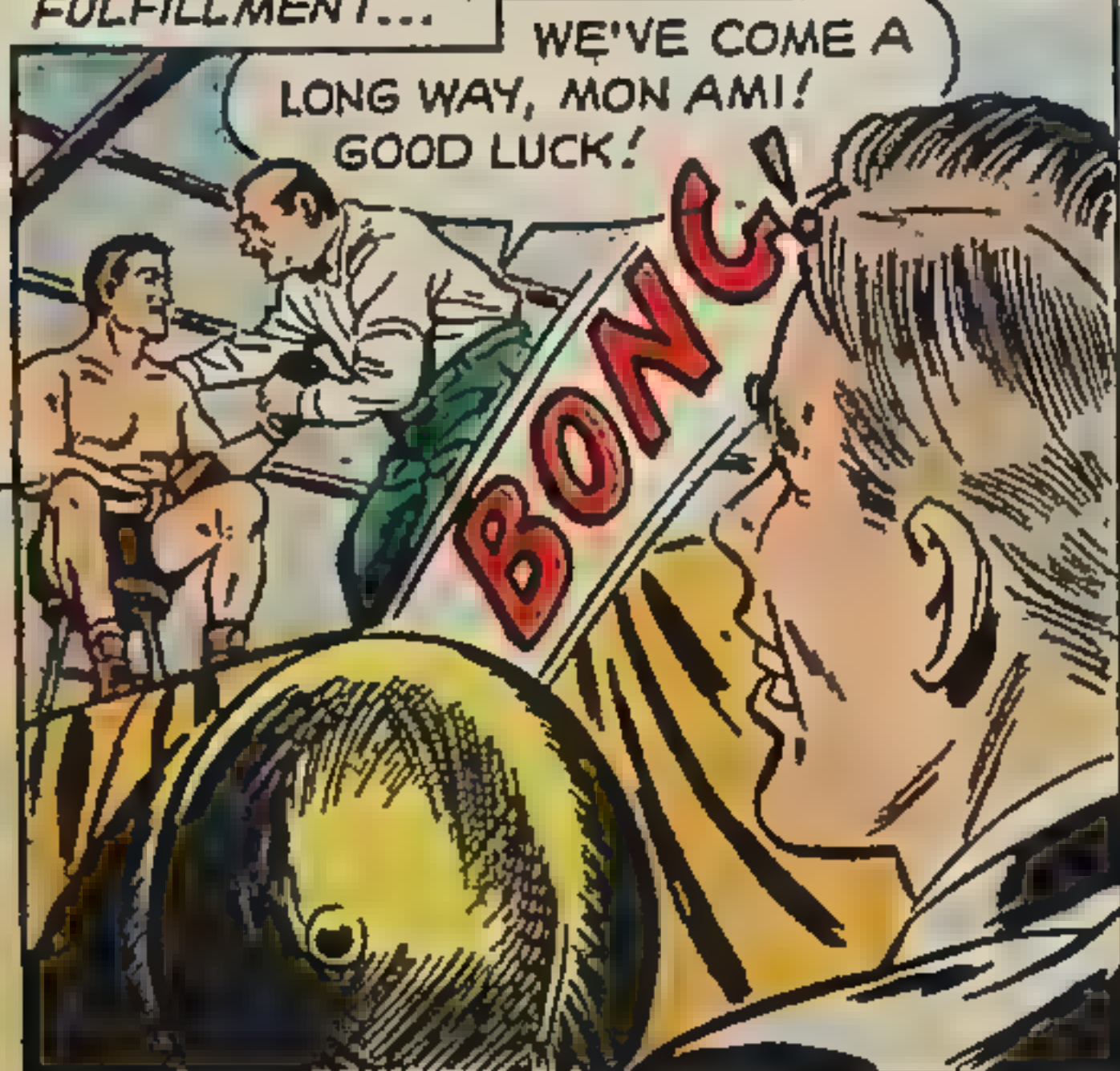


"JUNE 2, 1923, EUGENE CRIQUI'S MOMENT ARRIVED. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS COURAGEOUS LITTLE FRENCHMAN THAT CAUGHT THE HEART OF THE CROWD. ALTHOUGH KILBANE WAS A HEAVY FAVORITE, THE FANS CHEERED EUGENE CRIQUI..."



"AS THE BELL SOUNDED, FOR ROUND 1, CRIQUI'S TWELVE-YEAR QUEST NEARED FULFILLMENT..."

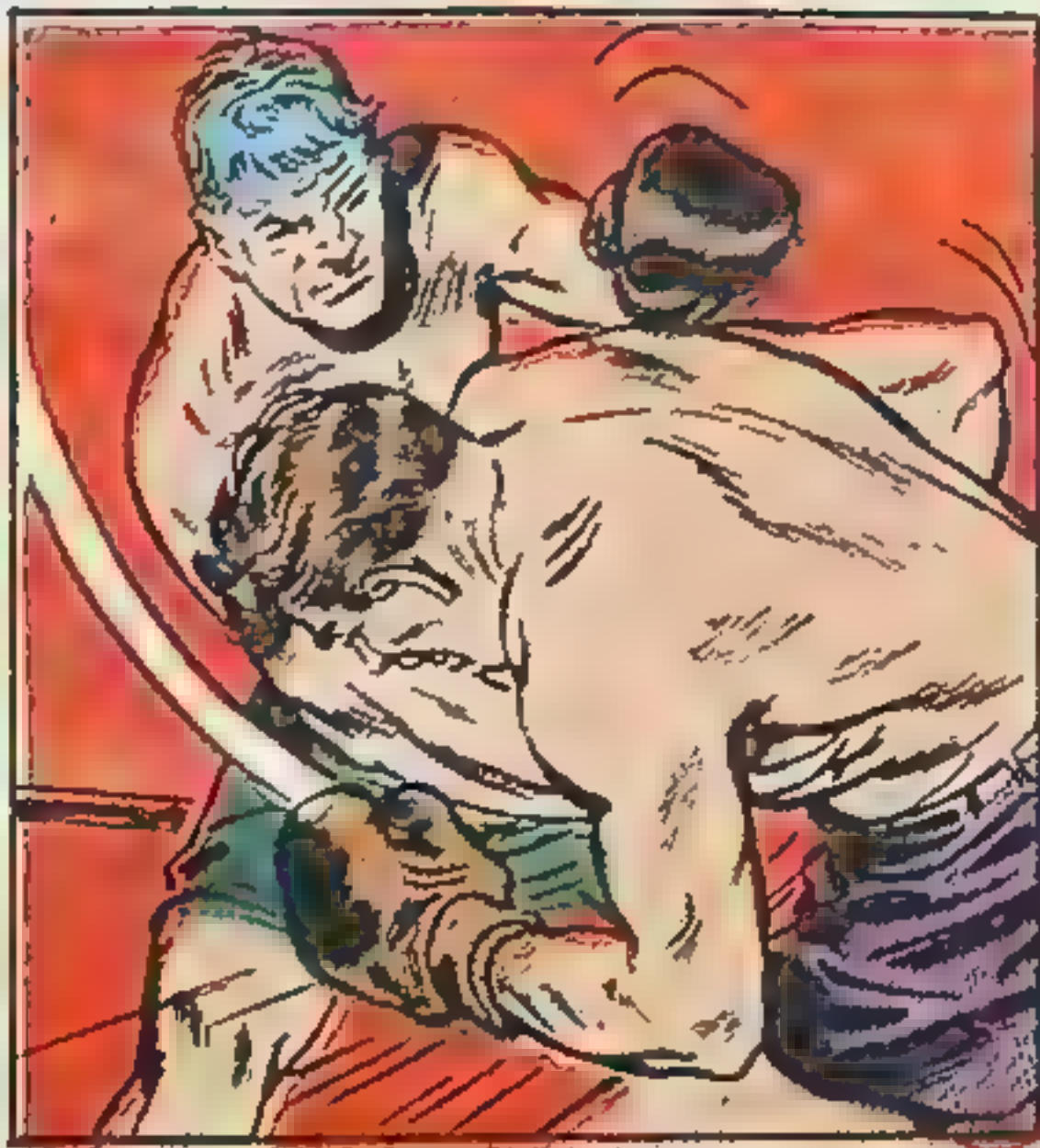
"FOR FOUR ROUNDS THEY WENT AT IT HAMMER AND TONGS-- THE CLEVER, DARTING FRENCHMAN AND THE BRUISING, BLUDGEONING AMERICAN..."



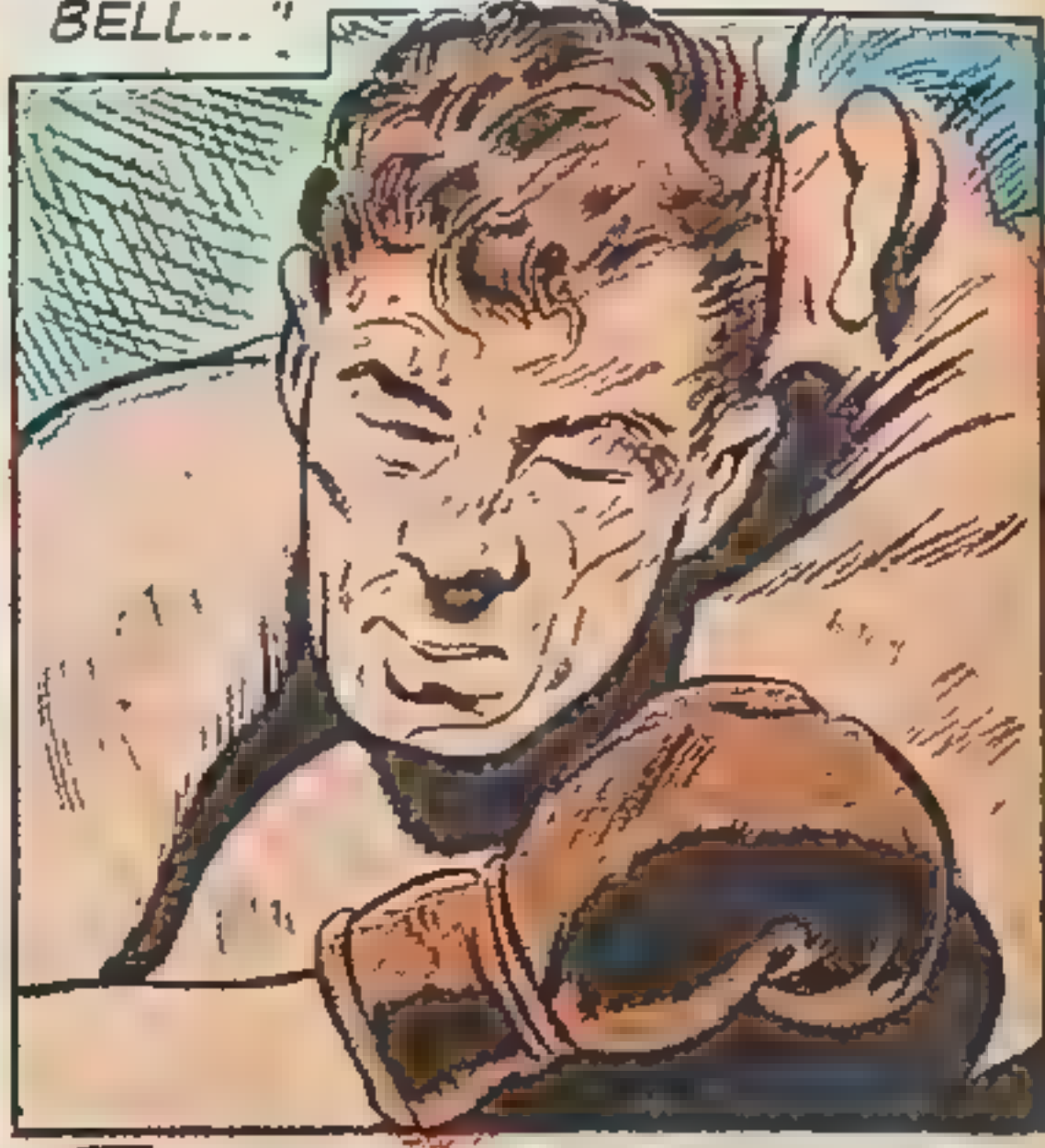
SUDDENLY, IN ROUND FIVE, KILBANE DROVE A CRUSHING RIGHT TO THE CHALLENGER'S JAW. CRIQUI'S KNEES SAGGED...



"KILBANE WAS ON THE INJURED FRENCHMAN LIKE A TIGER. ANOTHER RIGHT TO THE JAW. A SMASHING LEFT TO CRIQUI'S EYE. THEN A DOUBLE HOOK TO THE BODY..."



"HOW COULD FLESH AND BONE STAND SUCH RELENTLESS PUNISHMENT? WHAT HELD THE FRENCHMAN UP? IN DESPERATION, CRIQUI CLINCHED AND THEN -- THE BELL..."

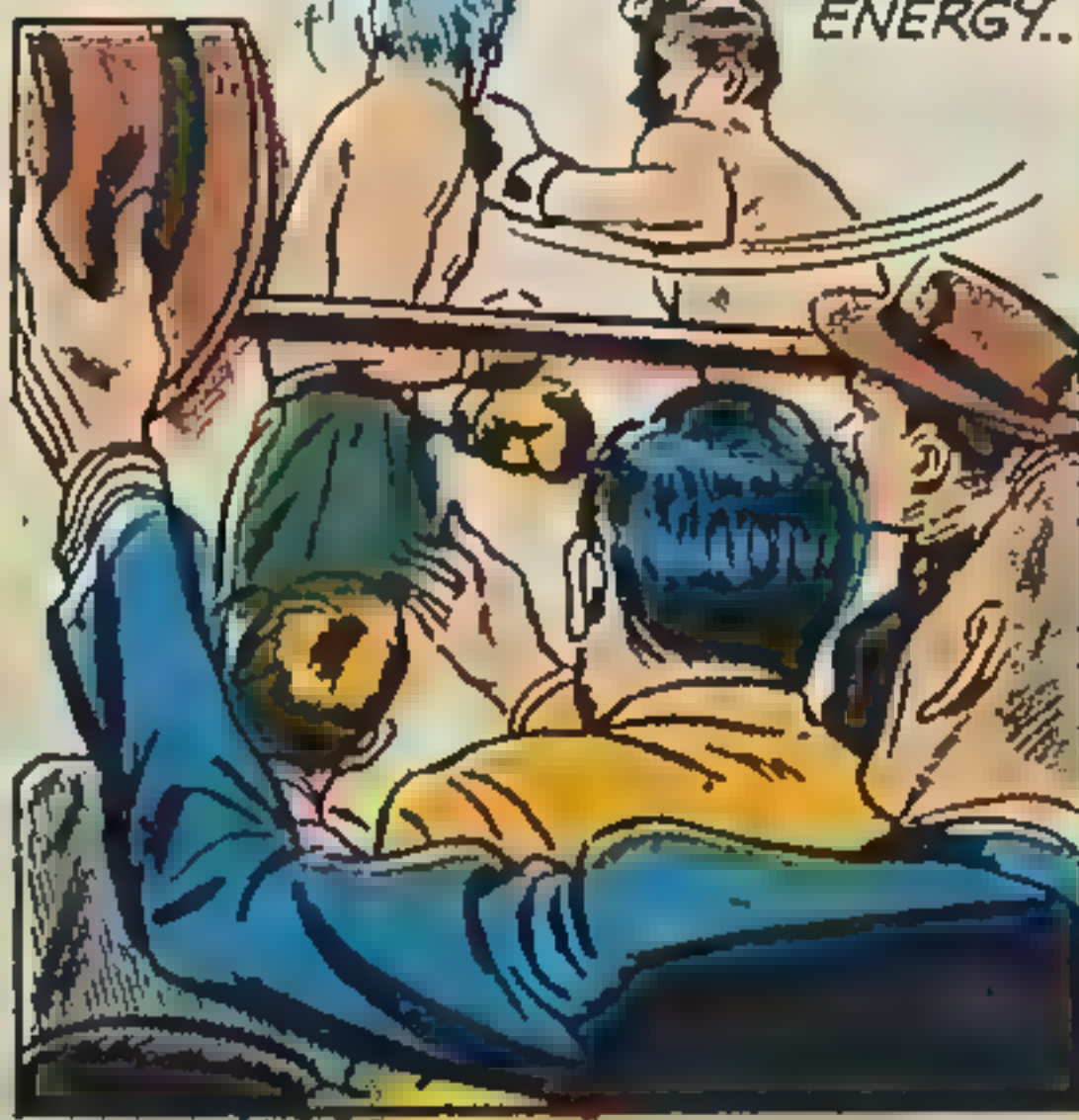


I'M THROWING IN THE TOWEL! YOU CAN'T GO ON!

I'LL NEVER GIVE UP! HE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK ME OUT TO WIN, RAOUL!



"THE CROWD WINCED AS CRIQUI CAME OUT FOR ROUND SIX. SURELY KILBANE WOULD CHOP HIM DOWN! THEN CRIQUI'S JAB BEGAN TO WORK. KILBANE WAS MISSING. FROM SOME HIDDEN STOREHOUSE, CRIQUI WAS DRAWING FRESH ENERGY..."



"THEN WITH HIS OLD SKILL, CRIQUI FEINTED KILBANE INTO A LEAD AND COUNTERED WITH A TREMENDOUS LEFT TO THE MIDSECTION. KILBANE COLLAPSED SLOWLY INTO THE ROPES..."



IN A FLASH, CRIQUI, WAS UPON KILBANE. HE THUNDERED TRIPHAMMER LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO THE HEAD AND BODY OF THE HELPLESS CHAMPION. ONE LAST RIGHT, THEN KILBANE SANK TO THE CANVAS, UTTERLY BEATEN BY THE FRENCH GAMECOCK...



"AND SO, ARMED WITH THE WEAPONS OF FAITH AND COURAGE, THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN JAW SCALED INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLES TO MAKE A DREAM COME TRUE. EUGENE CRIQUI WAS PUSHING THIRTY WHEN HE WON THE TITLE. HE WAS DESTINED TO LOSE IT TO JOHNNY DUNDEE ONLY SIX WEEKS LATER. HOWEVER, EVEN THE LOSS OF THE CROWN FAILED TO DIM THE LUSTER OF HIS IMPOSSIBLE ACHIEVEMENT."

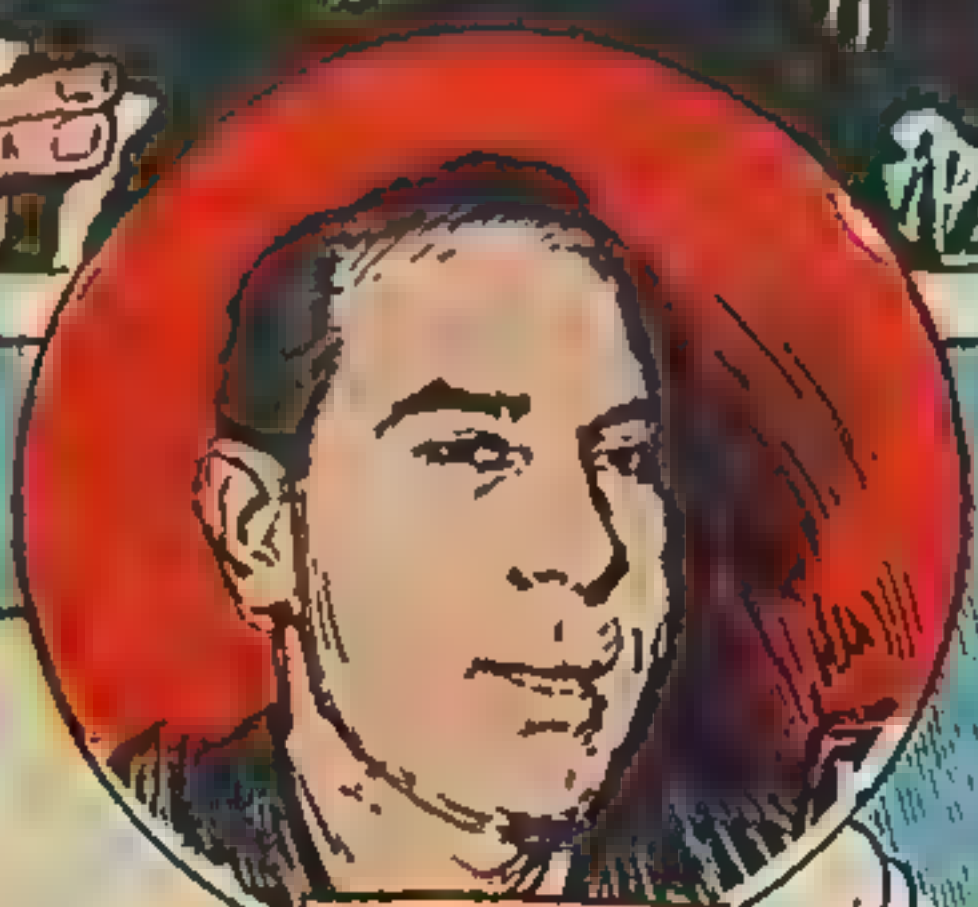


GIVE IT TO "LIGHT HORSE"

GO, LIGHT
HORSE! GO!



"TO THE FAN, FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT HIGH IN THE STANDS, FOOTBALL IS A FORM OF THEATER. THE ATHLETES ARE MERELY ACTORS ON A HUGE STRIPED STAGE AND THE PLOT IS NEVER THE SAME. LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF TWO GREAT STARS. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC TALES IN THE ANNALS OF SPORT. THE YEAR IS 1926, AND 'LIGHT HORSE' HARRY WILSON, WEST POINT HERO, LEADS HIS TEAM TO ANOTHER VICTORY..."



BILL STERN

LOOK AT HIM
GO! THEY CAN'T
STOP HIM!

BROTHER,
WHAT A
FOOTBALL
PLAYER!

GREAT GAME,
HARRY!

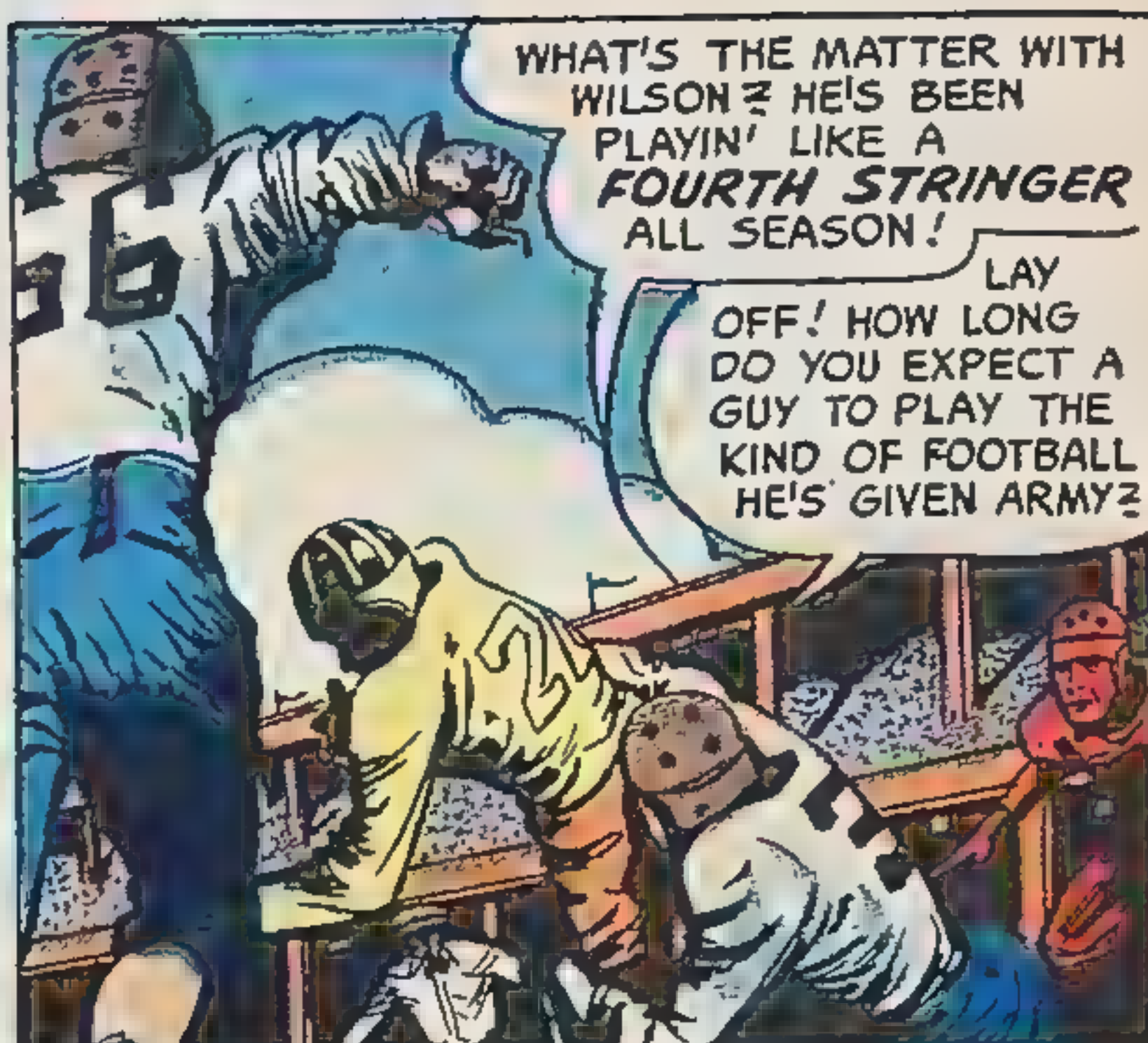
YOU DON'T WIN GAMES
ALONE, COACH! THERE
WERE TEN OTHER GUYS
OUT THERE *WITH* ME!



"THE NEXT YEAR WAS TO BE HARRY'S LAST, AND THE HEADLINES PREDICTED BIG THINGS FOR WEST POINT'S CAPTAIN. BUT AS THE SEASON WORE ON A NEWCOMER STOLE THE SPOTLIGHT FROM 'LIGHT HORSE'. THE KID WAS CHRIS 'RED' CAGLE..."

LOOK AT CAGLE SWEEP THE END! HE'S TOO FAST FOR 'EM!

WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE CAGLE, COACH! 'LIGHT HORSE' HAS SLOWED DOWN TO A CRAWL



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WILSON? HE'S BEEN PLAYIN' LIKE A **FOURTH STRINGER** ALL SEASON!

LAY OFF! HOW LONG DO YOU EXPECT A GUY TO PLAY THE KIND OF FOOTBALL HE'S GIVEN ARMY?

"HOW LONG, INDEED! ELIGIBILITY RULES WERE MORE FLEXIBLE IN THOSE DAYS, AND 'LIGHT HORSE' HAD STARRED FOR THREE YEARS AT PENN STATE BEFORE COMING TO WEST POINT! HE WAS A TIRED, 'OLD MAN' PLAYING A YOUNG MAN'S GAME."

"**ARMY VS. NAVY! THE POWERHOUSES OF THE EAST!** 60,000 SPECTATORS PACKED NEW YORK'S POLO GROUNDS TO SEE THE SERVICE FRAY!"

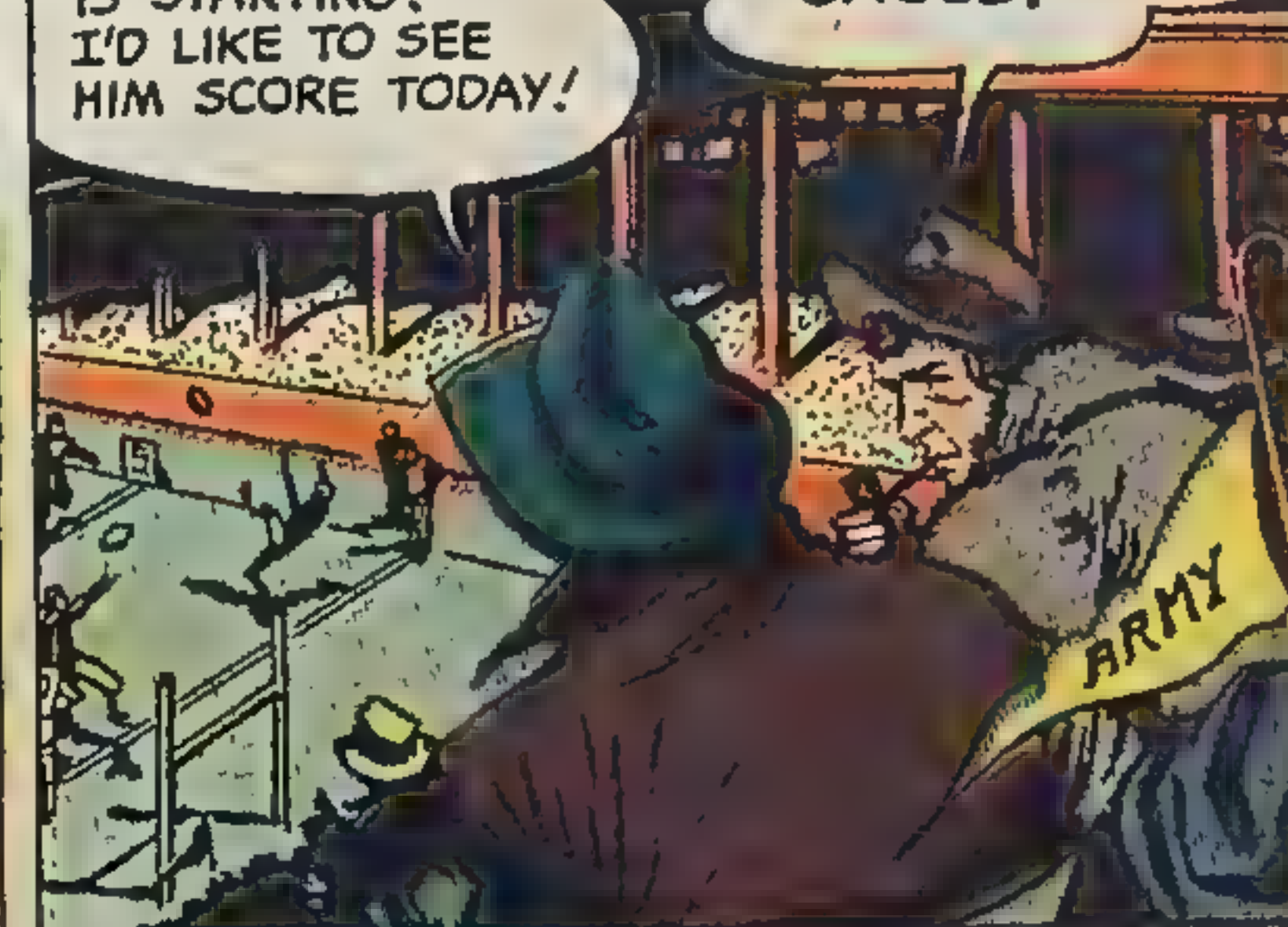
LOOK, COACH, I JUST DON'T HAVE IT ANY MORE! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME OUT OF THE STARTING LINE-UP! I'M HURTING THE TEAM!

NO, HARRY! I'M STARTING YOU AGAINST NAVY... AND YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US THE **BEST** FOOTBALL YOU EVER PLAYED!



I WONDER IF 'LIGHT HORSE' IS STARTING! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM SCORE TODAY!

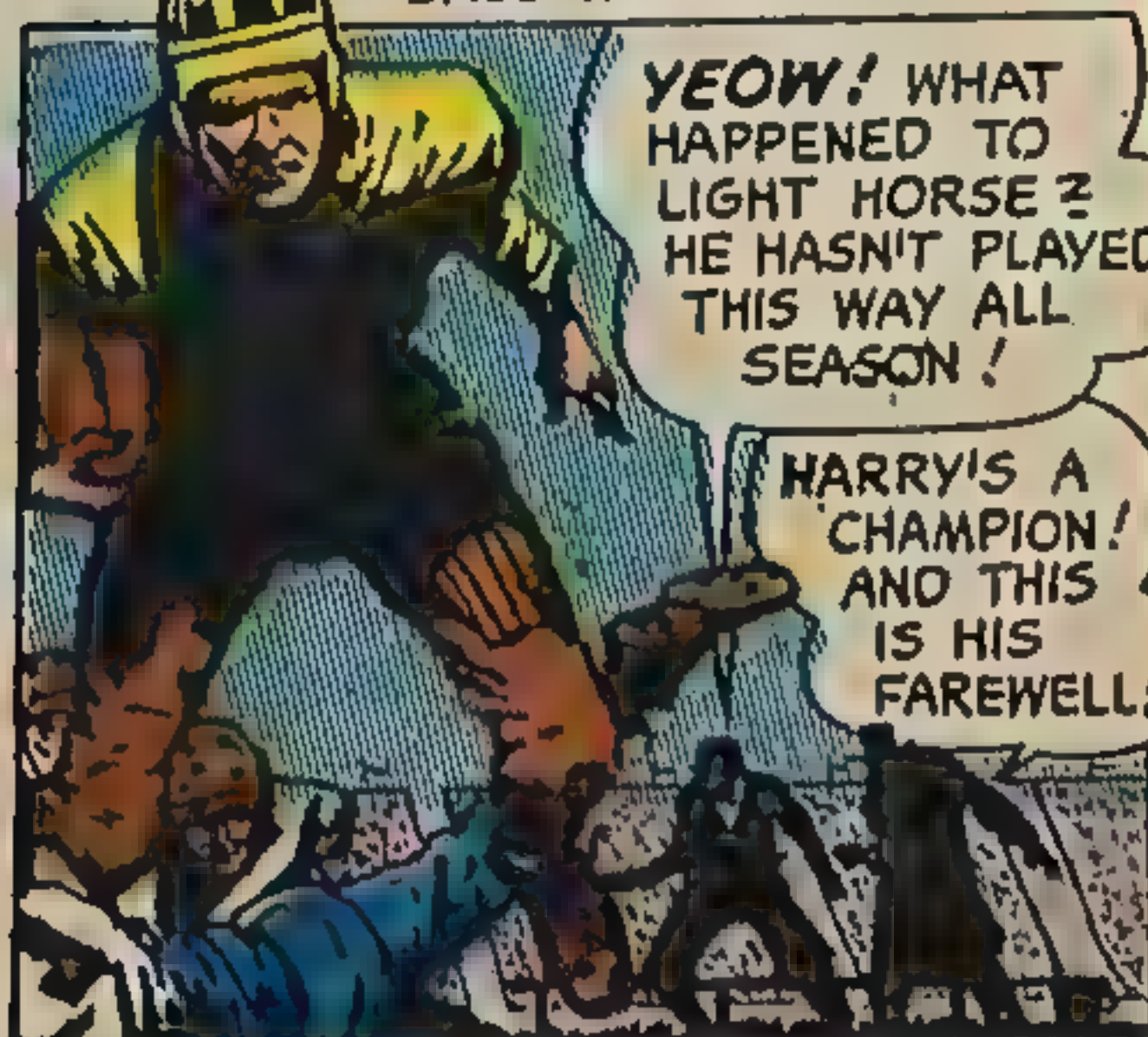
LIGHT HORSE WILSON? A HAS-BEEN! EVERYBODY'S OUT HERE TO SEE **CHRIS CAGLE!**



"PERHAPS IT WAS THE THRILL OF PLAYING IN THE CLASSIC, PERHAPS IT WAS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS WAS HIS LAST GAME, FOR THE OPENING WHISTLE SAW THE BEGINNING OF A FOOTBALL MIRACLE..."

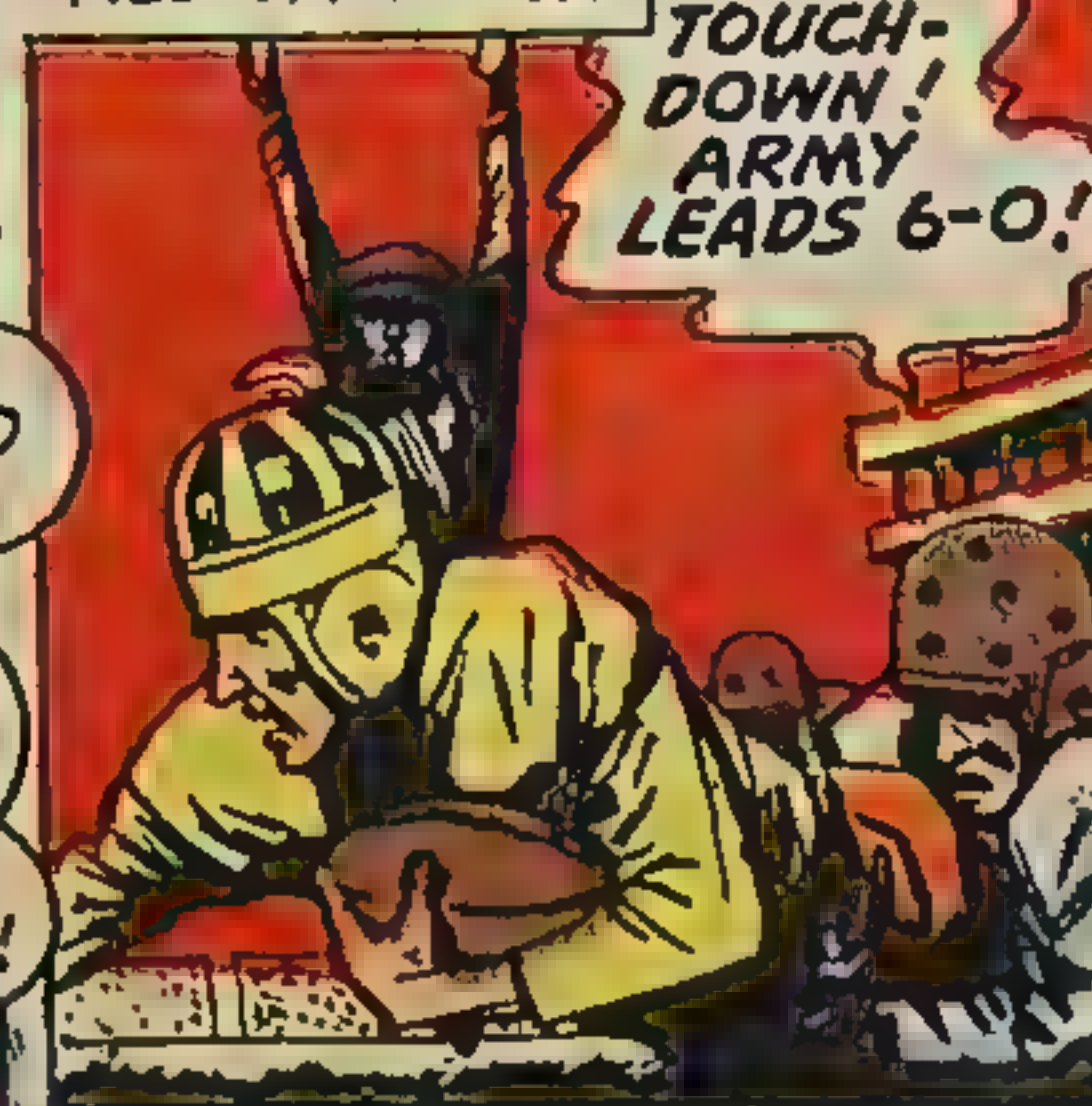
"WITH LIGHT HORSE LEADING THE ATTACK, THE ARMY JUGGERNAUT ROLLED DOWN-FIELD. FINALLY..."

"THE GALLANT NAVY TEAM FOUGHT BACK. WITH A POWERFUL GROUND AND AIR ATTACK, THEY SOON SCORED A TOUCHDOWN. BUT THE KICK..."



YEOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO LIGHT HORSE? HE HASN'T PLAYED THIS WAY ALL SEASON!

HARRY'S A CHAMPION! AND THIS IS HIS FAREWELL!



TOUCH-DOWN! ARMY LEADS 6-0!

"THE CONVERSION KICK BY 'LIGHT HORSE' WAS GOOD! **ARMY LED, 7-0!**"

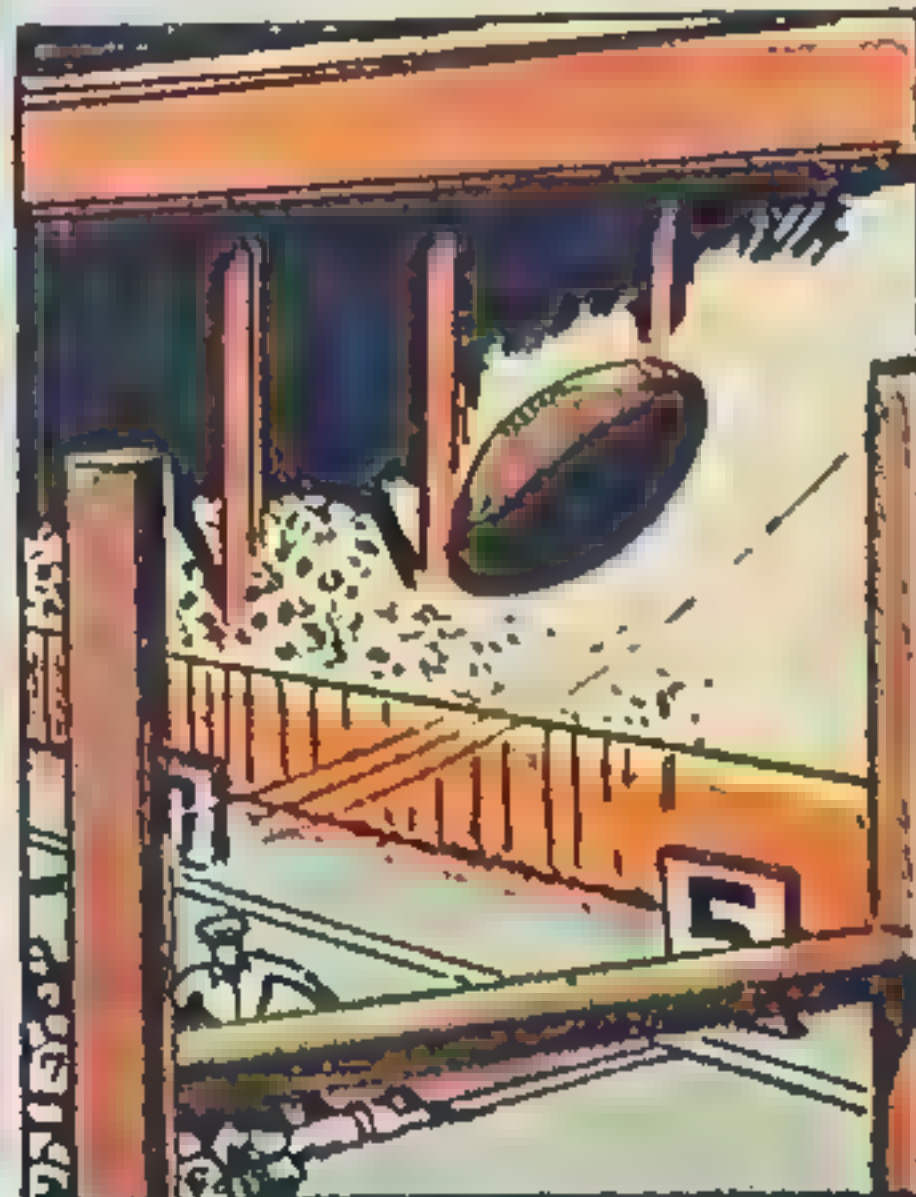


NO GOOD! ARMY STILL LEADS, 7-6!

"THE HALF ENDED WITH THE CADETS HOLDING A SLIM ONE-POINT LEAD, BUT AS PLAY WAS RESUMED NAVY AGAIN ROLLED DOWNFIELD. FINALLY, ARMY'S LINE BRACED..."

"BUT NAVY WASN'T PLANNING TO RUN, INSTEAD..."

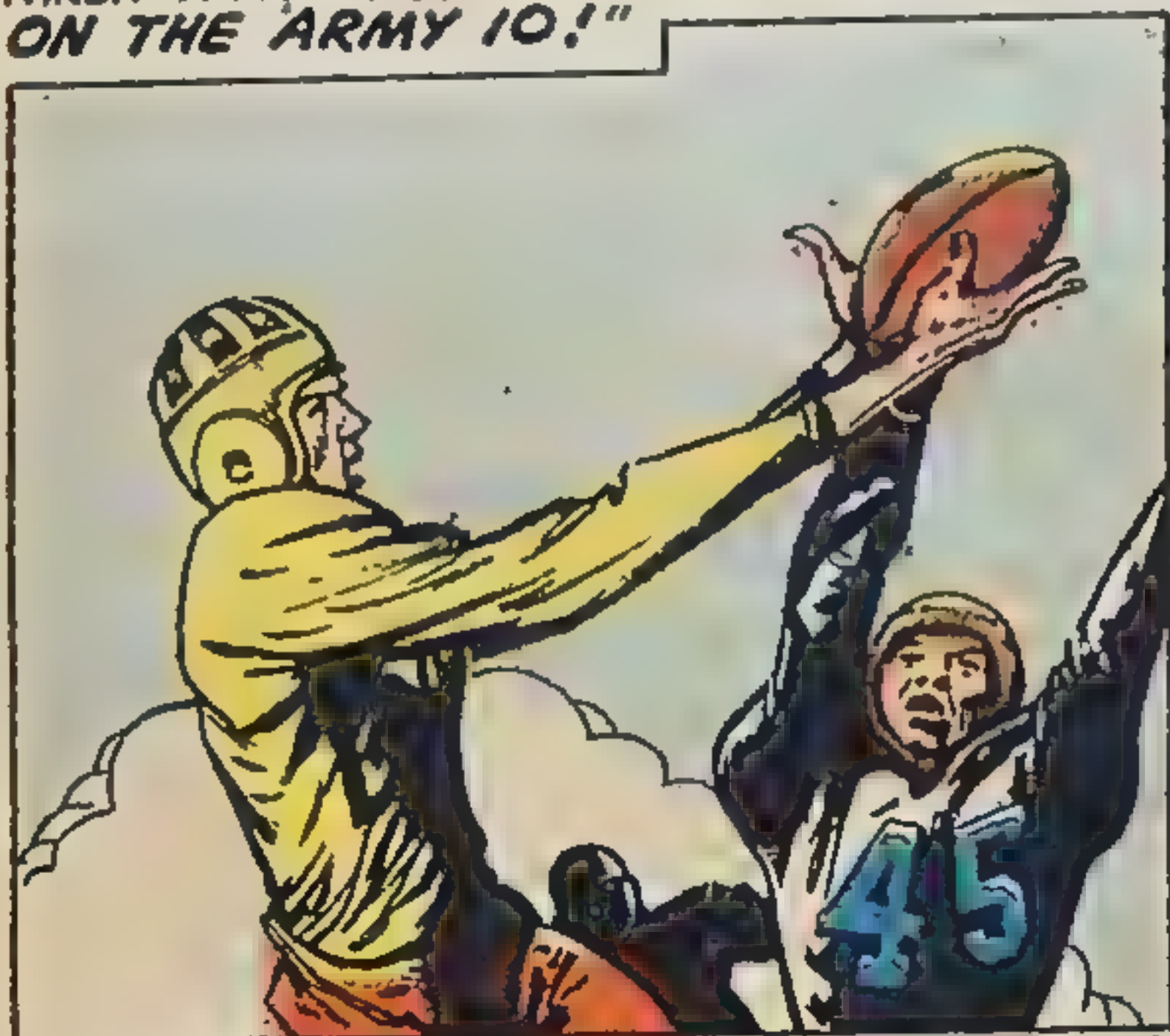
"THE TEAMS LINED UP...THE BALL WAS SNAPPED...THE BALL SAILED END-OVER-END HIGH INTO THE AIR..."



"...THE KICK WAS GOOD! NAVY LED 9-7!"

"THE FOURTH QUARTER BEGAN. AGAIN NAVY DROVE DEEP INTO ARMY TERRITORY. THEN NAVY THREW A PASS...AND CAGLE INTERCEPTED ON THE ARMY 10!"

"HE RACED ACROSS THE GRIDIRON, PAST THE MIDFIELD STRIPE... TO THE NAVY 40... THE 30... THE 20... THE 10... TACKLED ON THE 1-YARD LINE!"



"AND WHAT OF CHRIS CAGLE? WELL, HE NEVER DID GET ANOTHER CRACK AT NAVY. WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS CANCELLED THEIR SERIES FOR TWO YEARS. AND WHEN THEY MET AGAIN, CAGLE HAD ALREADY GRADUATED. BUT TO HARRY 'LIGHT HORSE' WILSON, AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THAT GREAT '27 TEAM, CHRIS CAGLE WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS WEST POINT'S GREATEST HERO!"

WE WANT RED! WE WANT RED!

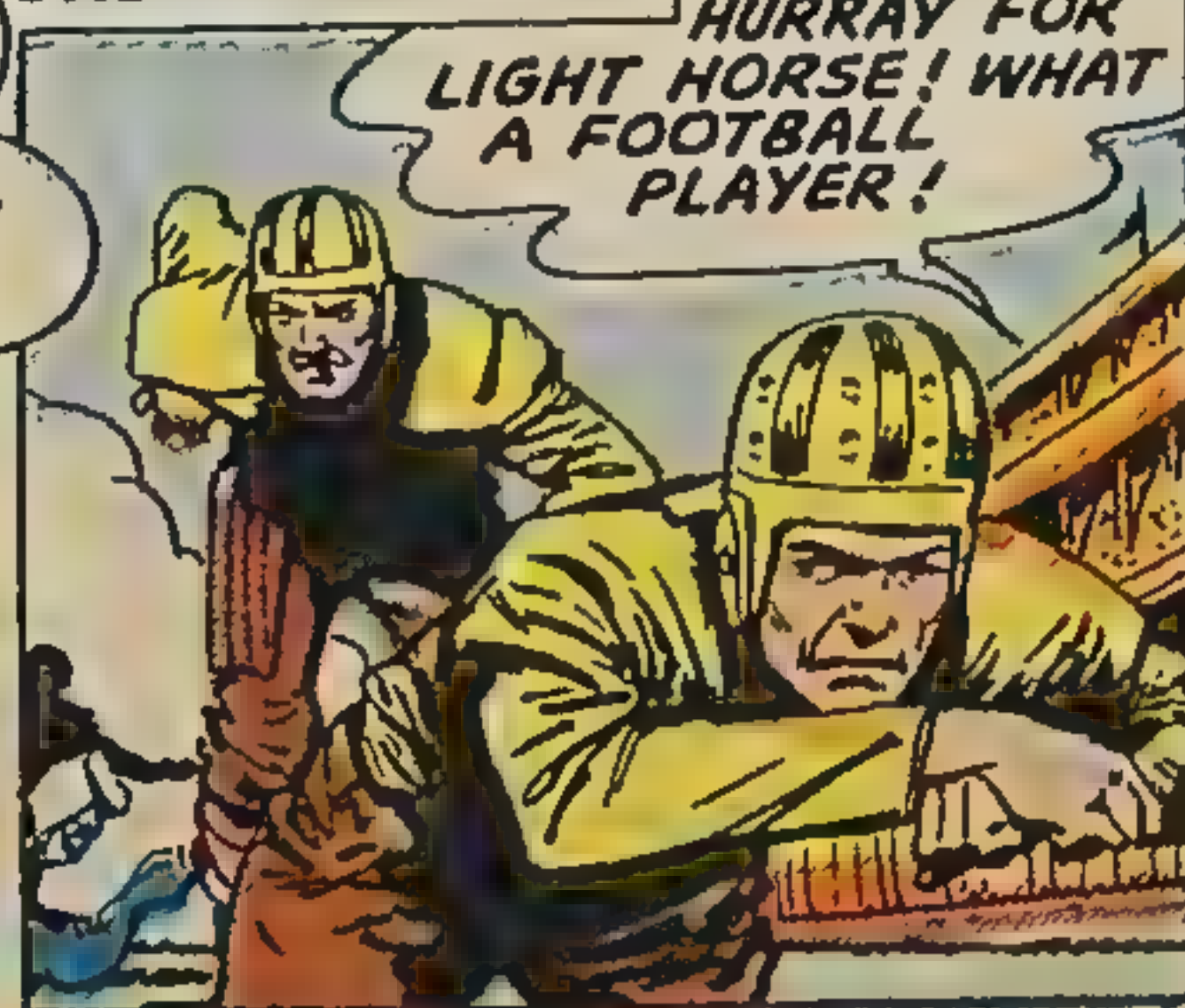
THEY WANT YOU TO TAKE IT OVER, CHRIS! YOU RATE THIS TOUCHDOWN!

NO!

THIS IS HARRY'S LAST GAME! GIVE IT TO LIGHT HORSE! I'LL BE BACK NEXT YEAR!

"THEY GAVE IT TO LIGHT HORSE, AND WITH CAGLE LEADING THE INTERFERENCE, HE SCORED THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN. THUS ENDED HARRY WILSON'S LAST AND GREATEST GAME."

HURRAY FOR LIGHT HORSE! WHAT A FOOTBALL PLAYER!



The "BIG TRAIN" and THE ROOKIE

A POLITE spattering of applause greeted the rookie pitcher as he began warming up across the field from the great Walter Johnson. It was August 29, 1915, and the huge Washington right-hander, the famous "Big Train," was to be his mound opponent. Compared to the thunderous ovation given the Big Train, the fledgling hurler received a humble reception.

But the rookie had no ear for receptions that day. Out of the corner of his eye he watched Johnson's every move. He did his best to follow the old master's style. But he felt out of place. What was he doing on the same field with Johnson? The Big Train was a star—he was a frightened recruit. Furthermore, Johnson was a giant of more than 200 pounds, while he was just a stringbean, and as green as one, too.

Still, he was determined to do his best not to bring defeat and disgrace upon Manager Branch Rickey and his fellow St. Louis Browns.

His mind drifted back to a memorable moment of the previous day. He'd been experiencing the thrill of his life, sitting in the dugout and watching the mighty Johnson lolling on the Senators' bench. Since his high school days in Akron, Ohio, the Browns' rookie had been following every move of the great Johnson, much as a budding musician would follow a maestro.

His room at home had been lined with cutouts and clippings of the Big Train. He knew every record the man had set, every motion in Johnson's delivery. In fact, he could probably recite the Big Train's breakfast and dinner menu if he had to.

Then it came—a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see Manager Rickey.

"Get a good rest tonight, son," Mr. Rickey said. "I'm starting you against Johnson tomorrow."

He made his way home in a daze. Dinner seemed to stick in his throat. He went to bed early, but he might just as well have tried to take a nap in Sportsmans Park during a doubleheader.

All he could see was the great man going into his windup and releasing that blazing fast ball. To think of himself as the Big Train's pitching opponent was beyond his wildest dreams.

Hour after hour he tossed and turned. He groped for his alarm clock. It was four in the morning. He was exhausted, yet he knew that it was ridiculous to think of sleep any more that night.

He slipped on his robe and sat on the edge of the bed. In the dark of the room he watched Johnson warm up. It was as though the big man was actually there. The effortless power and blinding speed of the Senators' ace fascinated him even now.

Breakfast was another ordeal, but he managed to get down a few spoonfuls of cereal and a little hot coffee.

When he arrived at Sportsmans Park, the gates had not yet opened.

The kid's teammates patted him good-naturedly on the shoulder as he dressed with trembling fingers.

And then he was walking through the tunnel to the dugout.

From the stands above he could hear the crowd's roar. That could only mean one thing: The Big Train had already begun his warmup . . .

His stomach was a churning, fluttering mass of butterflies as he faced Moeller, the first Washington batter. As in a dream, he fired the first three pitches in. "Yer out!" the umpire shouted.

On his first pitch to Foster, the next batter, he heard the spine-chilling crack of the bat. A moment later, Foster was roosting on first, the result of a line single to center. Again he pitched and again—the smash of second-growth ash on horsehide; Milan, the third hitter, had singled to right.

Now the ever-dangerous Howie Shanks stood menacingly at the plate.

Out of the corner of his eye, the breathless, per-

spiring rookie could see Manager Rickey leaning out of the dugout watching his every move. Another bad pitch and he'd be heading for the showers. This might be the only chance in his life to face Johnson. He didn't want to be derricked in the first inning.

Turning his attention back to Shanks, he remembered the pre-game strategy. Keep them high to Shanks, Rickey had told him. He kept this in mind as he hurled the ball right under Shanks' chin. Once again—the sharp crack of the bat. The kid held his breath. Turning, he sighed with relief as he saw Walker, his centerfielder, loping over to pull it down. Foster, on second base, tagged up and streaked for third. Walker's throw came in like a rifle shot. The crowd leaped to its feet—it was going to be close. But Shortstop Johnny Lavan was just a bit too eager, and the throw squirted through his legs. Foster didn't stop. He rounded third and raced across the plate before the ball was recovered.

Out on the mound, the kid's heart sank. Giving up one run against Johnson was like giving up a dozen. But he managed to retire the side without further score.

Now it was his turn to sit on the bench and marvel at his hero out on the mound. Without even wrinkling his uniform the Big Train retired the first two Brownie batters on strikes. A moment later he dispatched Del Pratt with a short fly to center.

The kid was pitching again. He mowed the next three Senators down in order. Soon he was back on the bench watching the peerless Big Train.

Suddenly things began to happen for the Brownies. Walker opened the second with a sharp line single to center. "Baby Doll" Jacobson dropped a bunt in front of the plate. Otto Williams, the Washington catcher, scooped it up and fired to first. A roar went up from the stands as the peg sailed ten feet over the first baseman's head. Moving like an express train, Walker rounded second, breezed past third and scored standing up. Jacobson, meanwhile, was panting happily on third base. The rookie pitcher couldn't believe his eyes. Before he could say anything, Del Howard punched a single to center, scoring Jacobson.

It was 2-1 in favor of the Browns as he trudged

out for the third inning. Instead of jubilation, though, he felt sorry for his idol.

The kid had his stuff that day. Man after man moved to the plate to face his offerings. Once in a while they caught one for a base hit. But the rest of the time they were swishing air trying to solve those tosses. And the Brownie support, which rose up to greet the kid's effort, was peerless that hot August day.

In the fifth inning, the kid saw the great hurler come to the plate for the second trip at bat. He'd gone down on an infield roller the first time up. Gritting his teeth, the kid pitched. There was the hollow whack of the bat—an unsolid base hit. He saw the ball arch over the second baseman's head and roll for a single. Like any pitcher, he kicked angrily at giving up a hit of the fluke variety, even to his hero.

Then it was the kid facing the Big Train in his half of the fifth. The fast ones came in as white blurs. He dug in. He was a major leaguer now. Hero or no hero, he was out to get a hit. He was out to defeat Walter Johnson. And when he swung, the ball arched lazily over second, and there was the kid on first, grinning, as the great Johnson scowled. He had evened things with the wonder man . . .

Then they were in the ninth inning. Both pitchers had allowed just five hits since the second inning. The kid's uniform was drenched with perspiration. His arm was weary. He could see Johnson on the bench, head in hands as though he already saw the handwriting on the wall. And with one final rifle shot down the middle, he got the last Senator batter to strike out.

The rookie pitcher had surpassed his wildest dreams. He had defeated the great Walter Johnson!

He wondered whether he should go over and console his fallen rival. But it was too late. Johnson had already disappeared. And there was Branch Rickey and the rest of the Brownies coming over to pound him on the back.

So the rookie who had come to marvel was carried off the field . . . and a new star was born.

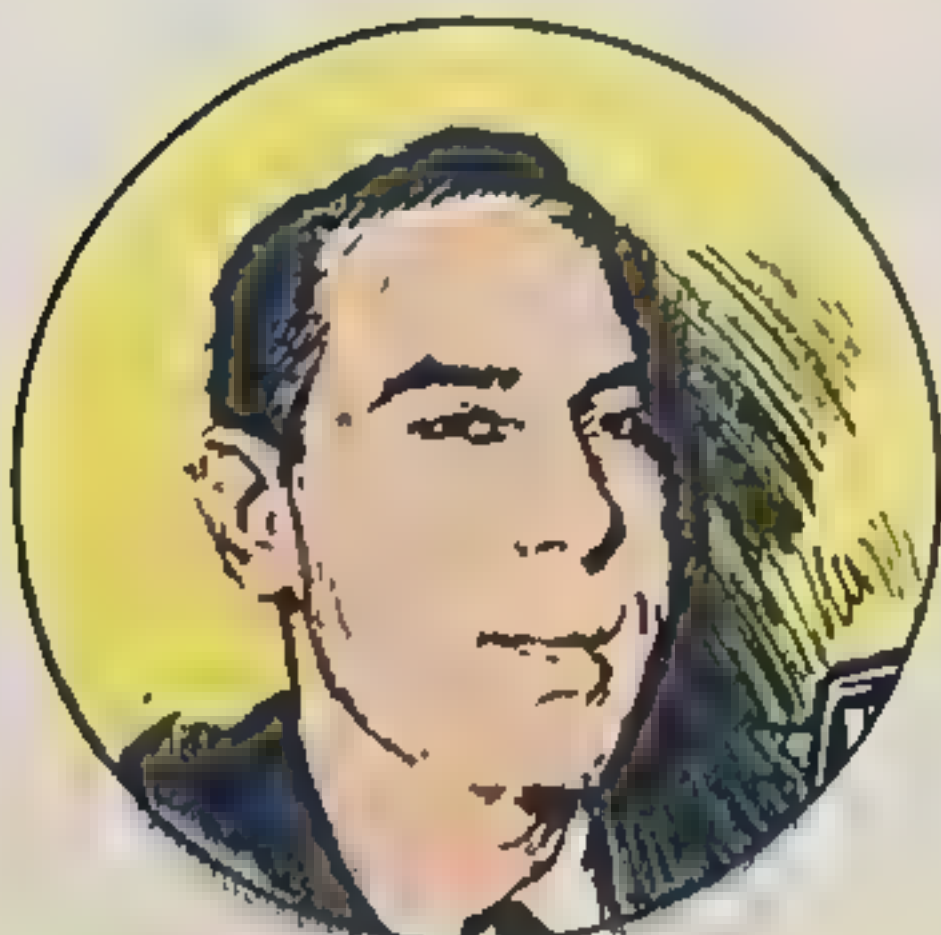
You won't find any of his pitching feats in the record books, but you will find his name in Baseball's Hall of Fame. For he was one of the greatest first basemen of all time. His name—George Sisler.

THE END

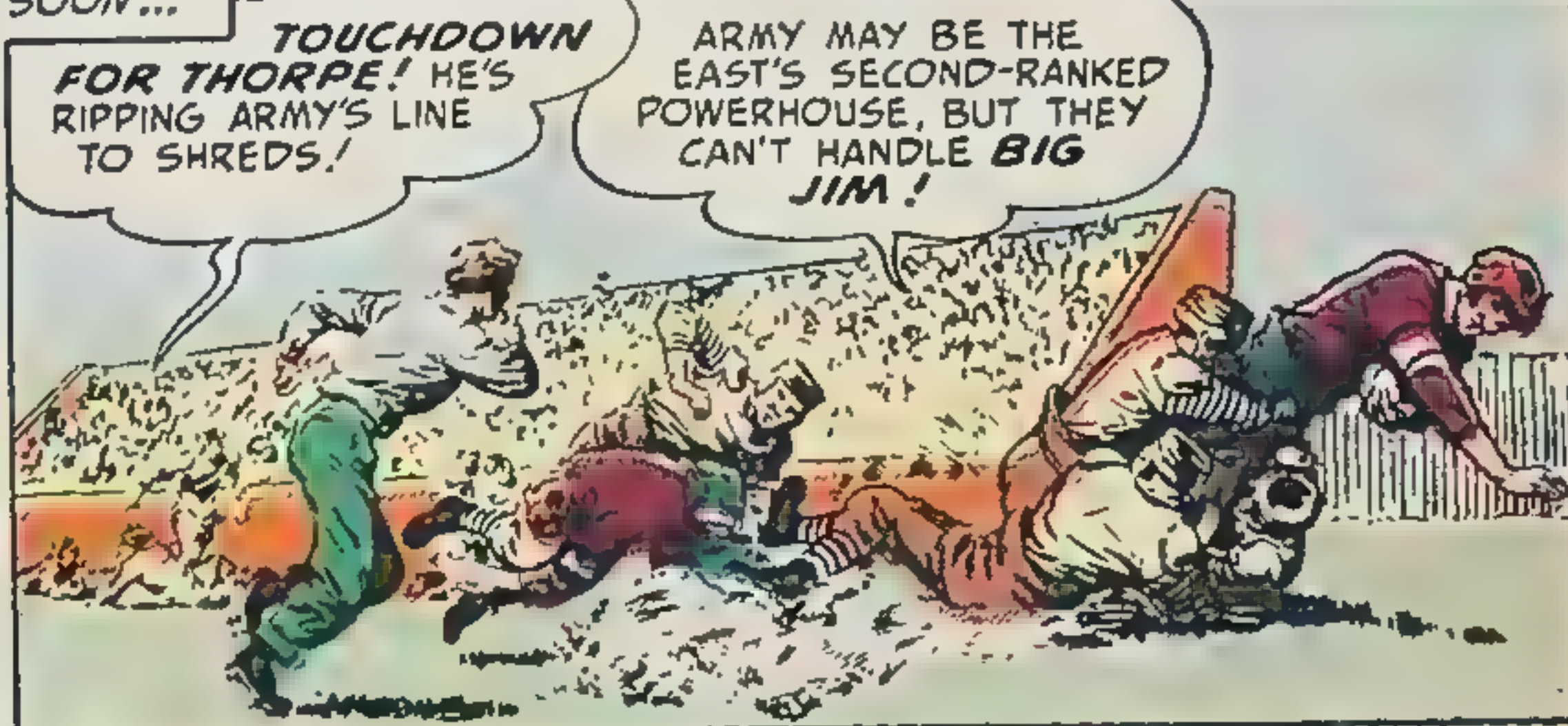
"STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF FATE-AND CURIOUS THE STORIES FATE WEAVES ABOUT THE LIVES OF MEN! THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS! IT BEGAN ON THE PLAINS OF WEST POINT FORTY YEARS AGO!"

The Youth on the Bench

"UP TO WEST POINT TO PLAY THE ARMY CAME THE FABULOUS CARLISLE INDIANS, LED BY THE INCREDIBLE, THE IMMORTAL JIM THORPE! AND SOON..."



BILL STERN



TOUCHDOWN FOR THORPE! HE'S RIPPING ARMY'S LINE TO SHREDS!

ARMY MAY BE THE EAST'S SECOND-RANKED POWERHOUSE, BUT THEY CAN'T HANDLE **BIG JIM!**

"AS THORPE RAN ROUGHSHOD ON THE FIELD, A DEJECTED ARMY PLAYER SAT ON THE BENCH..."

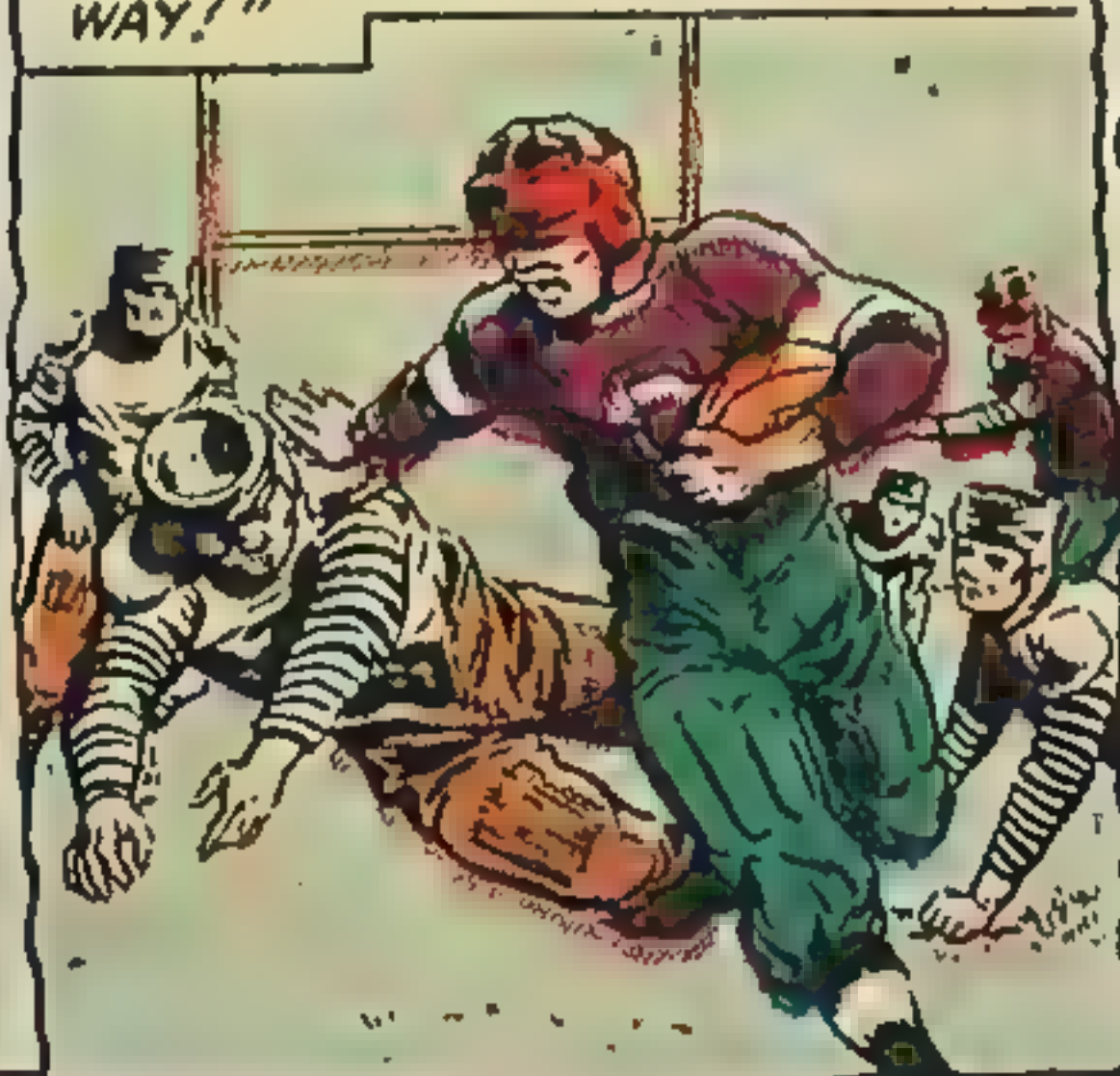
WHAT AN ATHLETE! IF I COULD ONLY GO OUT THERE AND ACHIEVE BUT ONE SMALL PART OF JIM THORPE'S SUCCESS... HIS FAME!



"THEY CALLED HIS NUMBER ON HIS FIRST PLAY! THE CENTER SNAPPED THE BALL! HE HEADED FOR A HOLE IN THE LINE! HE AND THE LINE-BACKER MET WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!"



"THE YOUNG CADET WATCHED AS THORPE TOOK THE PUNT AND RACED 90 YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN! BUT A PENALTY NULLIFIED THE PLAY! ARMY KICKED AGAIN, ONCE MORE TO THORPE, AND THE CARLISLE TERROR THIS TIME WENT ALL THE WAY!"



"THE YOUTH ON THE BENCH MARVELLED AT THORPE'S EXHIBITION! BUT THEN HIS NAME WAS CALLED, AND..."

GET IN THERE AND RUN THROUGH THOSE INDIANS, KID! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

THIS IS IT! MY **BIG CHANCE!** I'M GOING TO PLAY AGAINST **JIM THORPE!**



"ONE PLAY... HIS FIRST AND LAST! THE HEART-BROKEN CADET'S FOOTBALL CAREER ENDED THAT SUDDENLY... ENDED BY THE HERO HE IDOLIZED!"

BROKEN LEG! TOO BAD, SON! THERE'LL BE NO MORE FOOTBALL FOR YOU!

SORRY TACKLE SO HARD! BUT FOOTBALL ROUGH GAME... AND NO ONE CAN RUN THROUGH **BIG JIM!**



"STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF FATE! FORTY YEARS AGO HIS ATHLETIC FEATS THRILLED THE WORLD, BUT TODAY JIM THORPE IS A SICK AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN MAN! AND THE UNFORTUNATE CADET? OH, YES... EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM WELL! **GENERAL DWIGHT 'IKE' EISENHOWER!**"

WOW!
G. I. JOE's Famous Sidekicks
NOW in their own book!

The YARDBIRDS

104

WOW!
ISN'T SHE A
BEAUTY?

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN!

AUTO SHOW

Yahoo! Here I come!

Look for me
I'll be at your
newsstands March 23rd
in the first big issue!

Put Windy Bragg
First Class
special delivery

I'll be there, too, with belles on!

Pvt. Whitley Hicks
Do not open
for the duration

Sgt. Gruff
in polsson

*Me, too,
drat it!*

TENTING TONIGHT!
SURPRISE ATTACK!
ROMANCE R.F.D.!

PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES:

**PRIVATE GOLDBRICK!
A LAUGH A MINUTE!
A RIOT OF FUN!**

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For the Entire Family

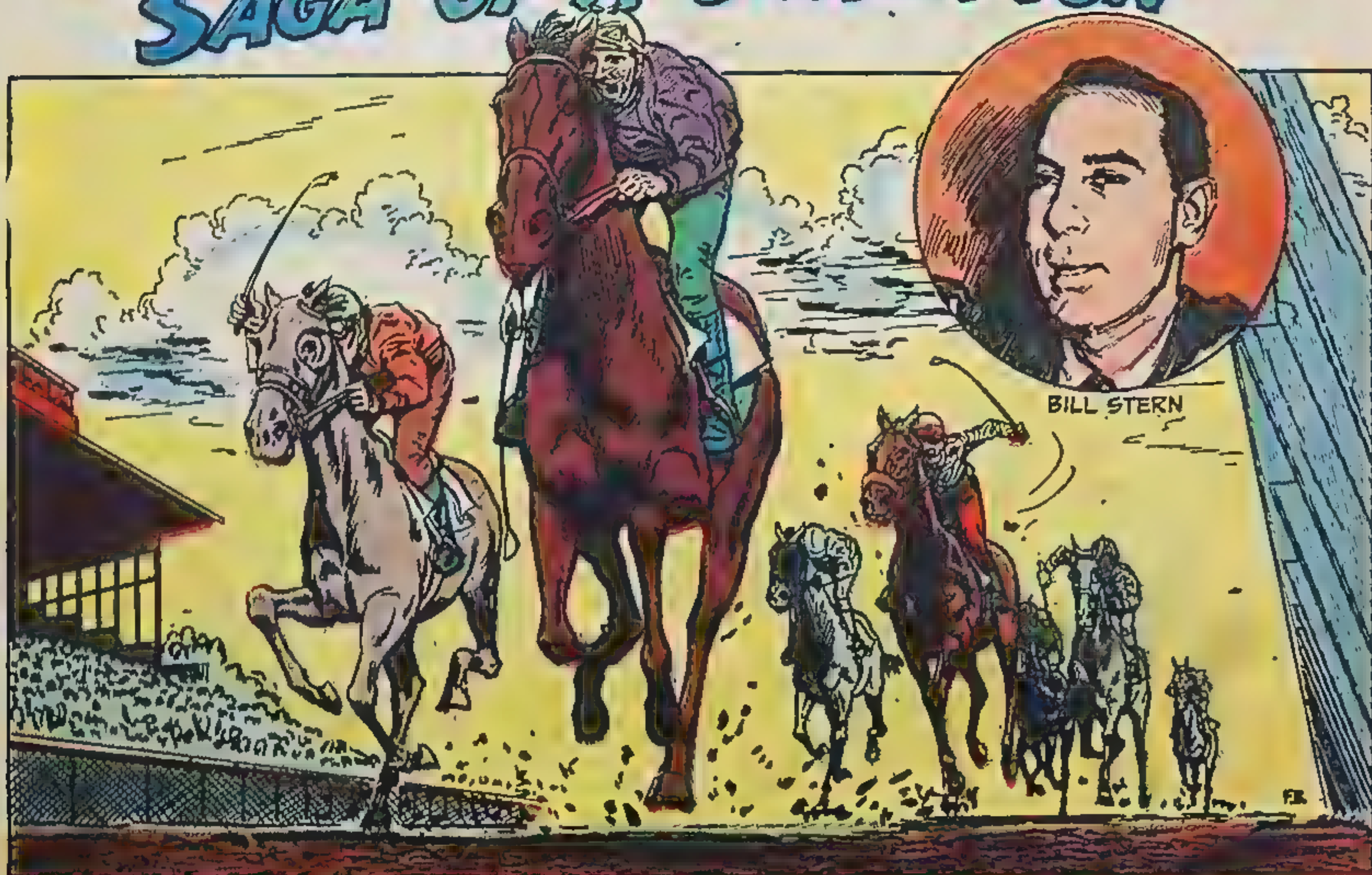
Ziff-Davis Publishing Company — 366 Madison Avenue — New York 17, N. Y.



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE GREATEST AND MOST FAMOUS RACE HORSE IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN TURF. HE WAS TO RACING WHAT BABE RUTH WAS TO BASEBALL, JACK DEMPSEY TO BOXING AND BOBBY JONES TO GOLF. HE WAS THE FIRST GREAT SPORTS CHAMPION OF THAT FABULOUS DECADE — THE **GOLDEN TWENTIES**. MEET...

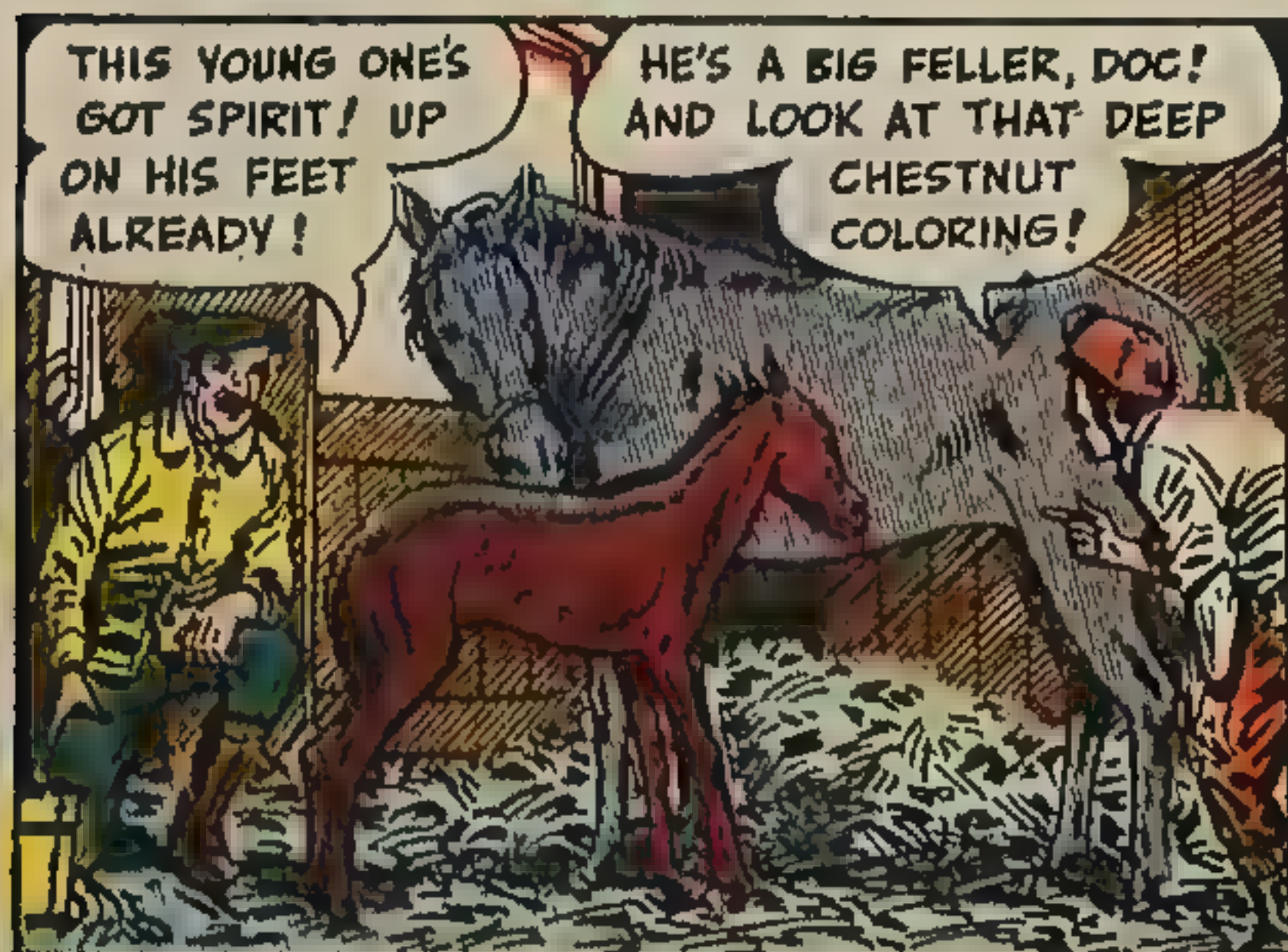
MAN O' WAR

SAGA OF A CHAMPION



"ON MARCH 29, 1917, A FOAL WAS BORN AT RACING TYCOON AUGUST BELMONT'S STABLES NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. THE YOUNG THOROUGHBRED WAS SIRED BY THE CHAMPION 'FAIR PLAY,' OUT OF 'MAHUBAH'..."

"ABOUT A YEAR LATER, THE COLT, MAN O' WAR, WAS PLACED ON THE AUCTION BLOCK AT THE SARATOGA YEARLING SALES. AND AS SAMUEL D. RIDDLE, A SMALL RACE HORSE OWNER, LOOKED HIM OVER..."



THIS YOUNG ONE'S GOT SPIRIT! UP ON HIS FEET ALREADY!

HE'S A BIG FELLER, DOC! AND LOOK AT THAT DEEP CHESTNUT COLORING!



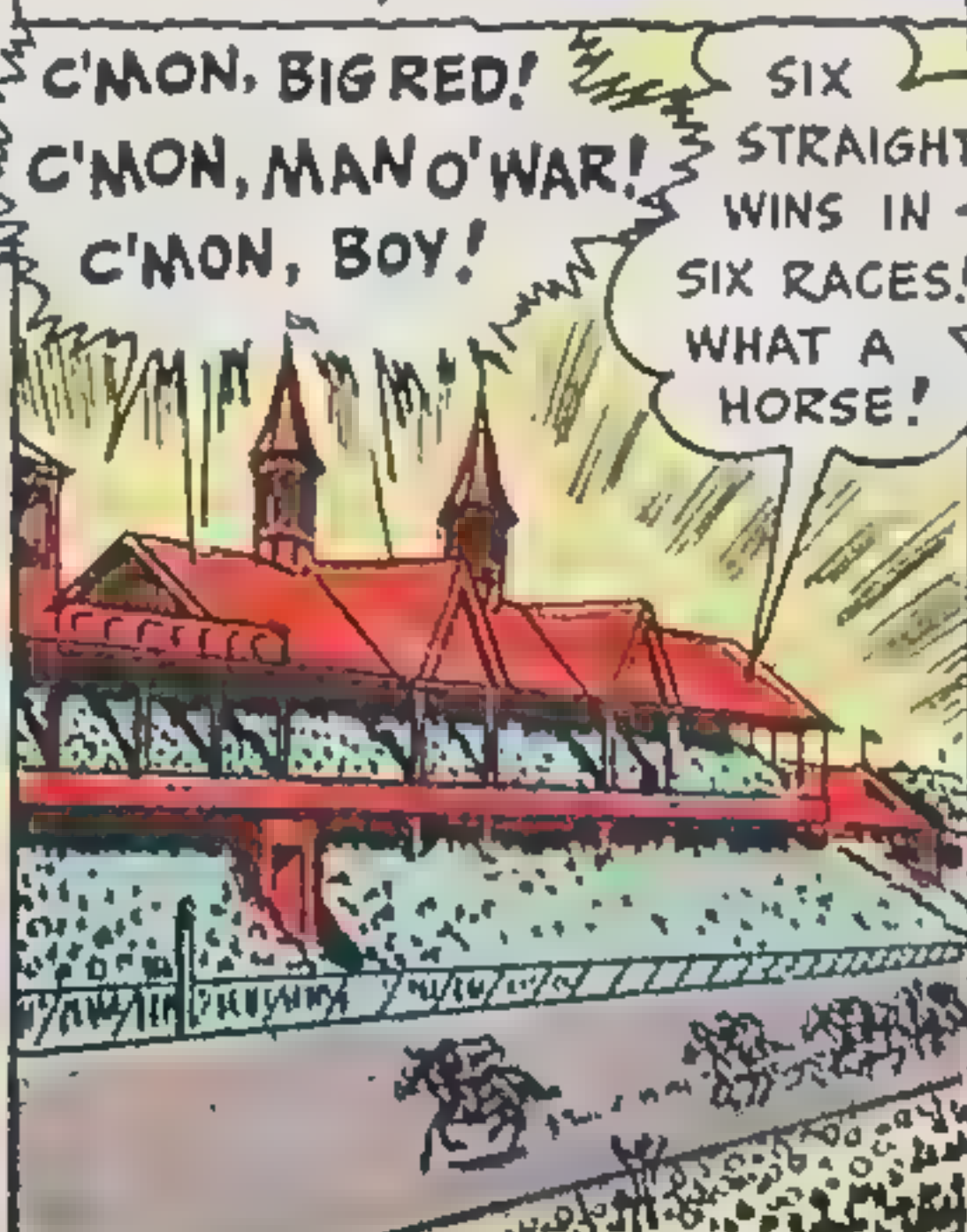
HE'S A BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL, MR. RIDDLE! LOOK AT THAT CHEST, THOSE STRONG LEGS! I'D BID FOR HIM IF I WERE YOU!

I LIKE HIS LOOKS MYSELF! "MAN O' WAR" — A GOOD NAME!

"RIDDLE BOUGHT THE THOROUGHBRED AND TOOK HIM TO FARAWAY FARMS IN KENTUCKY. THE CHESTNUT COLT WAS PLACED IN THE CARE OF WILL HARBUT, THE GROOM..."



"**BIG RED!** HOW APTLY THE NICK-NAME FIT HIM! HE STOOD HANDS TALLER THAN ANY OTHER HORSE OF HIS AGE. HE BEGAN TO RACE AS A 2-YEAR-OLD, AND SOON..."

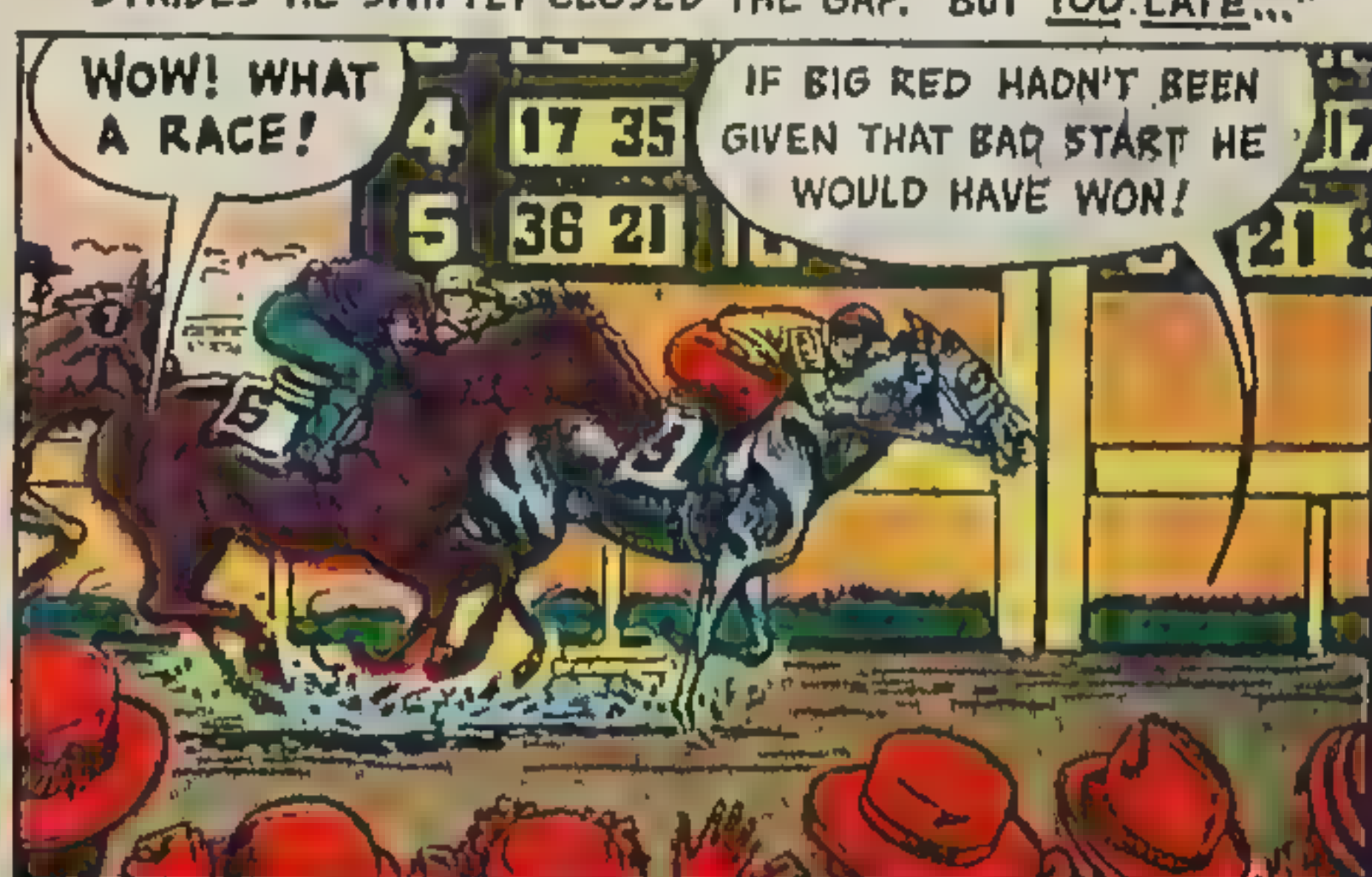
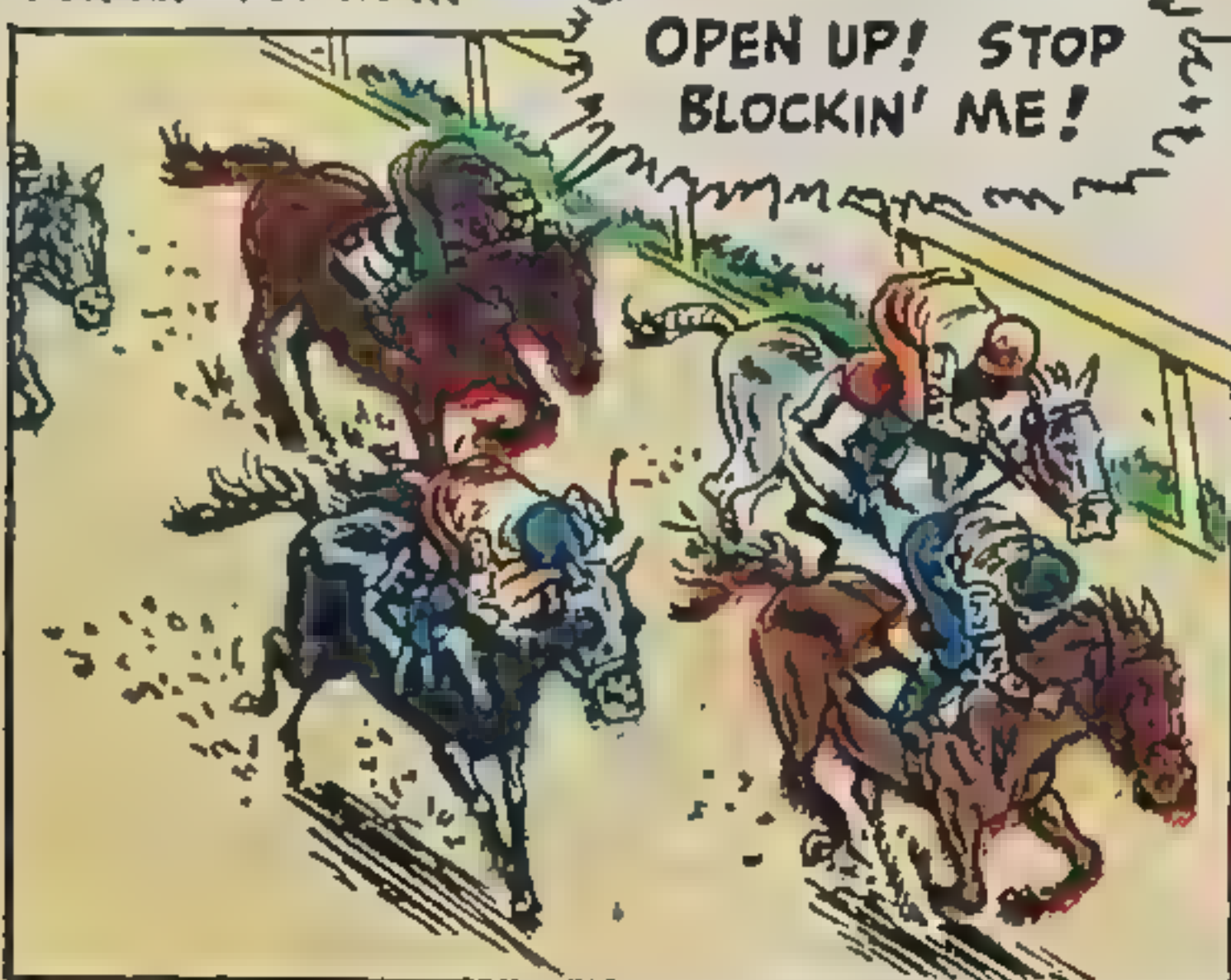


"AND THEN CAME MAN O' WAR'S SEVENTH START, THE **SANFORD STAKES** AT SARATOGA, ON AUGUST 13, 1919. JOCKEY JOHNNY LOFTUS WAS INSTRUCTED TO WATCH **GOLDEN BROOM**, A SPEEDY STARTER. AT THE CRUDE STARTING GATE IN USE AT THAT TIME..."



"OFF TO A BAD START, MAN O' WAR RAN WELL BACK AS **GOLDEN BROOM** JUMPED INTO THE LEAD AND A HORSE NAMED **UPSET** RAN CLOSE BEHIND. JOCKEY LOFTUS LOOKED FOR AN OPENING..."

"THEY SPED INTO THE HOMESTRETCH, WITH A BURST OF SPEED, **UPSET** PASSED **GOLDEN BROOM**. SWINGING WIDE, **MAN O' WAR**, IN THE CLEAR, Poured ON THE POWER. WITH GIANT STRIDES HE SWIFTLY CLOSED THE GAP. BUT TOO LATE..."

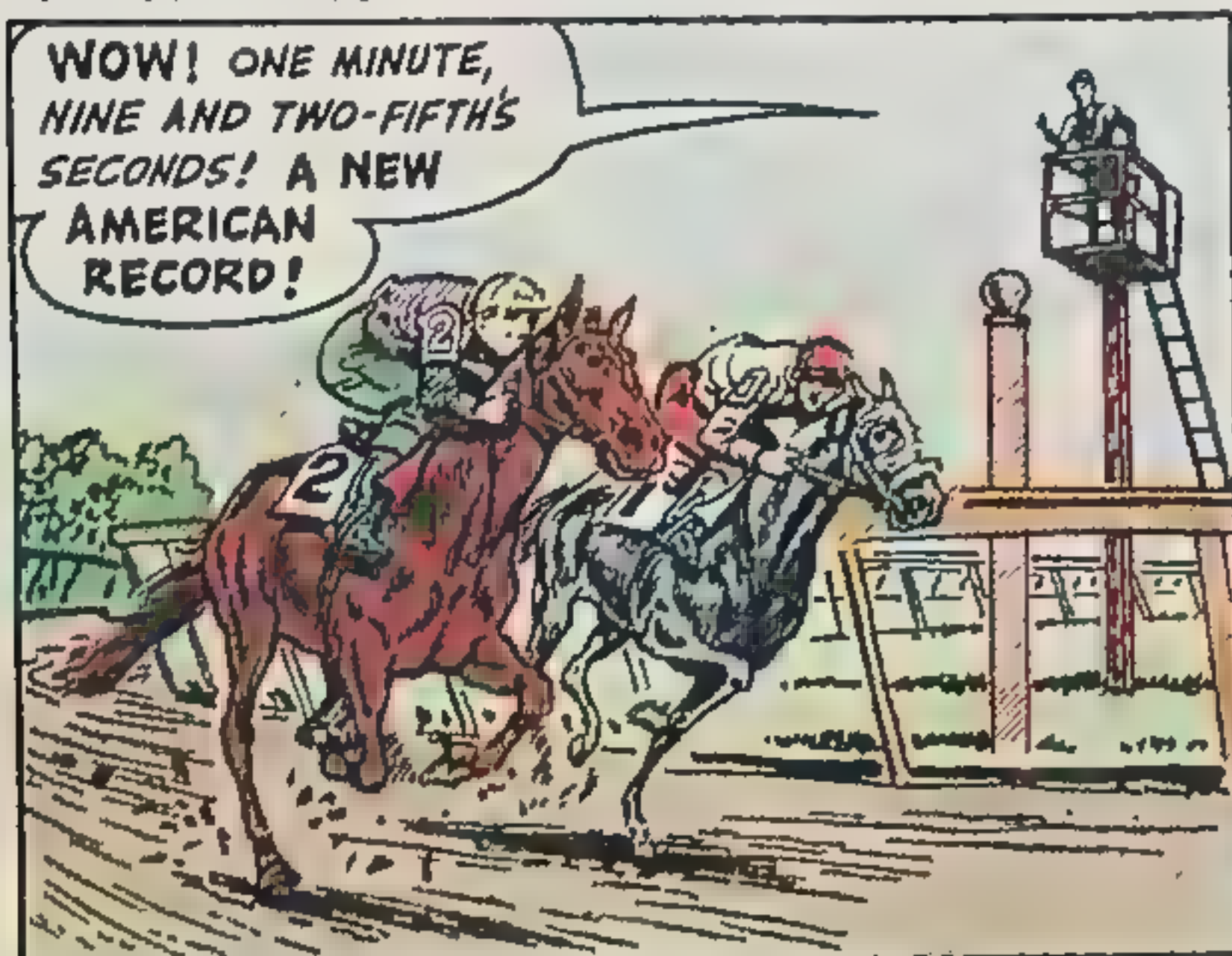


"BUT CHAMPIONS ALWAYS COME BACK! **BIG RED** WON HIS REMAINING THREE STARTS AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD. HE WAS THE SENSATION OF THE RACING WORLD..."

"**BIG RED** BEGAN HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD CAMPAIGN BY WINNING HIS FIRST FOUR RACES! HE BEAT **UPSET** IN THE **PREAKNESS**, AVENGING HIS ONLY DEFEAT. THEN CAME THE FAMOUS MATCH RACE IN THE **DWYER STAKES** AGAINST **JOHN P. GRIER**..."

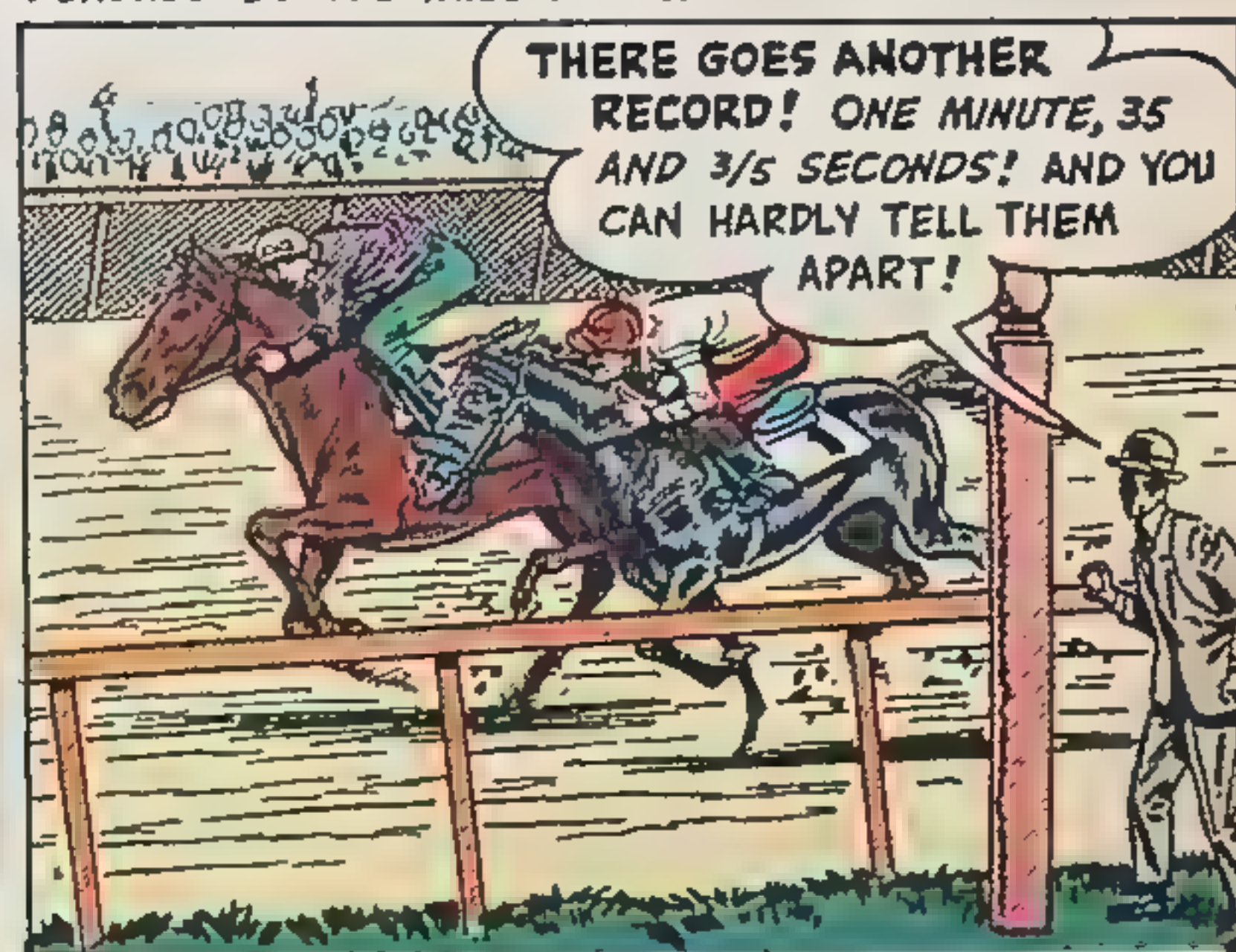


"FROM THE VERY START IT WAS NECK AND NECK! DOWN THE BACKSTRETCH... INTO THE TURN... AT THE SIX FURLONG MARK..."

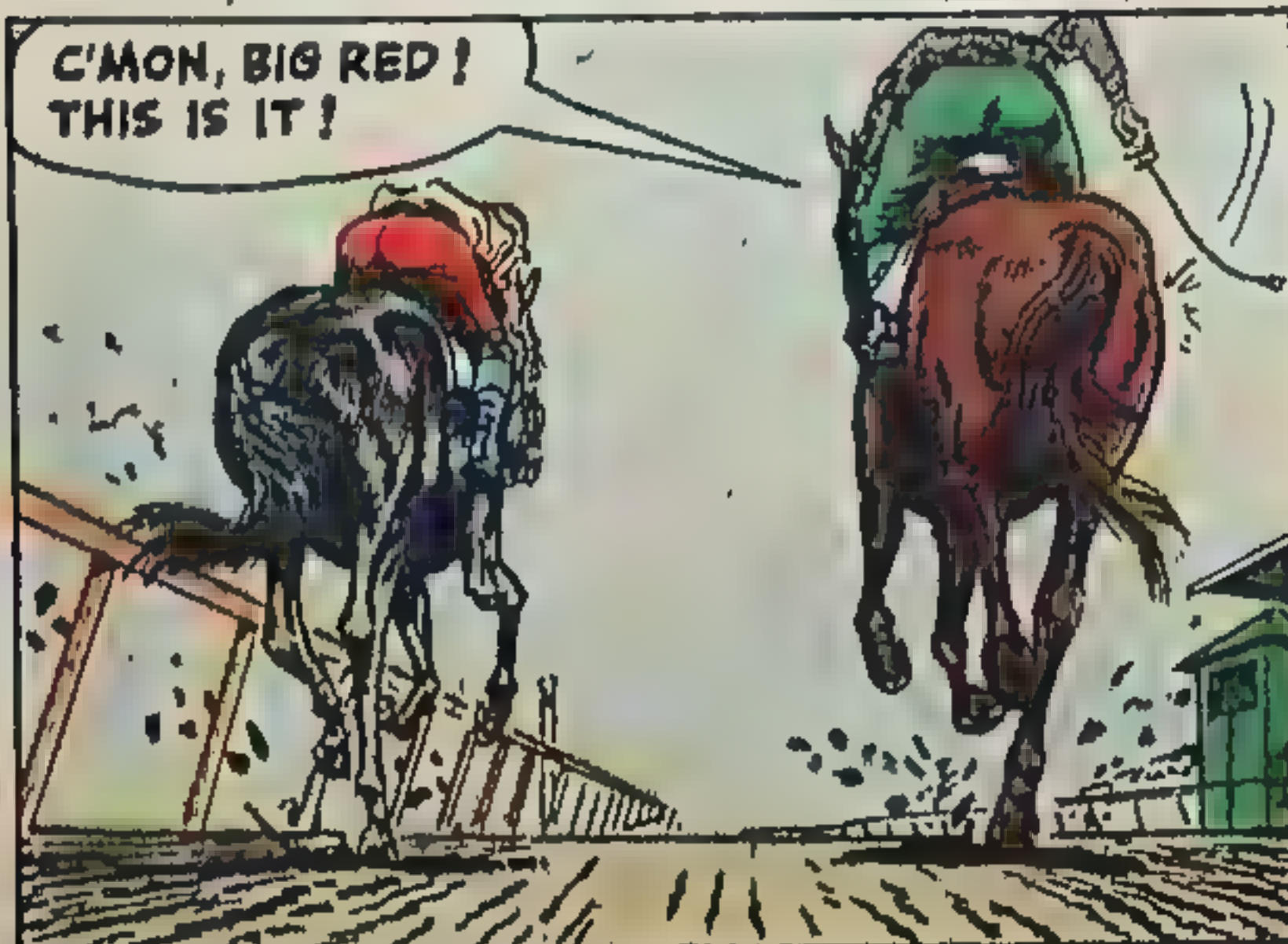
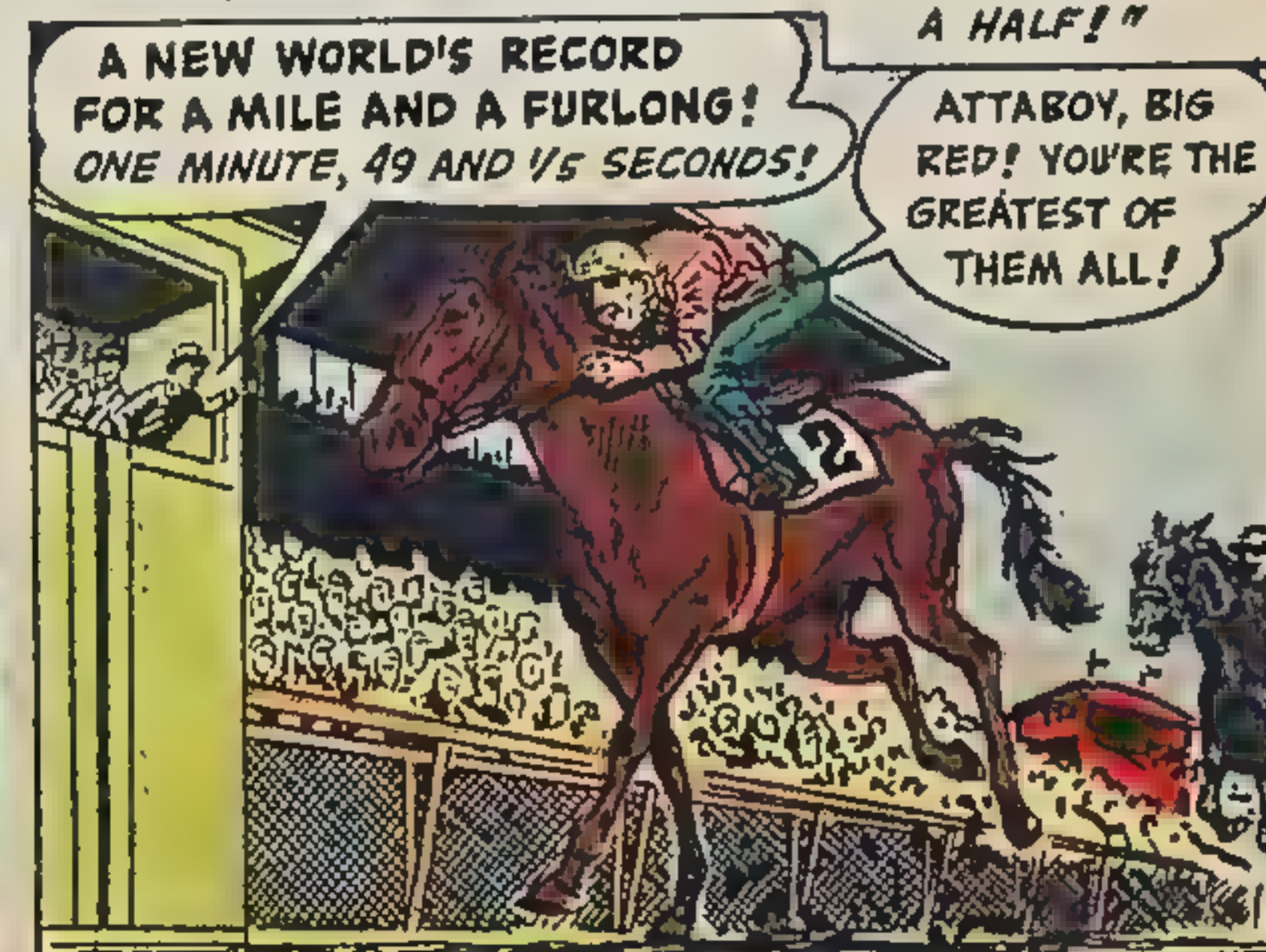


"AS THE TWO CHAMPIONS THUNDERED TOWARD THE FINISH LINE, JOHN P. GRIER MADE HIS BID! HE WENT OUT IN FRONT BY A HEAD! BIG RED'S JOCKEY, CLARENCE KUMNER, USED HIS CROP FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

"AROUND THE FAR TURN... INTO THE HOMESTRETCH... AND BIG RED WAS BUT A HEAD IN FRONT! AS THEY FLASHED BY THE MILE POST..."



"JOHN P. GRIER MADE ONE FINAL BID! IT WAS NOT ENOUGH! WITH GIANT STRIDES, MAN O' WAR LUNGED AHEAD, OPENED UP A GAP AND WON BY A LENGTH AND A HALF!"



"AND WHAT OF JOHN P. GRIER? WELL, THEY SAY THAT THE RACE BROKE HIS HEART, FOR THAT PLUCKY LITTLE HORSE WAS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN. MAN O' WAR WENT ON TO WIN HIS NEXT FIVE RACES. THEN..."

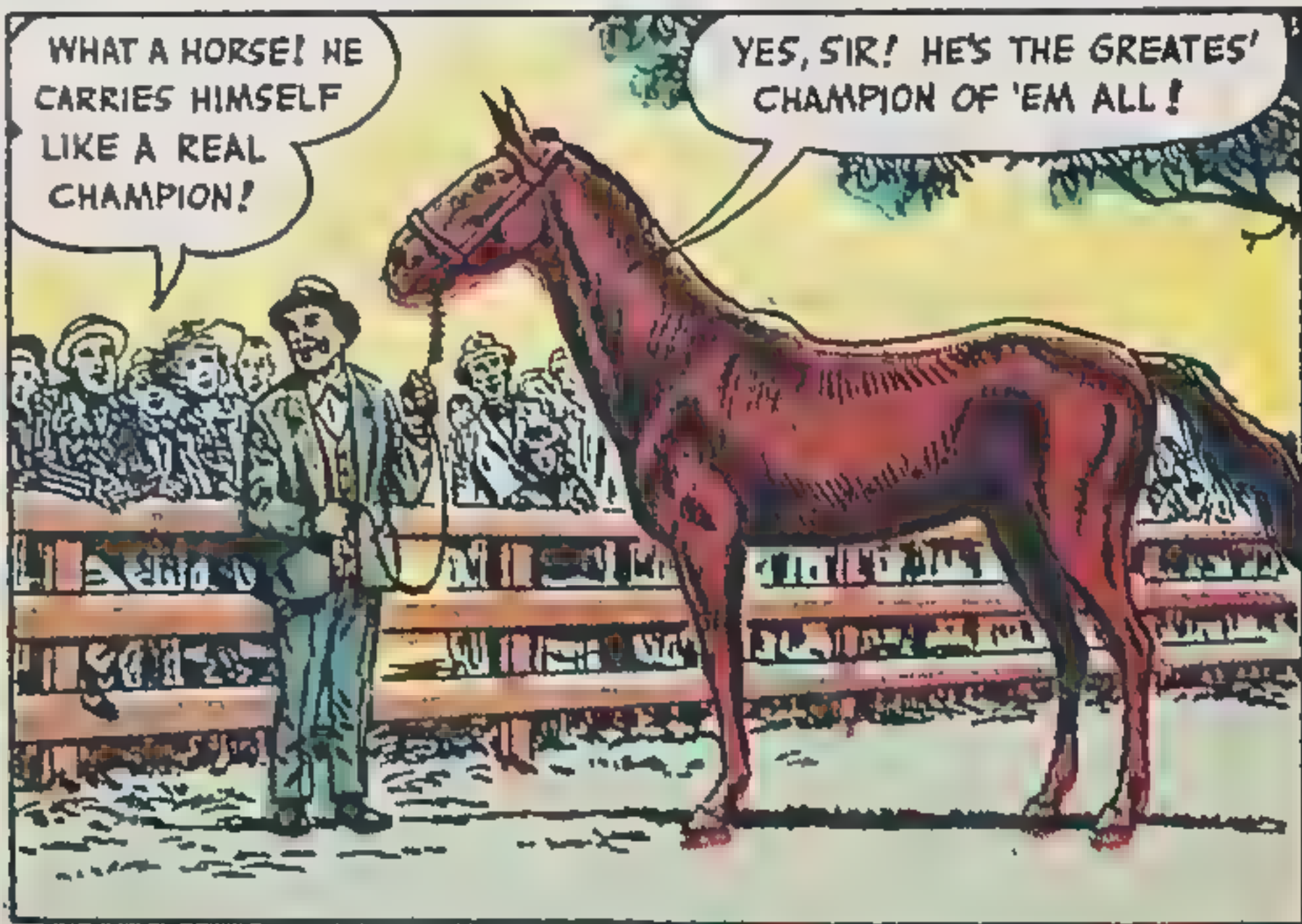
"SO MAN O' WAR, THE THREE-YEAR-OLD, RAN AGAINST SIR BARTON, THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD. MAN O' WAR ROMPED AWAY BY SEVEN LENGTHS, AND DID IT IN RECORD TIME!"



"THUS ENDED THE FABULOUS CAREER OF MAN O' WAR. HE EARNED \$200,000. IN DAYS WHEN PURSES WERE MUCH SMALLER THAN THEY ARE TODAY. HE WON 9 OUT OF 10 RACES AS A 2-YEAR-OLD, AND 11 OUT OF 11 AS A 3-YEAR-OLD! HIS ONLY LOSS WAS CAUSED BY A CONTROVERSIAL START. AND THE RECORDS HE SET LASTED FOR MANY, MANY YEARS!"

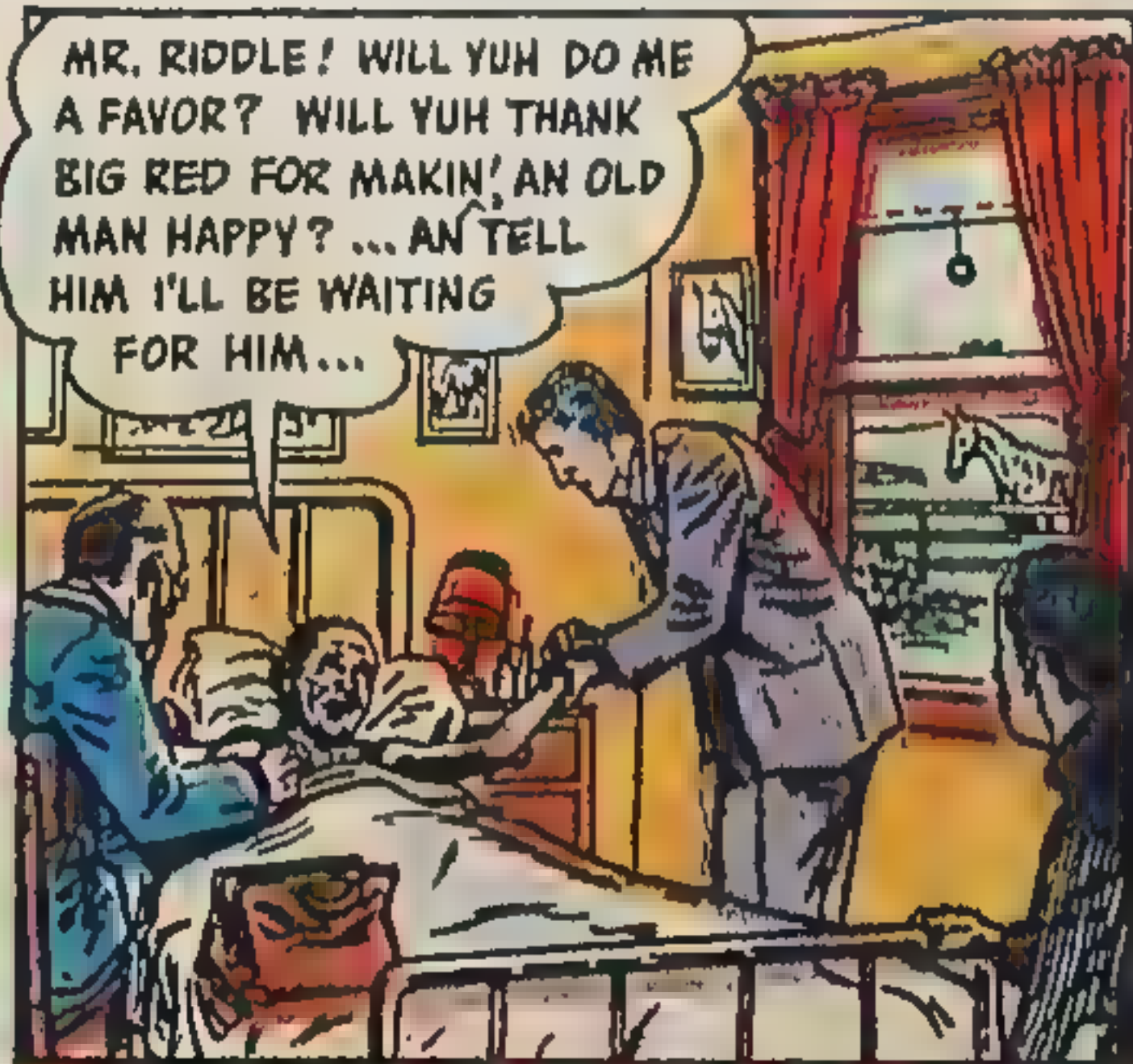
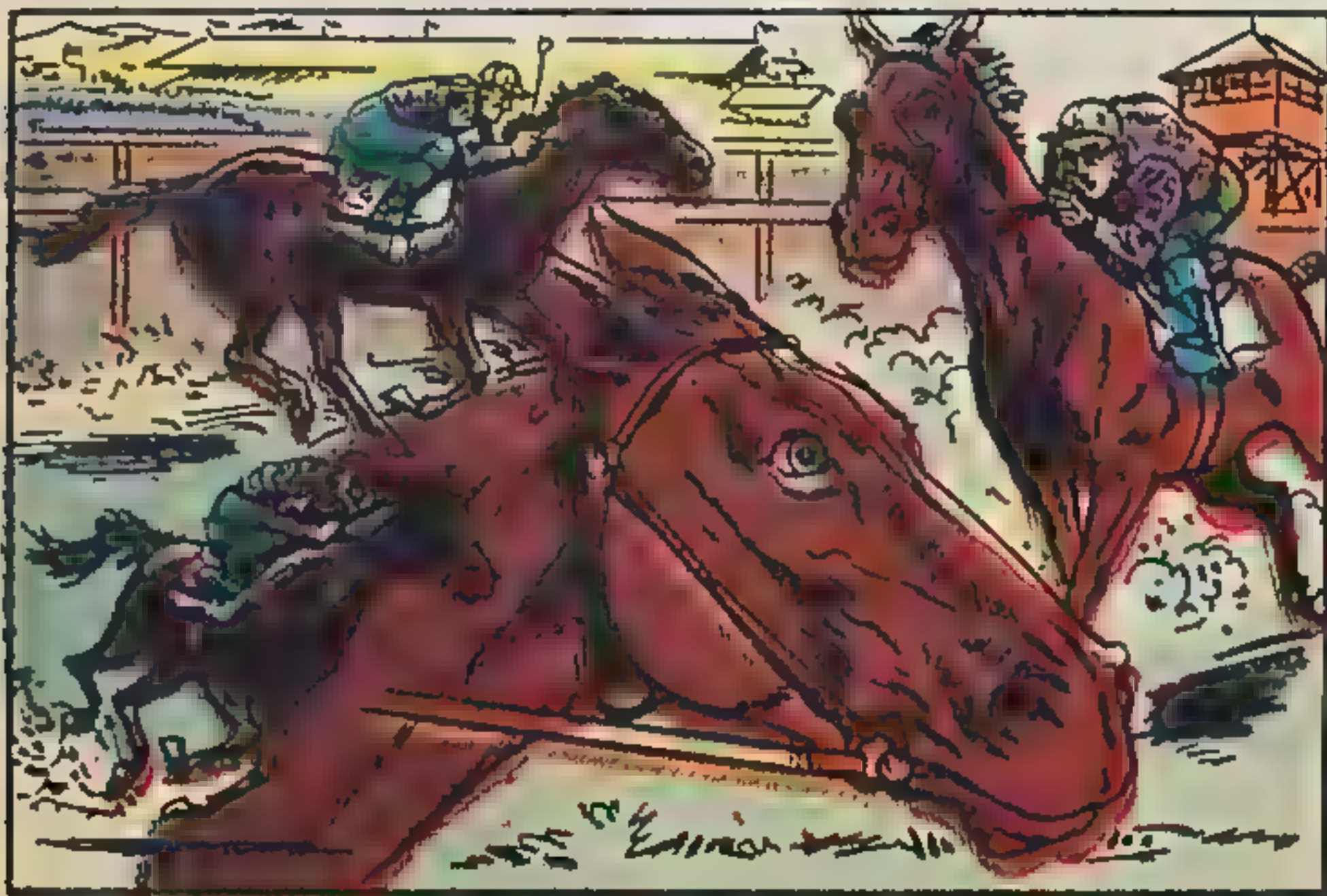
MAN O' WAR WAS RETIRED TO THE STUD FARM TO PRODUCE FUTURE CHAMPIONS AND LIVE A LIFE OF EASE AT FARAWAY FARMS! ATTENDING HIM ALWAYS WAS THE FAITHFUL WILLIE HARBUT!"

UNLIKE OTHER HEROES, BIG RED WAS NEVER FORGOTTEN. FOR YEARS VISITORS CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO SEE HIM ROMPING IN THE MEADOWS. AND WILL HARBUT NEVER LEFT HIS SIDE..."



MAN O' WAR'S GREAT BLOOD LINE RAN DEEP. HE SIRED MANY GREAT CHAMPIONS. AMONG THEM WERE SUCH GREAT THOROUGHBREDS AS WAR ADMIRAL, CRUSADER, BATTLESHIP AND MARS!"

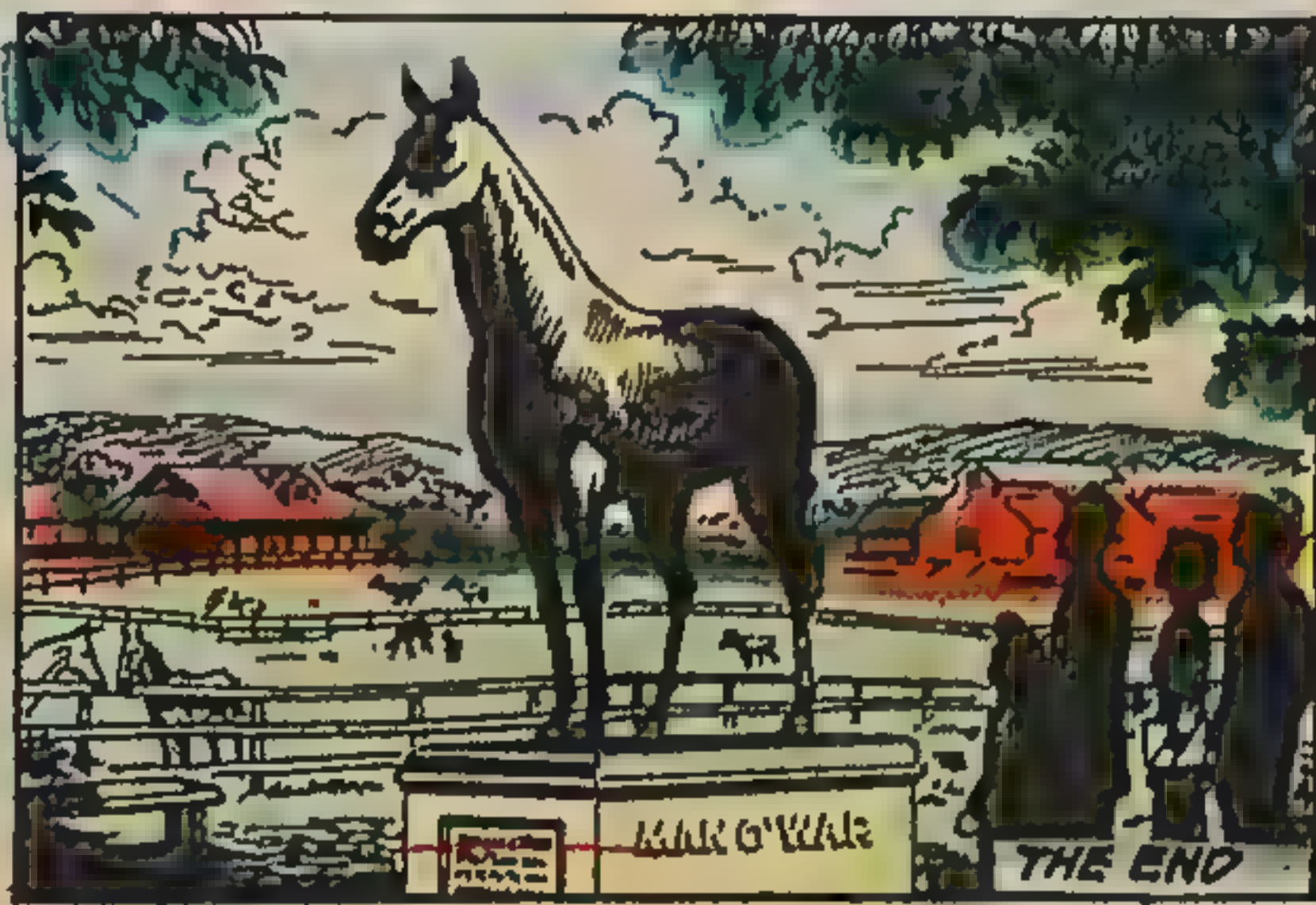
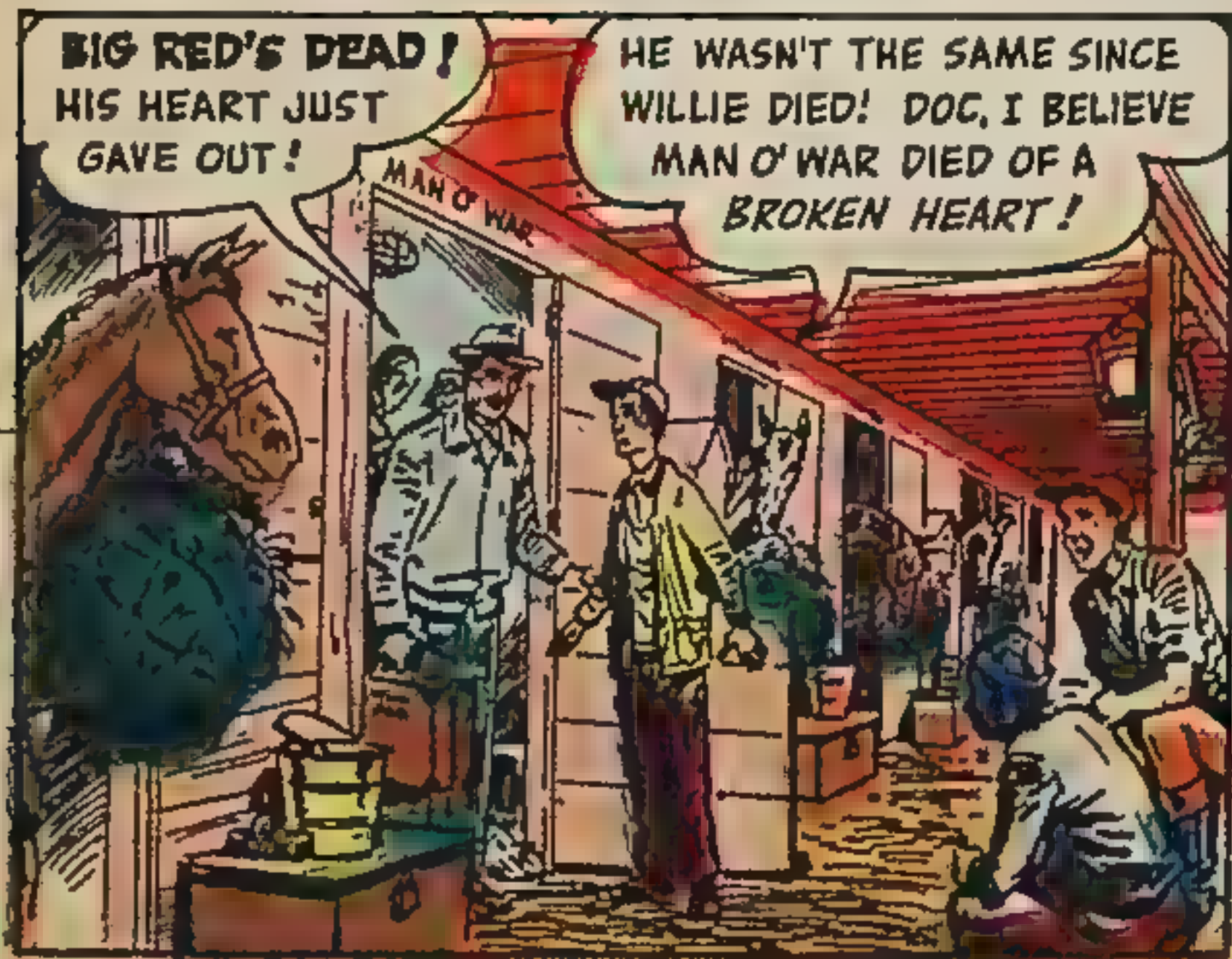
YEARS WENT BY, AND MAN O' WAR AND WILL HARBUT WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER. BUT THEN ONE DAY IN OCTOBER, 1947..."



WILLIE HARBUT WAS GONE! AND MAN O' WAR SEEMED TO KNOW IT! HE WAS AN OLD, OLD CHAMPION BY THIS TIME... 31 YEARS OLD... EQUAL TO 108 YEARS FOR A HUMAN BEING. JUST A MONTH AFTER WILLIE PASSED AWAY..."

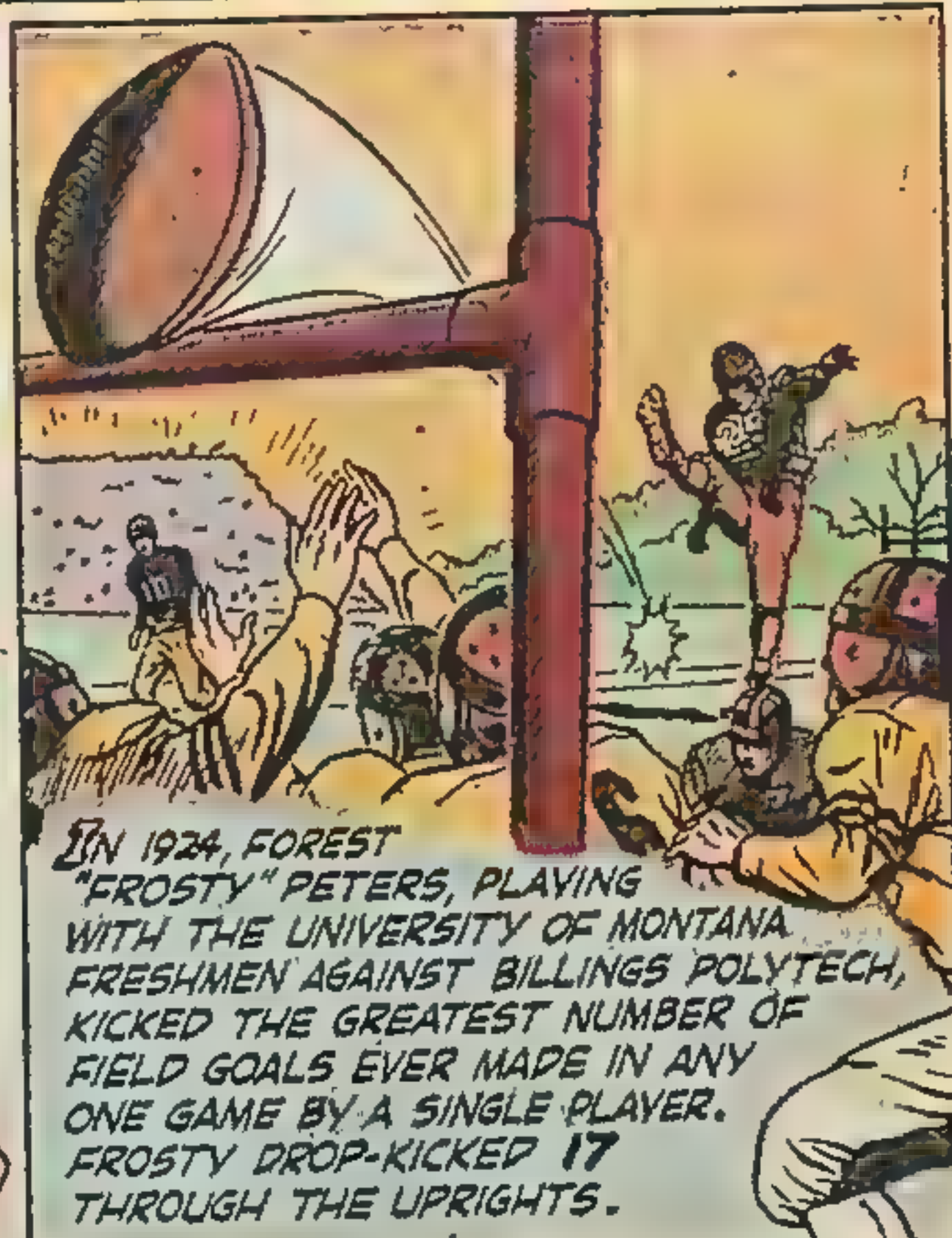
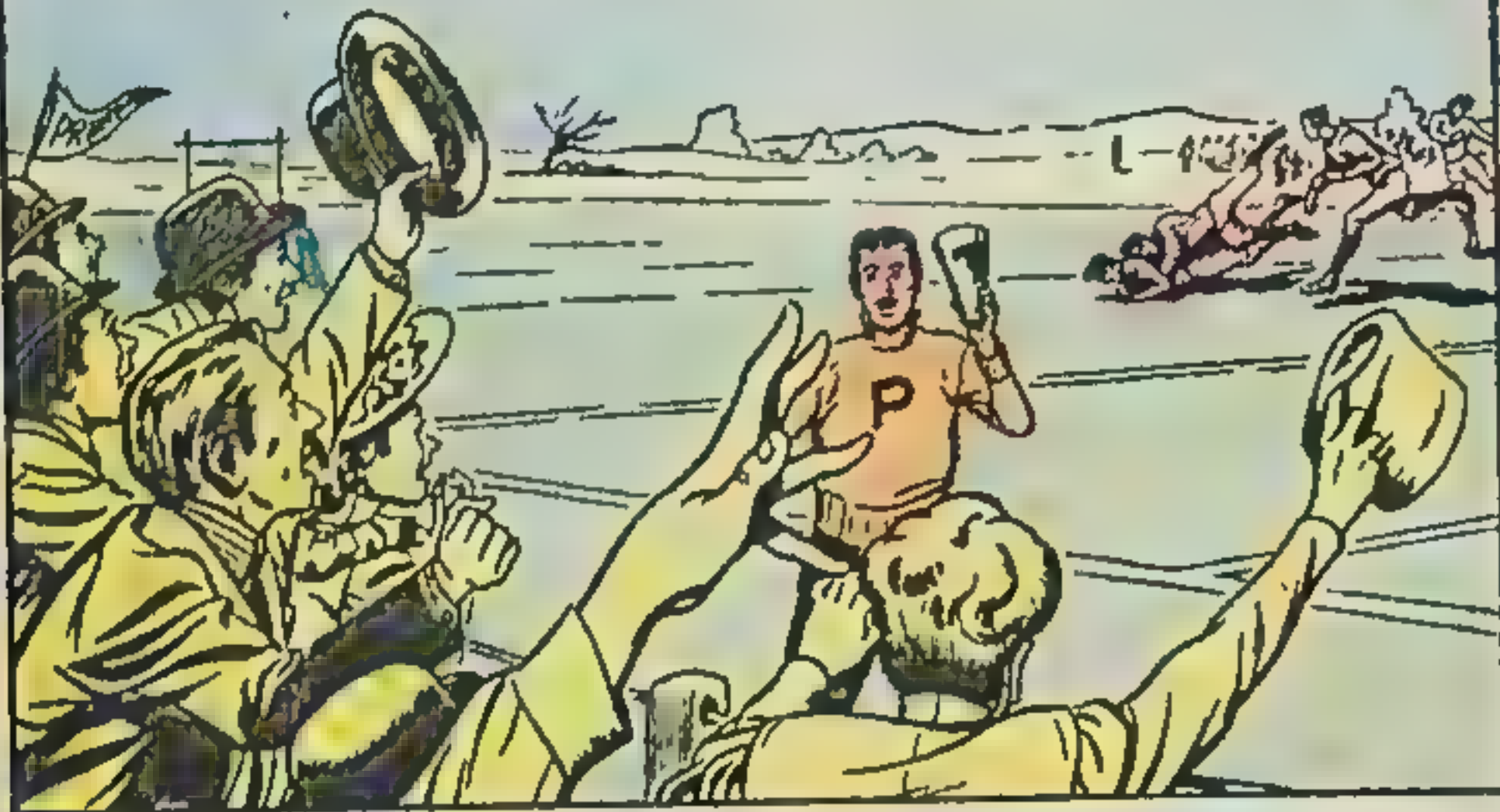
THEY GAVE MAN O' WAR ALL THE HONORS BEFITTING A GREAT CHAMPION. THEY LAID HIM TO REST IN A SPECIAL GRAVE, AND NEARBY THEY ERECTED A BEAUTIFUL LIFE-SIZE STATUE IN HIS MEMORY. THUS CAME TO AN END THE LIFE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL THOROUGHBREDS—

MAN O' WAR!



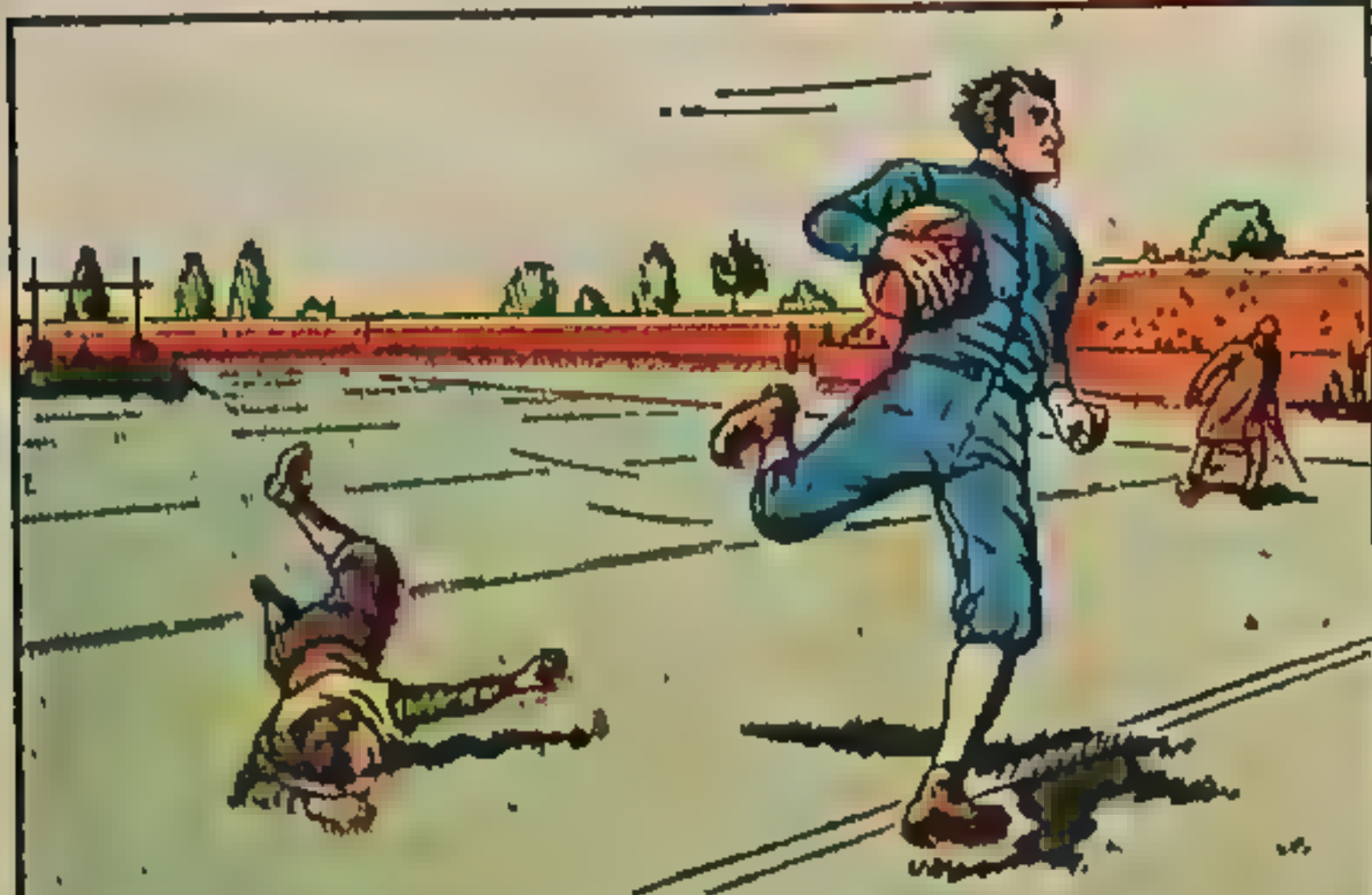
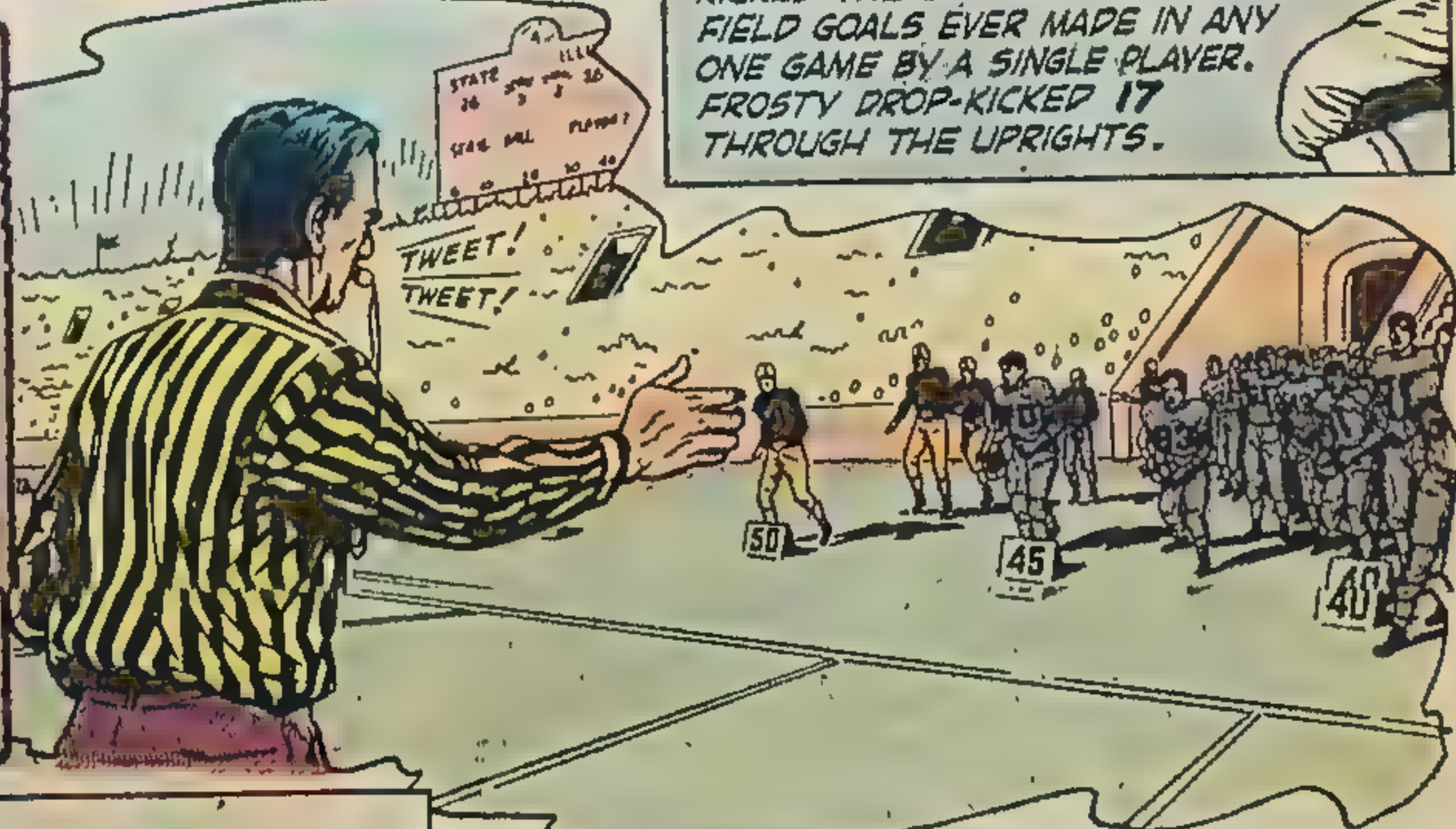
PIGSKIN ODDITIES

THE FIRST GAME IN WHICH THERE WAS CHEERING WAS THE FIRST 1869 PRINCETON-RUTGERS GAME. THE CHEERING WAS DONE BY THE PRINCETONIANS, WHO USED ONE OF THE LEADING REGIMENTAL YELLS OF THE CIVIL WAR!



IN 1924, FOREST "FROSTY" PETERS, PLAYING WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA FRESHMEN AGAINST BILLINGS POLYTECH, KICKED THE GREATEST NUMBER OF FIELD GOALS EVER MADE IN ANY ONE GAME BY A SINGLE PLAYER. FROSTY DROP-KICKED 17 THROUGH THE UPRIGHTS.

IN THE 1943 OHIO STATE-ILLINOIS GAME, A FIELD GOAL WON THE GAME FOR OHIO STATE 12 MINUTES AFTER THE GAME ORIGINALLY HAD BEEN ENDED. ONE OF THE OFFICIALS, AFTER THE PISTOL HAD GONE OFF, DECLARED THAT ILLINOIS HAD BEEN OFFSIDE. FINAL SCORE WAS 26-26. AFTER THE TEAMS LINED UP AGAIN WITH THE BALL IN STATE'S POSSESSION, JOHNNY STUNGIS KICKED THE GOAL FOR THE 29-26 MARGIN.



LONGEST FOOTBALL RUN IS ACCREDITED TO WYLLYS TERRY, A YALE HALFBACK. IN THE 1884 GAME WITH WESLEYAN, HE RAN 115 YARDS TO SCORE. A RUN OF THAT LENGTH WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE 110 YARD FIELD, IN USE AT THAT TIME. THE RUN STARTED FIVE YARDS BEHIND THE GOAL LINE.



MRS. WALTER CAMP WAS KNOWN AS THE "WOMAN WHO COACHED YALE." SHE WAS NAMED CO-COACH OF THE YALE 1888 TEAM BY ITS CAPTAIN, "PA" CORBIN. SHE VISITED THE YALE FIELD DAILY AND REPORTED TO HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS UNABLE TO ATTEND THE DAILY PRACTICE SESSIONS.

SHAMROCKS and BASKETS

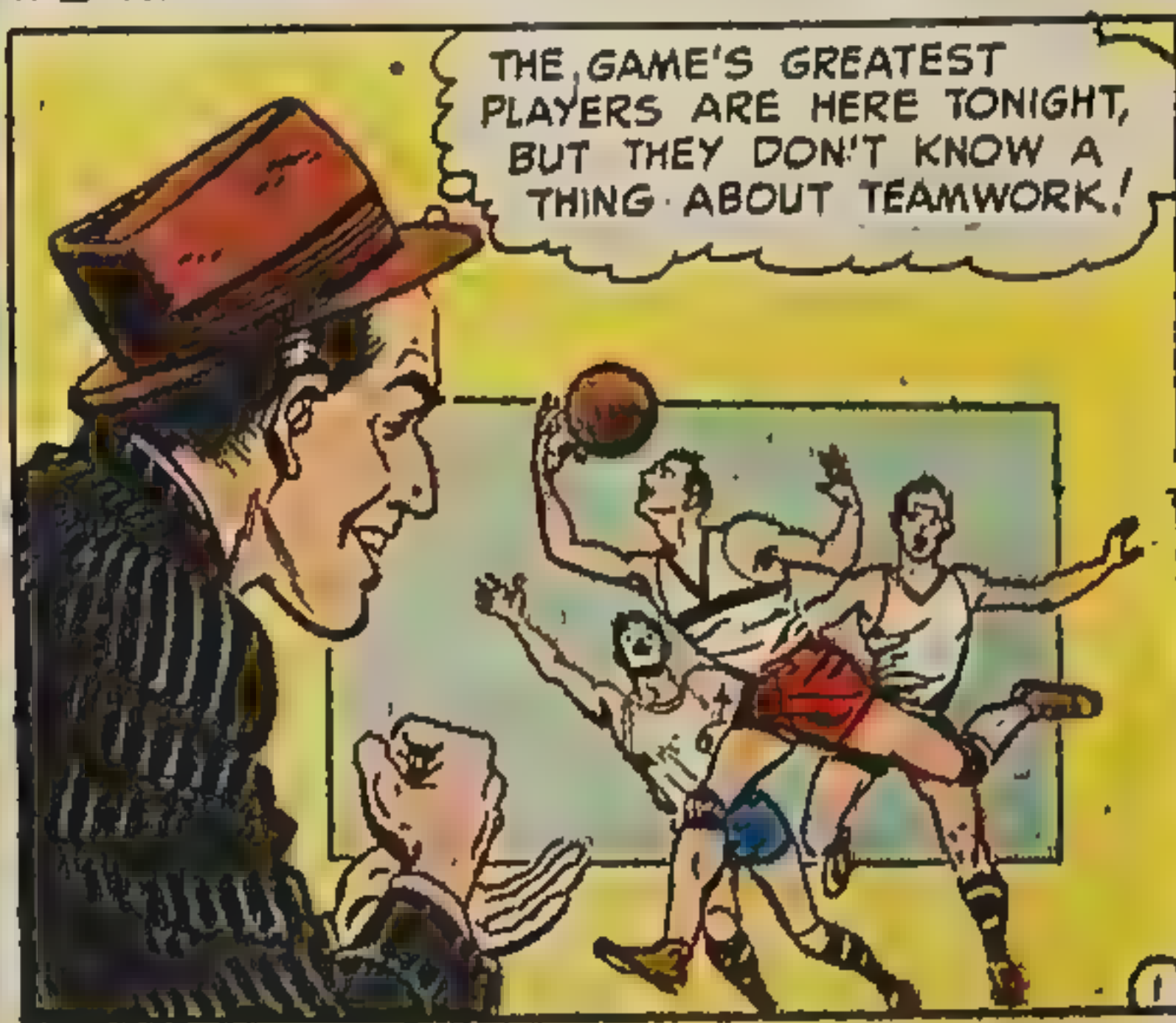
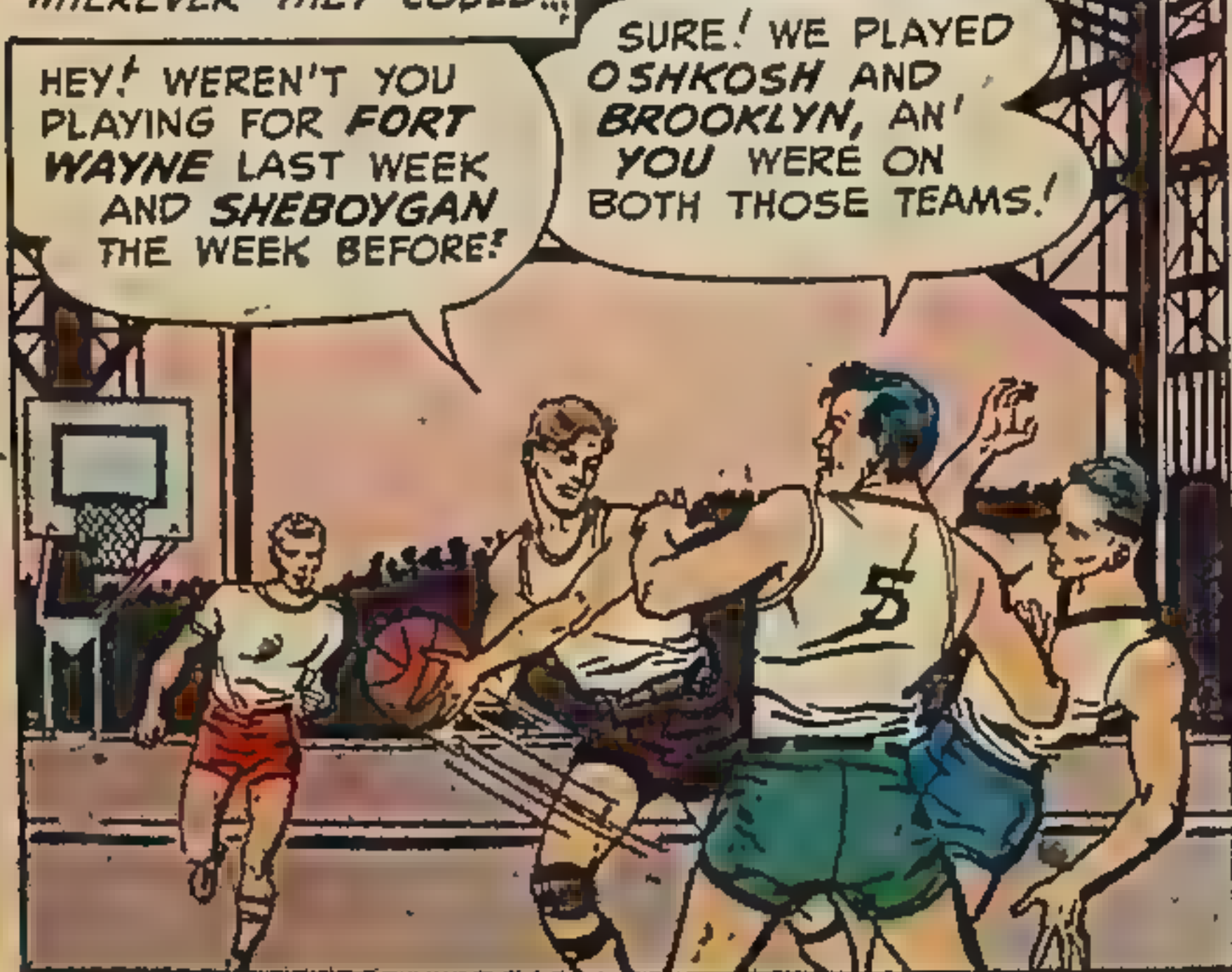
The ORIGINAL CELTICS

"ACCLAIMED AS THE GREATEST TEAM OF ALL TIME, THEY WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE WONDER FIVE THAT DEVELOPED THE GAME AS A SCIENCE, AND EVOLVED THE BASIC FUNDAMENTALS OF STRATEGY AND TEAMWORK WHICH ARE STILL THE ROOTS OF THE GAME TODAY. THIS IS THE STORY OF THAT IMMORTAL TEAM OF PIONEER PROS... THE ORIGINAL CELTICS!"



"BASKETBALL IN THE EARLY 1920'S WAS A 'WILDCAT' GAME. THE PROFESSIONALS PLAYED WHENEVER AND WHEREVER THEY COULD..."

"ONE EVENING, IN THE WINTER OF 1921, BASKETBALL PROMOTER JIM FUREY WATCHED A GAME AT THE 71ST REGIMENT ARMORY IN NEW YORK..."



"SOME DAYS LATER, FUREY CALLED A MEETING OF BASKETBALL'S BEST PLAYERS..."



HERE'S THE PITCH! YOU GUYS PLAY BASKETBALL, AND I PROMOTE IT! BUT NONE OF US LIKES THIS UNCERTAIN WILDCATTING!

HOW WOULD YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO PLAY FOR ONE TEAM, AT A REGULAR SALARY, ON A CONTRACT BASIS... JUST LIKE BASEBALL PLAYERS?



SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, JIM! LET'S HEAR SOME MORE!

MY IDEA IS TO SIGN YOU TO A FAIR CONTRACT, SHAPE YOU INTO A TEAM AND GIVE YOU A REGULAR COACH! YOU'RE THE BEST IN THE GAME! PLAYING TOGETHER, YOU'LL BE UNBEATABLE!



SOUNDS GREAT! I'M FOR IT!

ME, TOO! WHERE'S THE CONTRACT? I'LL SIGN UP RIGHT NOW!!

"AND SO THE ORIGINAL CELTICS WERE BORN IN THE SEASON OF 1922-23! THERE WERE ONLY SIX OF THEM! PETE BARRY, DUTCH DENHART, JOHNNY BECKMAN, JOE TRIPPE, ERNIE REICH AND HORSE HAGGERTY. THEY WERE COACHED BY JOHNNY WITTE, ANOTHER FAMOUS STAR..."

IT'S YOUR TEAM NOW, JOHNNY! THINK YOU CAN DO ANYTHING WITH THEM?

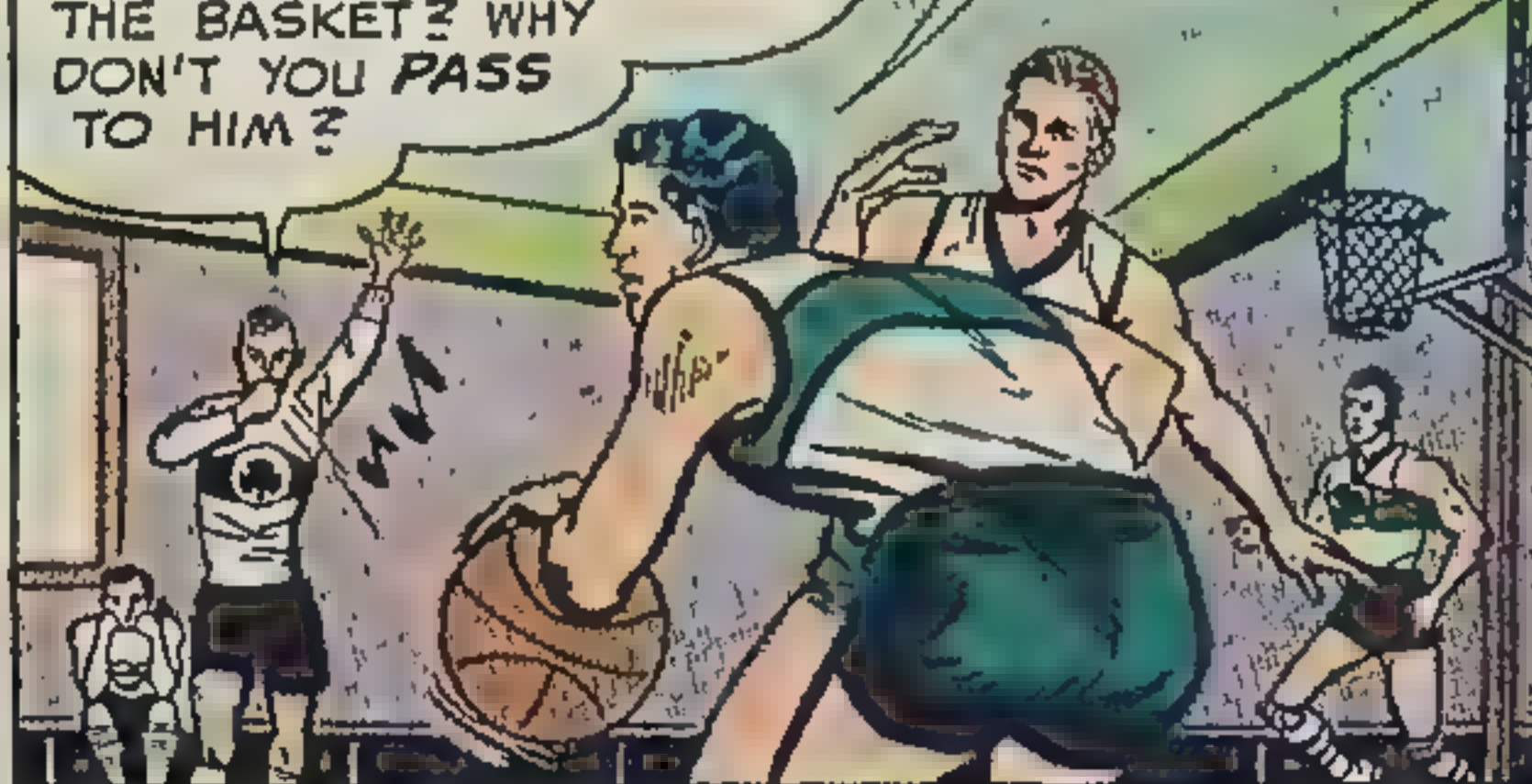
YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME A TEAM OF INDIVIDUAL STARS, JIM! IF THEY'RE TO FUNCTION AS A SMOOTH-RUNNING MACHINE OF STARS. THEY'LL HAVE TO WORK UNTIL THEY DROP!



"JOHNNY WITTE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED AND HE KNEW HOW TO GET IT! HOUR AFTER HOUR, DAY AFTER DAY, HE DROVE THE CELTICS THROUGH THEIR PRACTICE SESSIONS..."

NO, NO, NO!! PETE, WHY WERE YOU DRIBBLING WHEN DUTCH WAS BREAKING LOOSE UNDER THE BASKET? WHY DON'T YOU PASS TO HIM?

GOSH, COACH! I WAS SURE TO GET AROUND MY MAN AND DUMP IT IN MYSELF!



"THE BOYS KNUCKLED DOWN, AND SOON THEY DEVELOPED INTO A SMOOTH-WORKING, WELL-DRILLED BASKETBALL UNIT, AND THEY RAN ROUGHSHOD OVER THEIR OPPONENTS WITH THE DECEPTION AND COHESION OF THEIR ATTACK..."

IF I CAN'T MAKE YOU GUYS UNDERSTAND YOU'RE NOT PLAYING FOR YOUR OWN GLORY ANY MORE, YOU'D BETTER TEAR UP YOUR CONTRACTS! DO YOU GET ME?

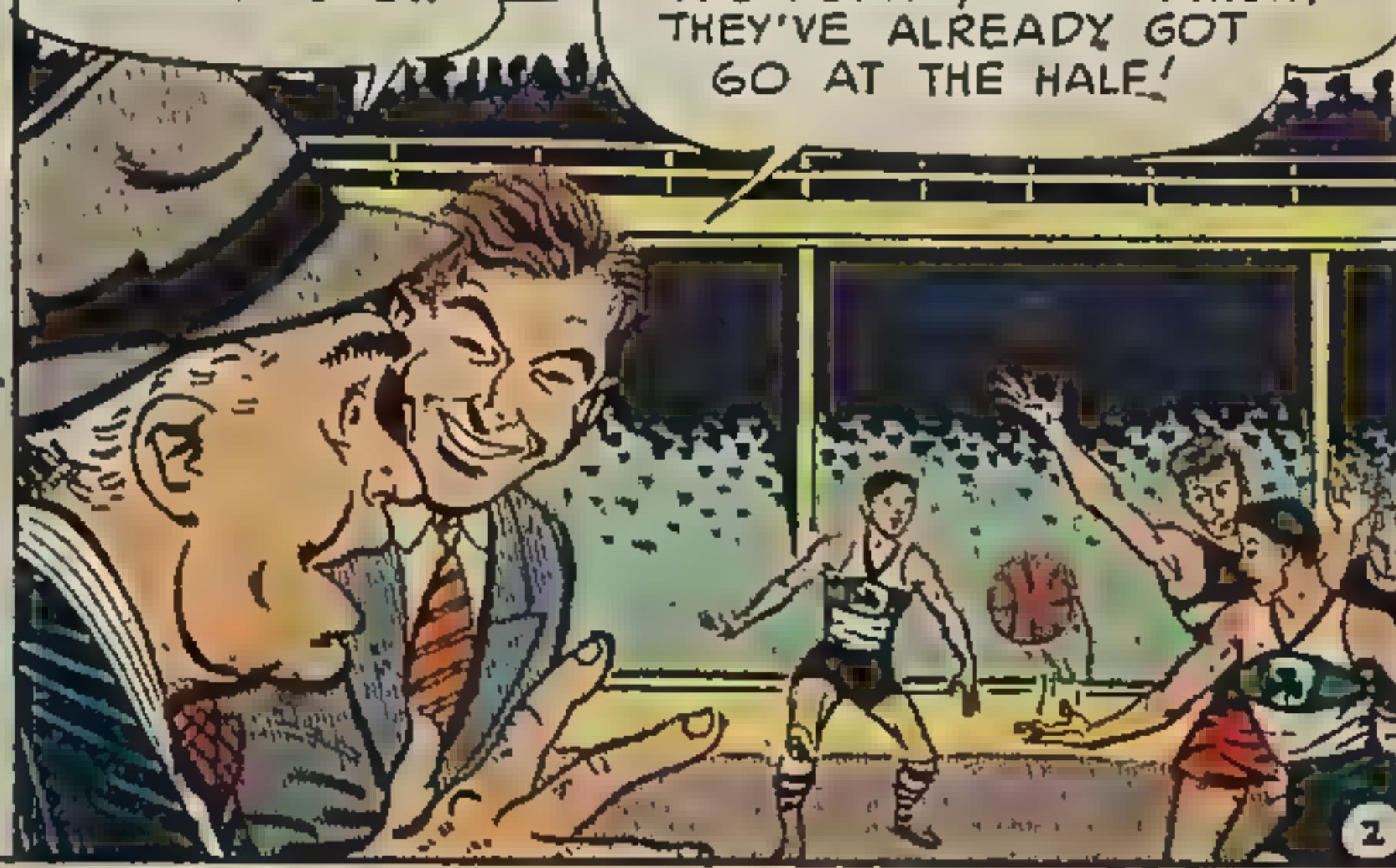
WE GET YOU, COACH! ...WE'RE PLAYING FOR THE CELTICS!

YEAH! WE'LL GIVE THE FANS A SHOW LIKE THEY NEVER SAW BEFORE!



WOW! HOW DO THEY DO IT? I NEVER SAW SUCH PASSING BEFORE IN MY LIFE!!

YOU NEVER SAW SUCH BALL-HANDLING, EITHER! LAST NIGHT THEY SCORED 103 POINTS, AND TONIGHT THEY'VE ALREADY GOT 60 AT THE HALF!



"AS THE CELTICS' FAME GREW, OTHER ORGANIZATIONS FOLLOWED THE PATTERN BY ORGANIZING PERMANENT TEAMS, TOO. ONE OF THE BEST WAS THE NEW YORK WHIRLWINDS, SPARKED BY THE INCOMPARABLE NAT HOLMAN..."

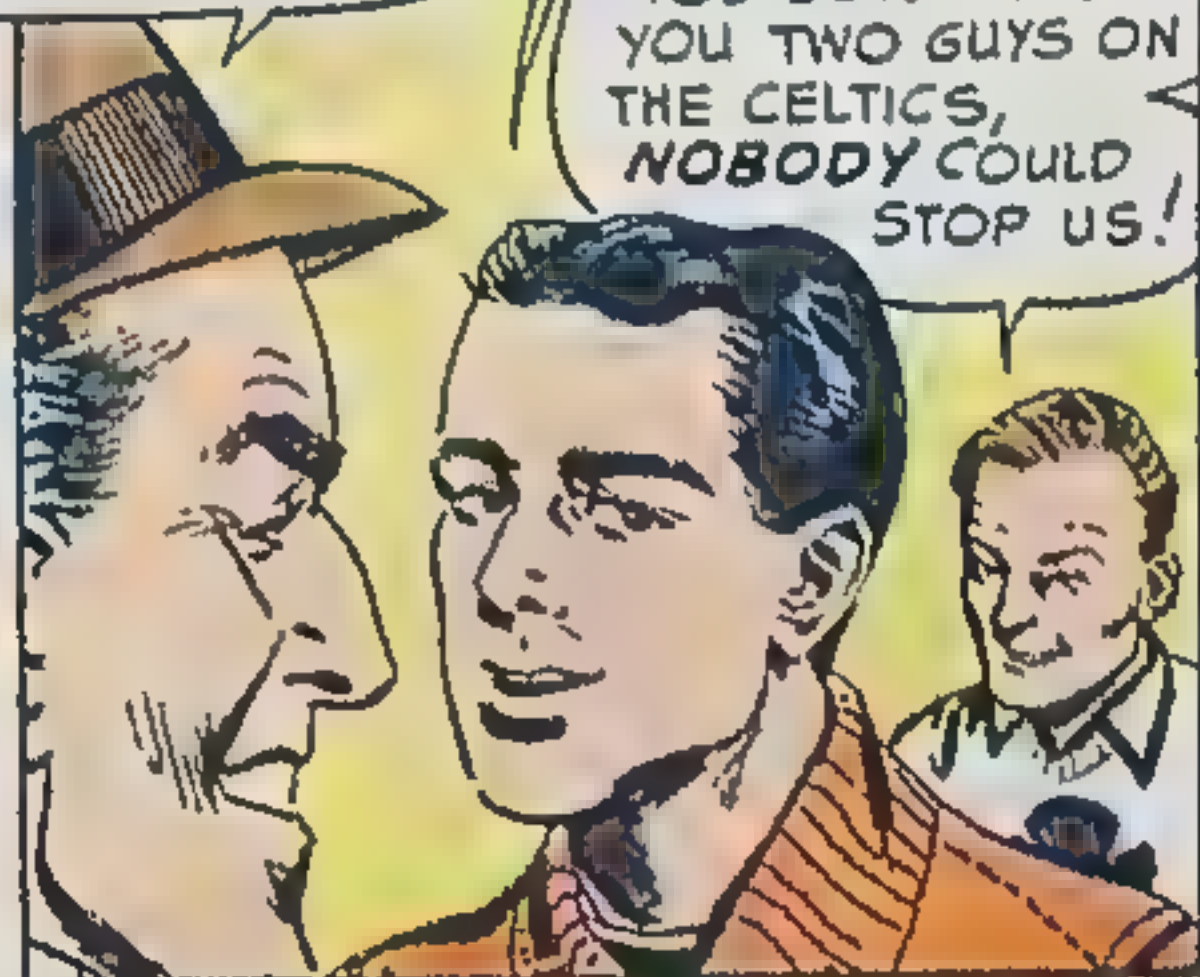
LOOK AT THAT HOLMAN DRIBBLE AND FEINT! I'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE HIM ON THE CELTICS, JIM!

YOU AND ME BOTH, JOHNNY! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO SIGN HIM!

NAT, THE CELTICS CAN USE A SMART YOUNG PLAYMAKER AND FLOOR LEADER LIKE YOU! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US?

I'D LIKE THAT FINE, MR. FUREY!... AND SAY — COULD YOU USE CHRIS LEONARD, TOO? HE'S MY BUDDY, AND —

CHRIS LEONARD? YOU BET! WITH YOU TWO GUYS ON THE CELTICS, NOBODY COULD STOP US!



"HOLMAN AND LEONARD JOINED THE CLUB, AND SOON..."

I'M TELLIN' YA, AL — THERE AIN'T A

BETTER TEAM AROUND! LOOK AT THAT! FOUR CELTS UNDER THE BASKET AND NO ONE'S EVEN NEAR THEM!

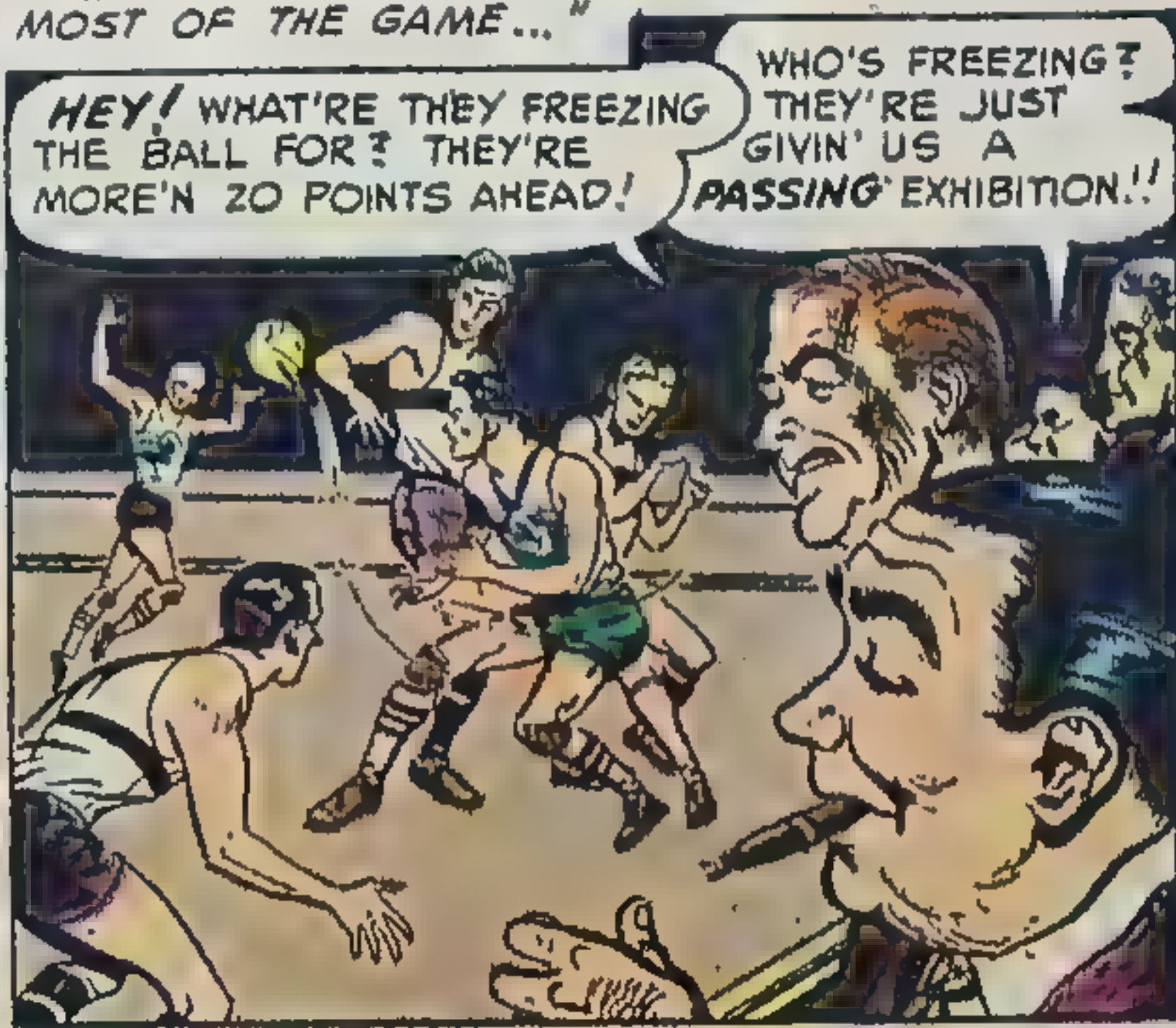
YEAH! THEY'RE MAKIN' THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF CLOWNS! TWENTY-TWO POINTS FOR HOLMAN, AN' 82 FOR THE CELTICS!



"FREQUENTLY, THE OPPOSITION WAS SO OUTCLASSED THAT THE CELTICS WOULD TOY WITH THEM FOR MOST OF THE GAME..."

HEY! WHAT'RE THEY FREEZING THE BALL FOR? THEY'RE MORE'N 20 POINTS AHEAD!

WHO'S FREEZING? THEY'RE JUST GIVIN' US A PASSING EXHIBITION!!



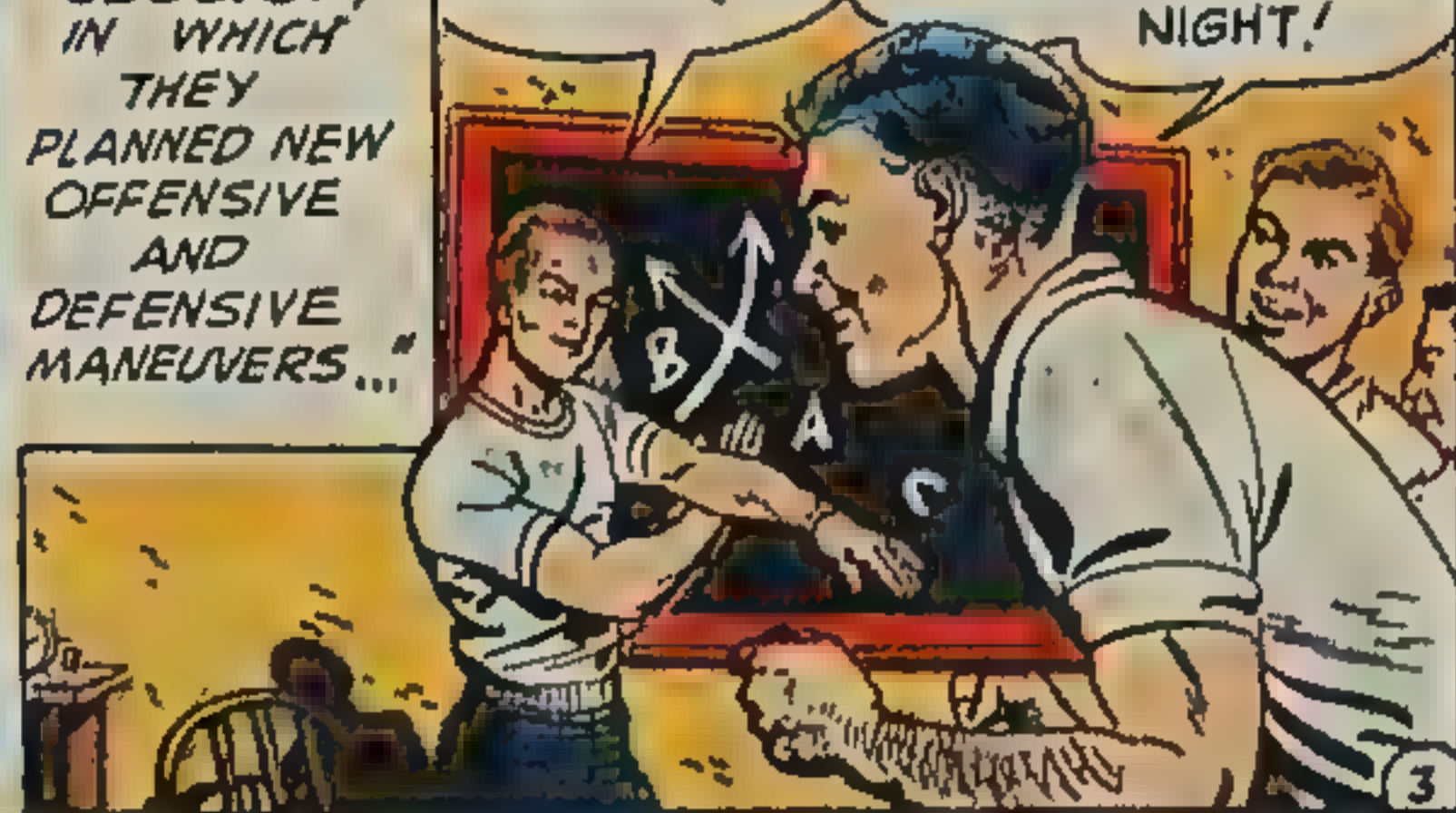
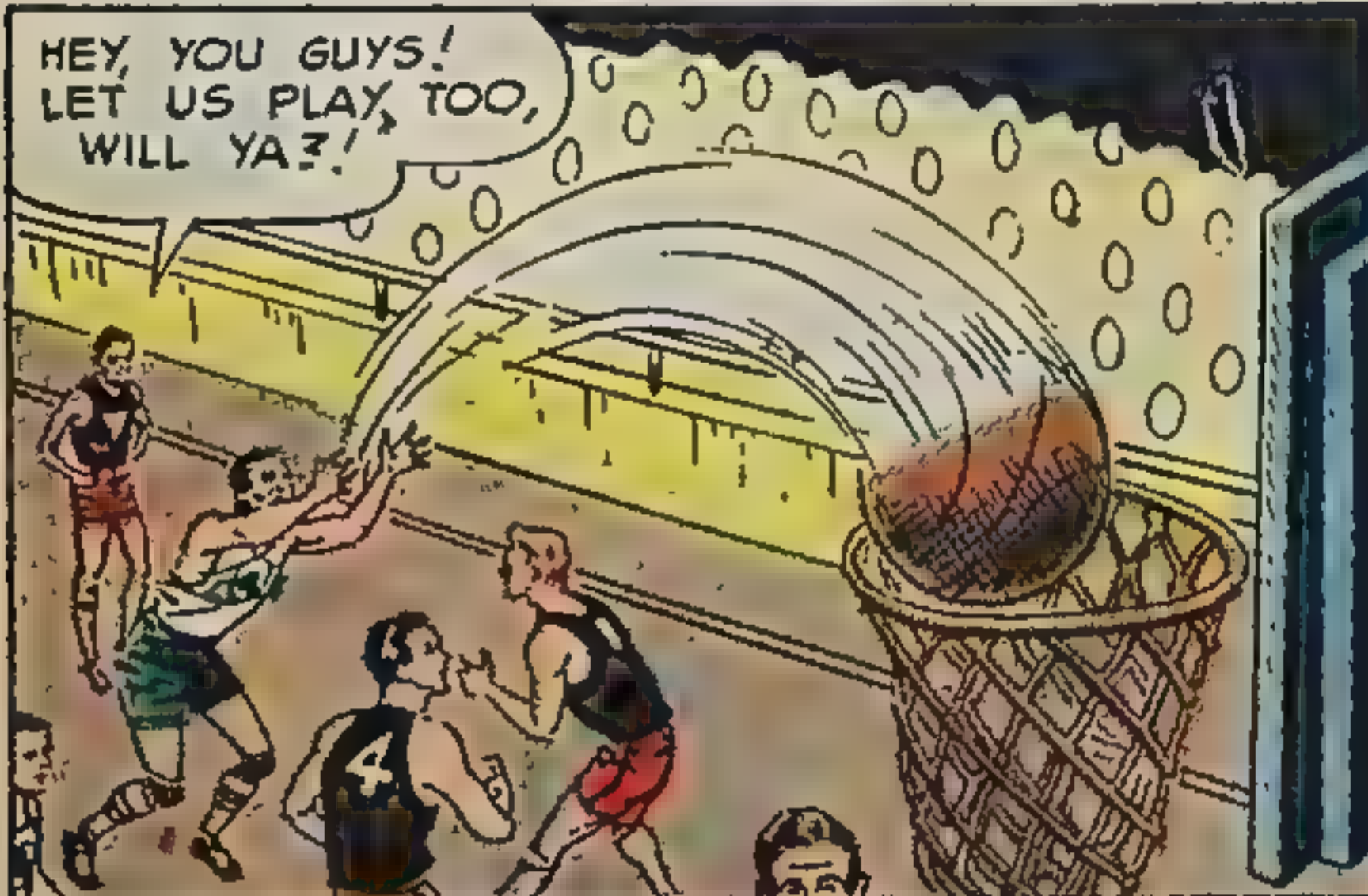
"THE CELTICS WERE THE FIRST TEAM TO USE SET PLAYS. ONE OF THEIR FAVORITES WAS TO SCORE FROM THE CENTER JUMP, WHICH, IN THOSE DAYS, FOLLOWED EACH FIELD GOAL. THEY OFTEN WERE MANY POINTS AHEAD BEFORE THEIR OPPONENTS EVEN TOUCHED THE BALL! IN ONE GAME, WITH THE CELTICS LEADING 73-41..."

"GREAT AS THEY WERE, THE CELTICS STRIVED TO BECOME GREATER. THEY DEVELOPED THE BLACK-BOARD SESSION, IN WHICH THEY PLANNED NEW OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE MANEUVERS..."

AS THE CENTER TAKES THE PASS, THE TWO FORWARDS CRISS-CROSS AND DRIVE BY HIM! THE OPPOSING GUARDS WILL RUN INTO ONE ANOTHER, AND WE'LL HAVE TWO FREE MEN TO TAKE A PASS UNDER THE BASKET!

SAY, COACH, THAT'S GREAT! THOSE GUYS'LL BE KNOCKING THEMSELVES OUT ALL NIGHT!

HEY, YOU GUYS! LET US PLAY, TOO, WILL YA?!

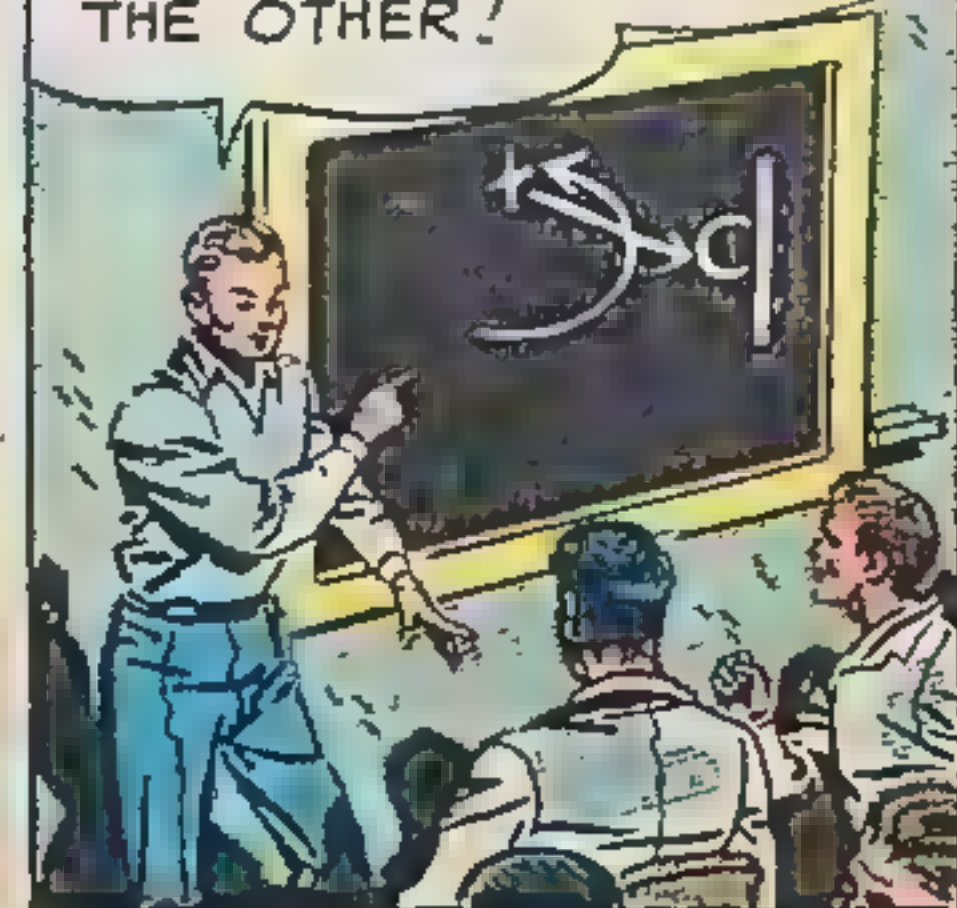
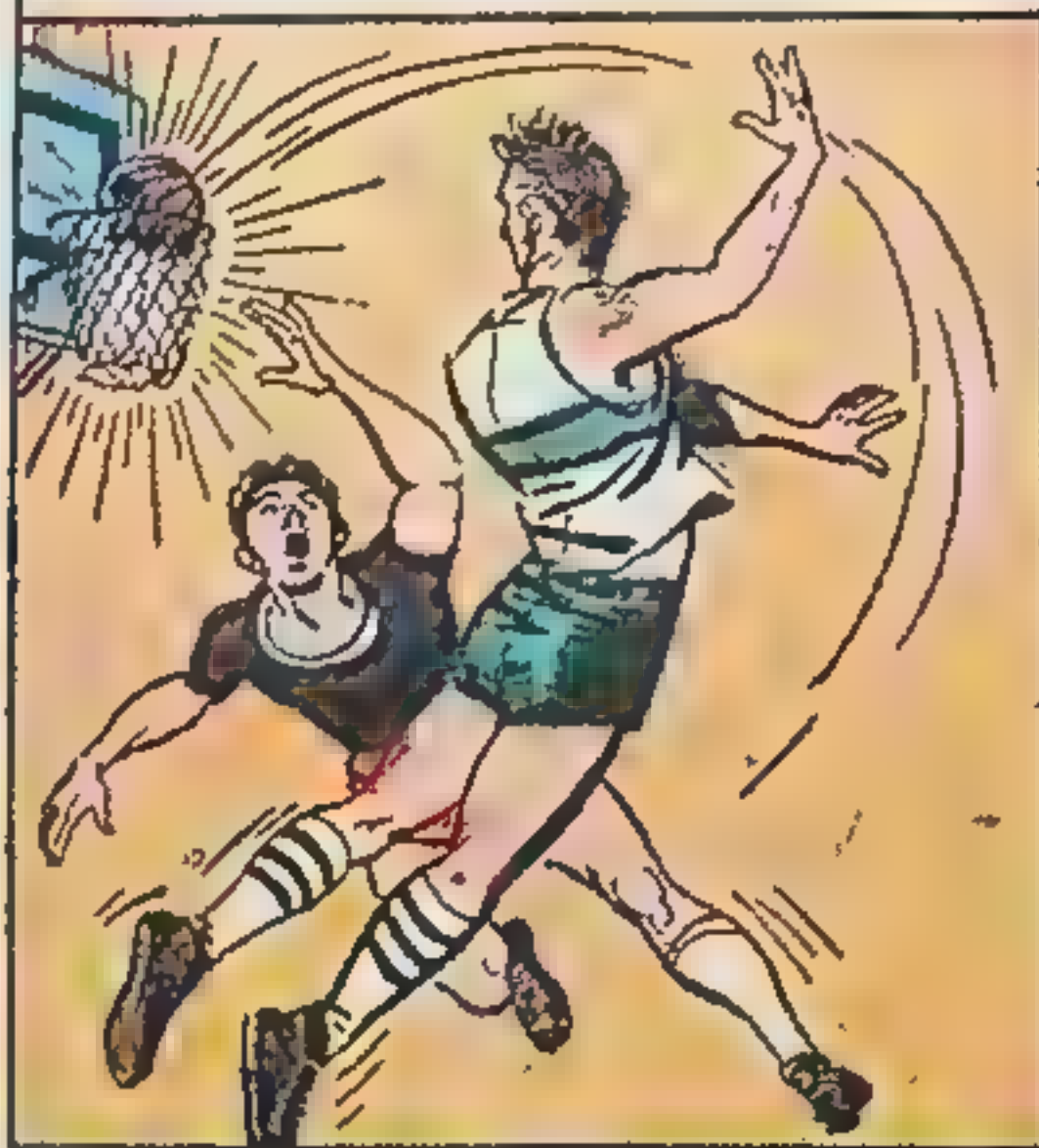
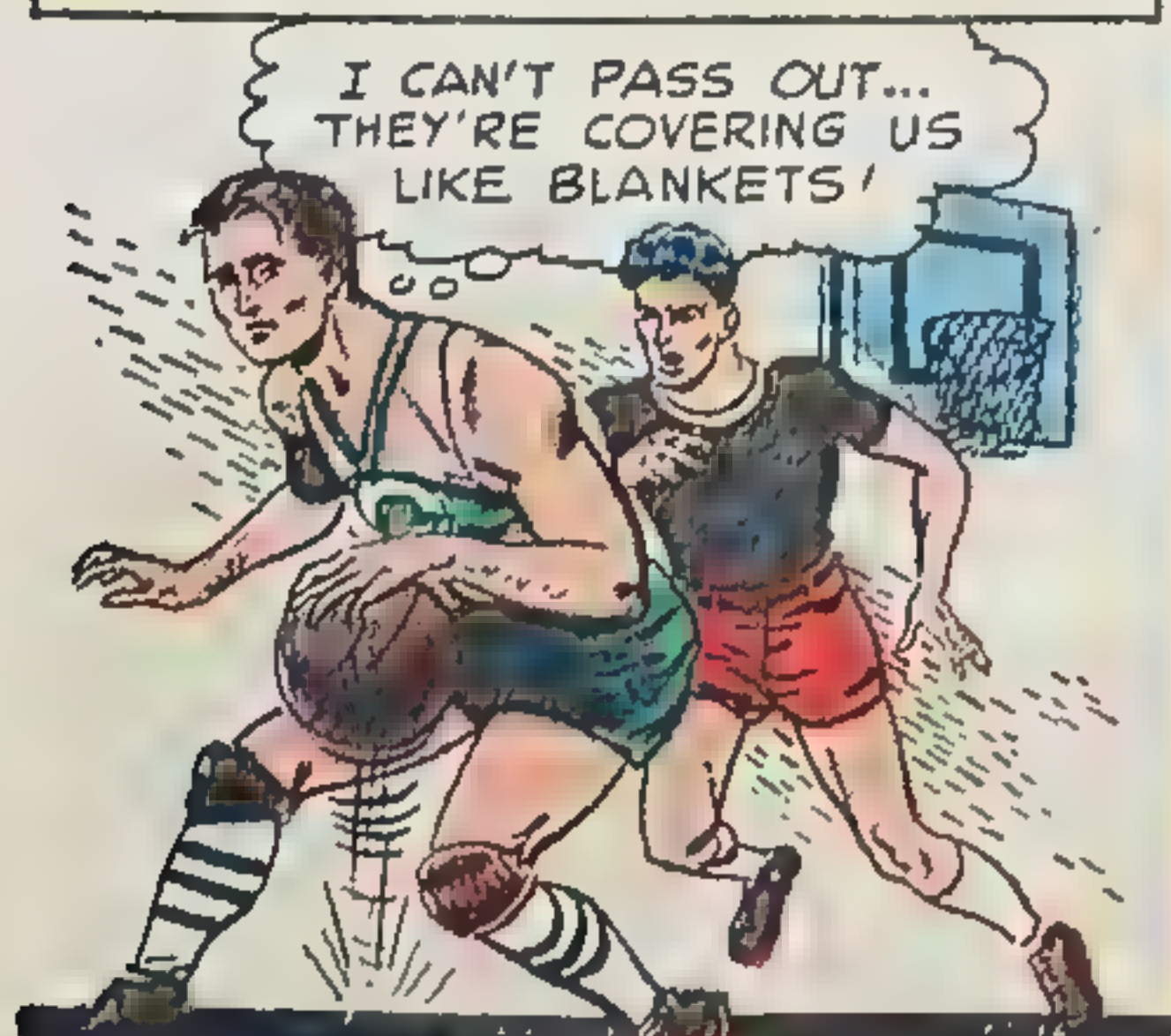


"BUT THE CELTICS' MOST FAMOUS INNOVATION — THE **PIVOT PLAY** — WAS DISCOVERED ACCIDENTALLY. GUARD DUTCH DEHNERT WAS STANDING ON THE FOUL LINE WITH HIS BACK TO THE BASKET..."

"THE PLAYER GUARDING DEHNERT MOVED AROUND TO HIS RIGHT, TRYING TO GRAB THE BALL. DUTCH MADE HIS MOVE: HE PIVOTED TO HIS LEFT AND SHOT..."

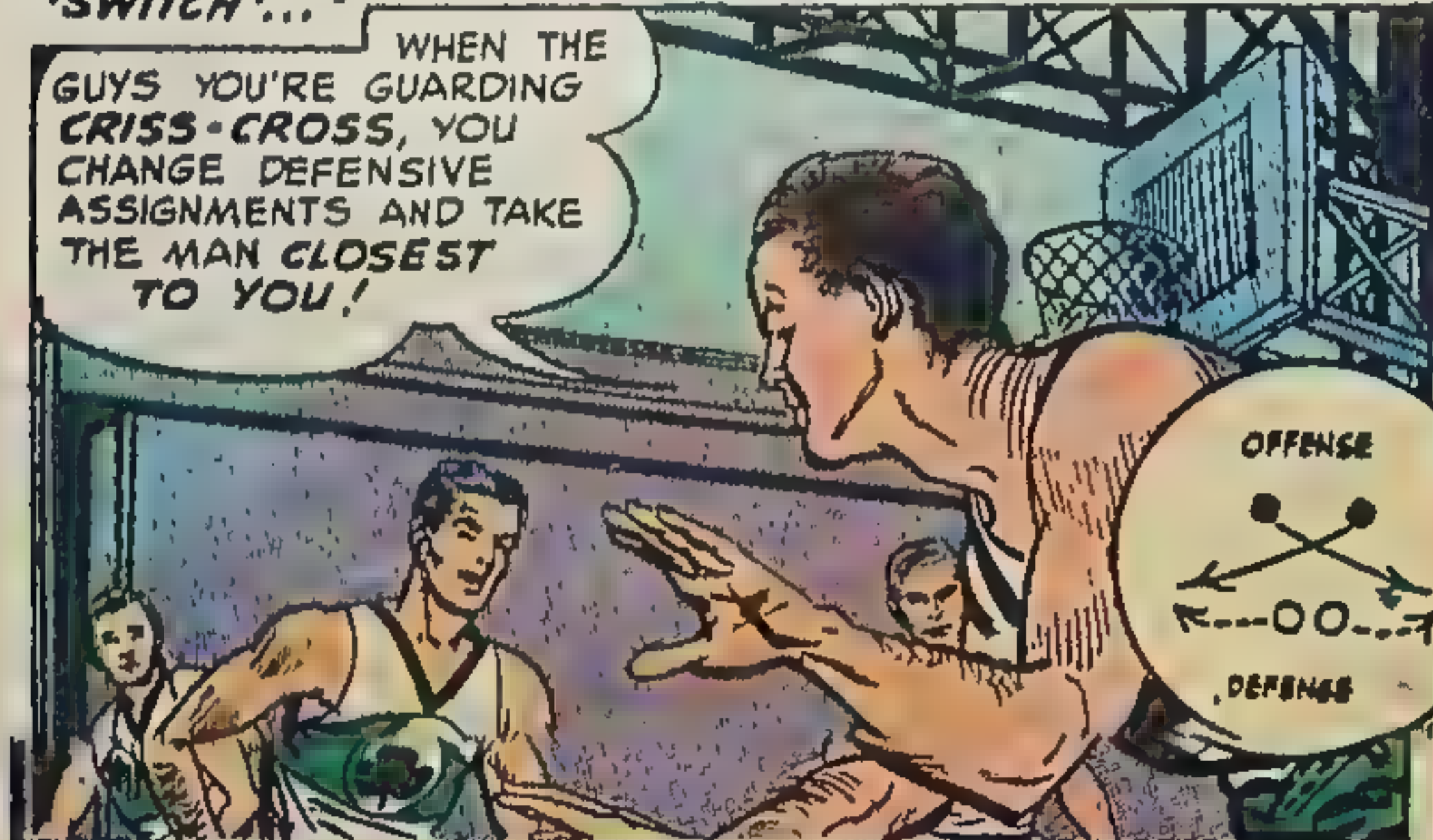
"AFTER THE GAME THE TEAM DISCUSSED DUTCH'S PLAY..."

DUTCH JUST UNCOVERED A WHOLE NEW OFFENSIVE CONCEPT! WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PASSING OUT FROM UNDER THE BASKET — NOW WE FEINT TO ONE SIDE AND MAKE THE SHOT FROM THE OTHER!



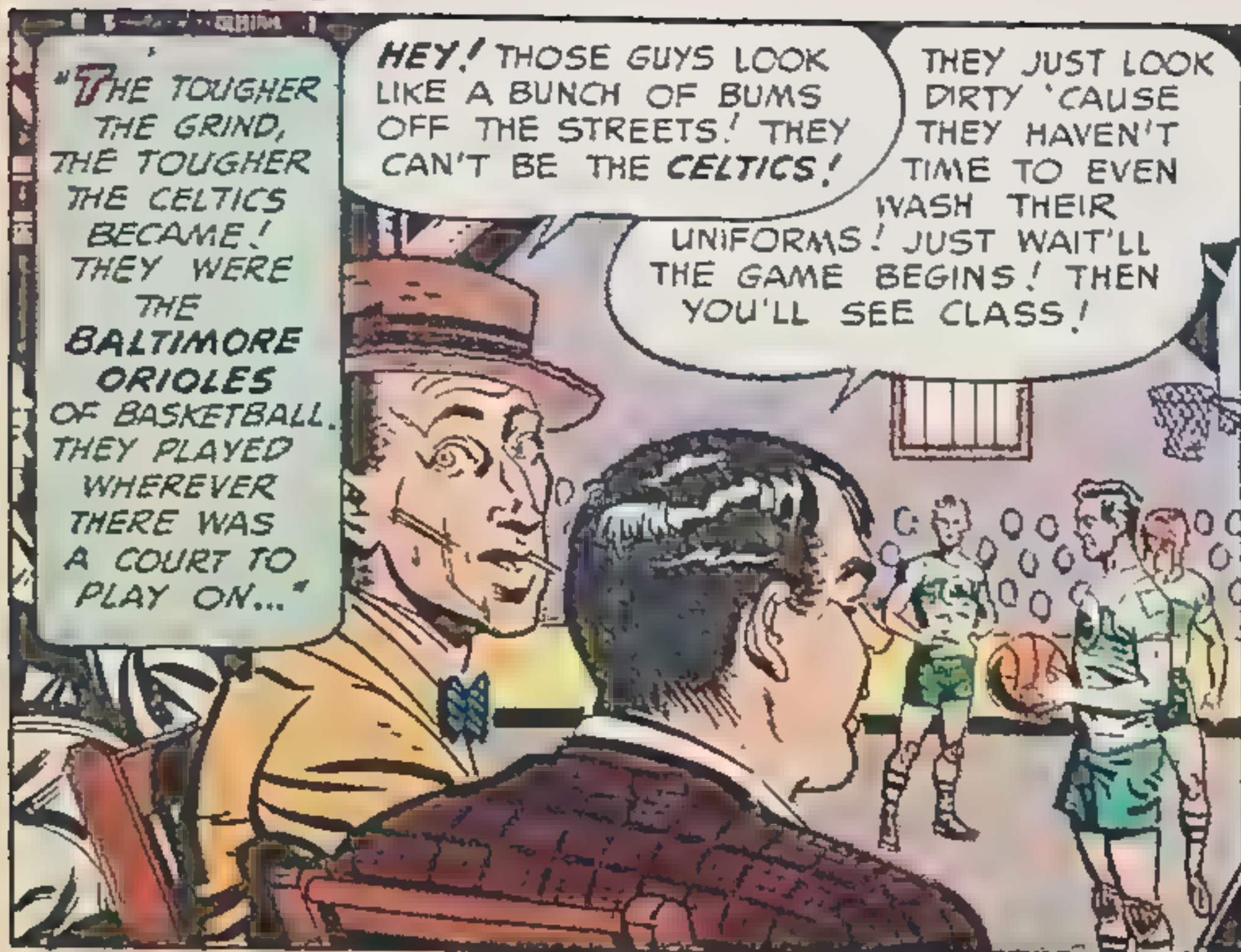
"DEFENSIVELY, TOO, THE CELTICS PIONEERED NEW STRATEGIES OF PLAY. THE ONLY DEFENSIVE SYSTEM USED AT THAT TIME WAS **MAN-TO-MAN**. THE CELTICS INVENTED THE DEFENSIVE '**SWITCH**'..."

WHEN THE GUYS YOU'RE GUARDING **CRISS-CROSS**, YOU CHANGE DEFENSIVE ASSIGNMENTS AND TAKE THE MAN CLOSEST TO YOU!



DEFENSE IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS OFFENSE! **ANYBODY** CAN SCORE POINTS... BUT IT'S THE PLAYER WHO KNOWS WHAT TO DO **WITHOUT** HAVING THE BALL WHO'S THE **REAL** STAR!!





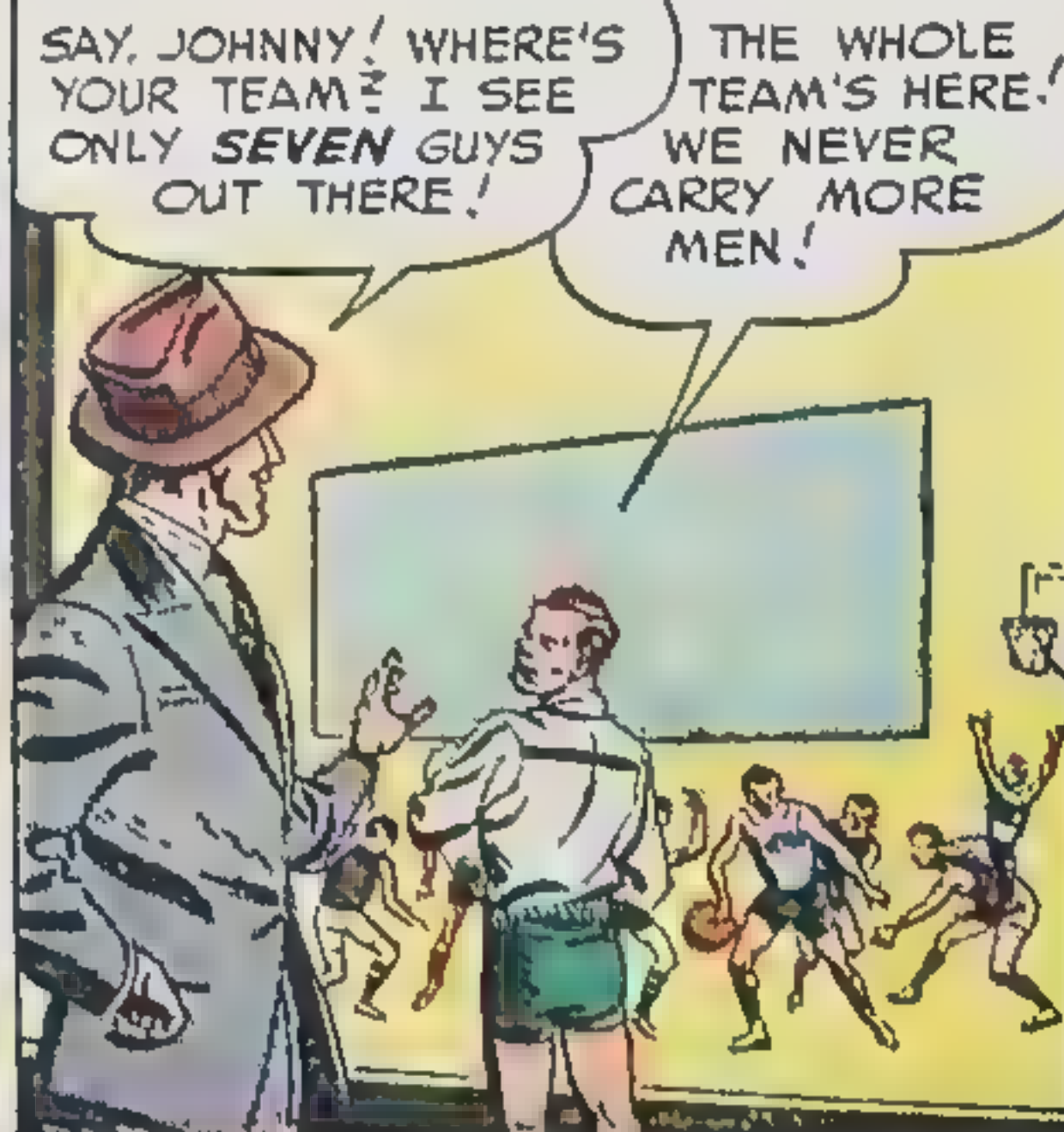
"THE TOUGHER THE GRIND, THE TOUGHER THE CELTICS BECAME! THEY WERE THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES OF BASKETBALL. THEY PLAYED WHEREVER THERE WAS A COURT TO PLAY ON..."

HEY! THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF BUMS OFF THE STREETS! THEY CAN'T BE THE CELTICS!

THEY JUST LOOK DIRTY 'CAUSE THEY HAVEN'T TIME TO EVEN WASH THEIR UNIFORMS! JUST WAIT'LL THE GAME BEGINS! THEN YOU'LL SEE CLASS!

UNIFORMS! JUST WAIT'LL THE GAME BEGINS! THEN YOU'LL SEE CLASS!

"THE MOST AMAZING FEATURE OF THIS WONDER TEAM WAS THE ABSENCE OF A BENCH-LOAD OF RESERVES..."



SAY, JOHNNY! WHERE'S YOUR TEAM? I SEE ONLY SEVEN GUYS OUT THERE!

THE WHOLE TEAM'S HERE! WE NEVER CARRY MORE MEN!

"NOT ONLY DID THE CELTICS FASCINATE THE FANS, BUT OPPOSING TEAMS, TOO, REGARDED THEM AS SUPERMEN! ONE NIGHT AFTER A GAME, IN THE CELTICS' LOCKER ROOM..."

BOY, DID THEY CLOBBER US! 105 TO 47! WE NEVER GOT BEAT THAT BAD BEFORE!

BROTHER, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! Y'KNOW, WHEN I WAS A KID, I WANTED TO BE ANOTHER TY COBB! NOW ALL I WANT TO BE IS A CELTIC!

D'YA HEAR THAT? Y'KNOW, WHEN PEOPLE SAY THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT US IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A GUY PLAYING BASKETBALL!

YEAH! I'M PROUD TO BE A CELTIC!

"THE YEARS ROLLED BY! THE CELTICS CONTINUED TO ROAM THE COUNTRY, PLAYING UP TO 150 GAMES A SEASON. THEN IN 1926..."

FELLOWS, THE OTHER PRO TEAMS ARE FORMING THE AMERICAN BASEBALL LEAGUE! THEY WANT US IN IT! BUT IT'S UP TO YOU!

THERE'D BE NO FUN PLAYIN' IN A LEAGUE! NO COMPETITION! I'M FOR STAYING INDEPENDENT!



"THE CELTICS VOTED TO GO THEIR OWN WAY! THEY PLAYED BEFORE OVERFLOW CROWDS AND DEFEATED EVERY TEAM IN SIGHT, INCLUDING EXHIBITION-GAME VICTORIES AGAINST TEAMS IN THE LEAGUE, BUT IN 1927, AT A MEETING OF THE ABL..."



GENTLEMEN, UNLESS EVERY TEAM IN THE LEAGUE BOYCOTTS THE CELTICS, THE LEAGUE WILL GO TO RUIN! THE CELTICS MUST JOIN US, OR ELSE...

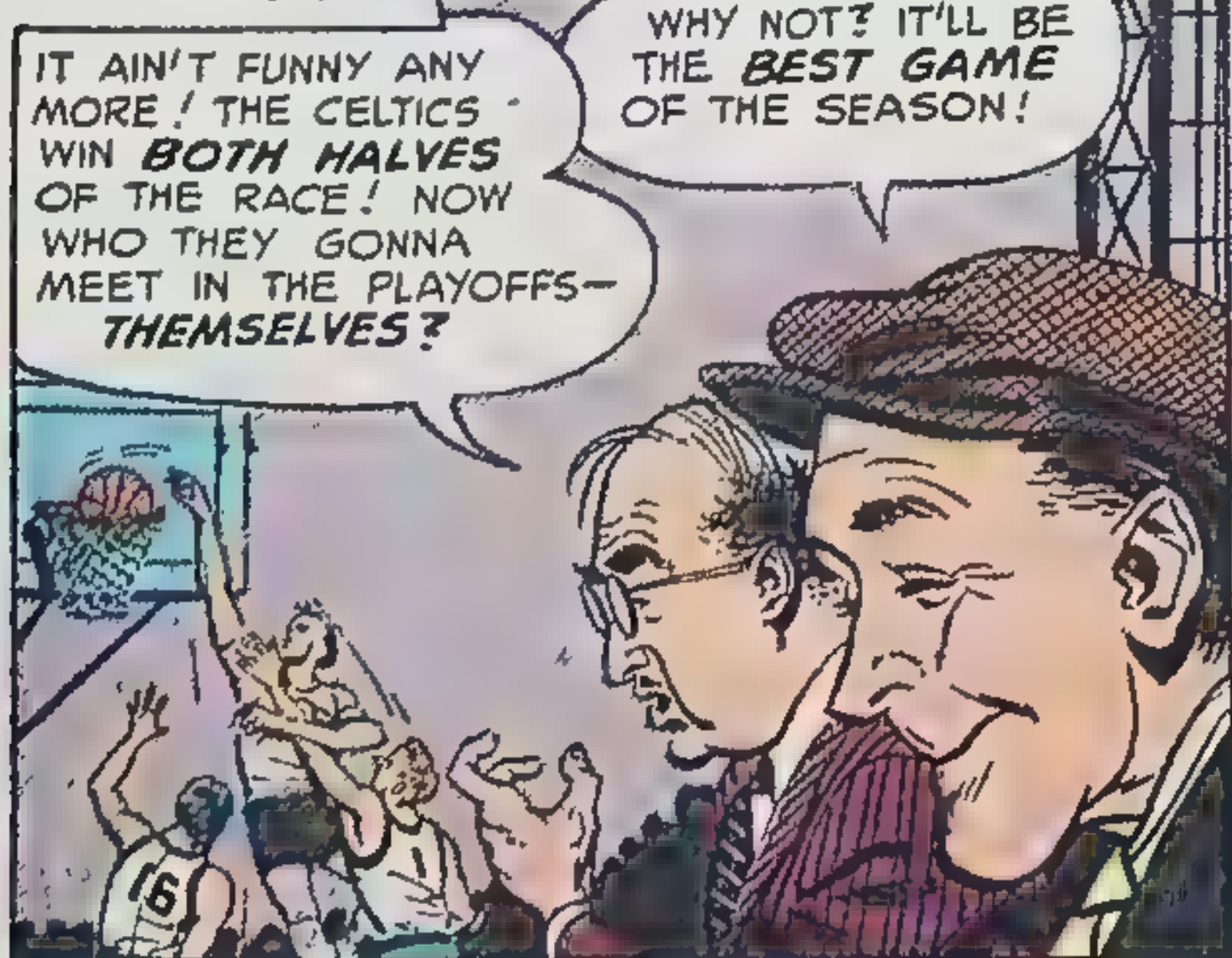
"AND SO..."



...THAT'S THE STORY, MEN! THE LEAGUE TEAMS REFUSE TO PLAY US UNLESS WE JOIN UP! WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE'LL JOIN, JIM! NO MATTER WHERE WE PLAY, WE WANT TO KEEP THE CELTICS GOING!

"THE CELTICS JOINED THE PRO LOOP AND MADE IT A ONE-TEAM LEAGUE. THEY WON EVERY TITLE, SWEEPING EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM. IT WAS THE SAME IN 1927-28..."



IT AIN'T FUNNY ANY MORE! THE CELTICS WIN **BOTH HALVES** OF THE RACE! NOW WHO THEY GONNA MEET IN THE PLAYOFFS--THEMSELVES?

WHY NOT? IT'LL BE THE **BEST GAME** OF THE SEASON!

"AS THE CELTICS CAPTURED EVERYTHING BUT THE LEAGUE CHARTER, ATTENDANCE FELL OFF HEAVILY THROUGHOUT THE CIRCUIT... EXCEPT WHERE THE CELTICS WERE PLAYING!"



LAST NIGHT THE CELTICS WERE HERE AND THE JOINT WAS JAMMED! TONIGHT WE PLAY THE SECOND PLACE TEAM AND THERE ARE MORE PLAYERS THAN SPECTATORS!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? THE LEAGUE CAN'T OPERATE **WITHOUT 'EM**, AND IT CAN'T OPERATE **WITH 'EM**!

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THE LEAGUE COULD DO TO STAY ALIVE. JIM FUREY HAD TO BREAK THE NEWS TO THE SUPER TEAM HE HAD CREATED..."



THEY'RE **SPLITTING UP** THE CELTICS! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE LEAGUE FROM FOLDING!

S'LONG, NAT! G'BYE, JOE! GOSH, IT'S GONNA BE STRANGE PLAYIN' **AGAINST** YOU GUYS FROM NOW ON!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME MORE THAN I COULD EVER EXPECT IN MY ENTIRE LIFETIME!

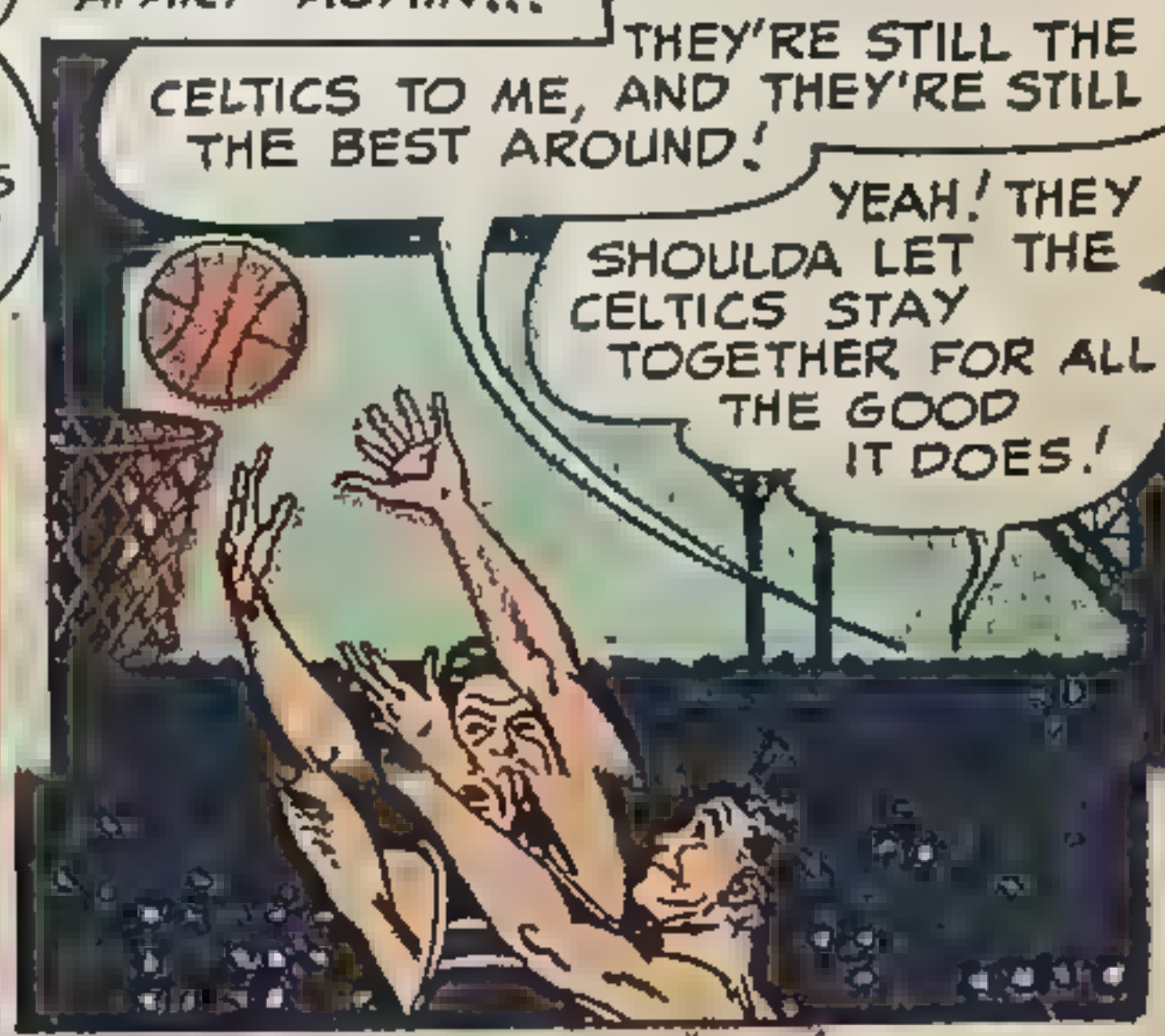
THEY BROKE US APART, BOYS, BUT WE'LL ALWAYS BE THE CELTICS THE GREATEST OF 'EM ALL!



"THOUGH THE CELTICS WERE SPLIT UP, MANY OF THEM **JUMPED** THEIR NEW TEAMS AND JOINED OLD TEAMMATES ON RIVAL SQUADS. MOST OF THEM ENDED UP ON THE **CLEVELAND ROSENBLUMS**, AN INDUSTRIAL TEAM, AND BLEW THE LEAGUE APART AGAIN..."

THEY'RE STILL THE CELTICS TO ME, AND THEY'RE STILL THE BEST AROUND!

YEAH! THEY SHOULDA LET THE CELTICS STAY TOGETHER FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DOES!



"IN 1930 THE LEAGUE FOLDED! MOST OF THE OLD CELTICS REUNITED. FOR SIX YEARS THEY ROAMED THE COUNTRY AGAIN IN THE OLD CELTIC TRADITION. WHEN THEY FINALLY QUIT IN 1936, IT WAS BECAUSE THEY HAD MET THE ONLY FOE THEY COULD NEVER CONQUER -- FATHER TIME!"



Joe Lapchick

Dutch Dehnert

Nat Holman

Johnny Beckman

Chris Leonard

Pete Barry

Johnny Witte

Eddie Burke

"THUS ENDED THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE GREATEST STORY IN BASKETBALL HISTORY. FOR TEN YEARS THEY AVERAGED LESS THAN A DOZEN DEFEATS IN ABOUT 120 GAMES A SEASON. TODAY THE CELTICS ARE SCATTERED, BUT MANY OF THEM ARE STILL GIVING THEIR LIVES TO THE GAME. NAT HOLMAN, COACH AT C.C.N.Y., AND JOE LAPCHICK OF THE NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS, ESPECIALLY, ARE KEEPING ALIVE THE GLORY AND TRADITIONS OF THE IMMORTAL ORIGINAL CELTICS!"

A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR YOU! STARTLINGLY DIFFERENT!

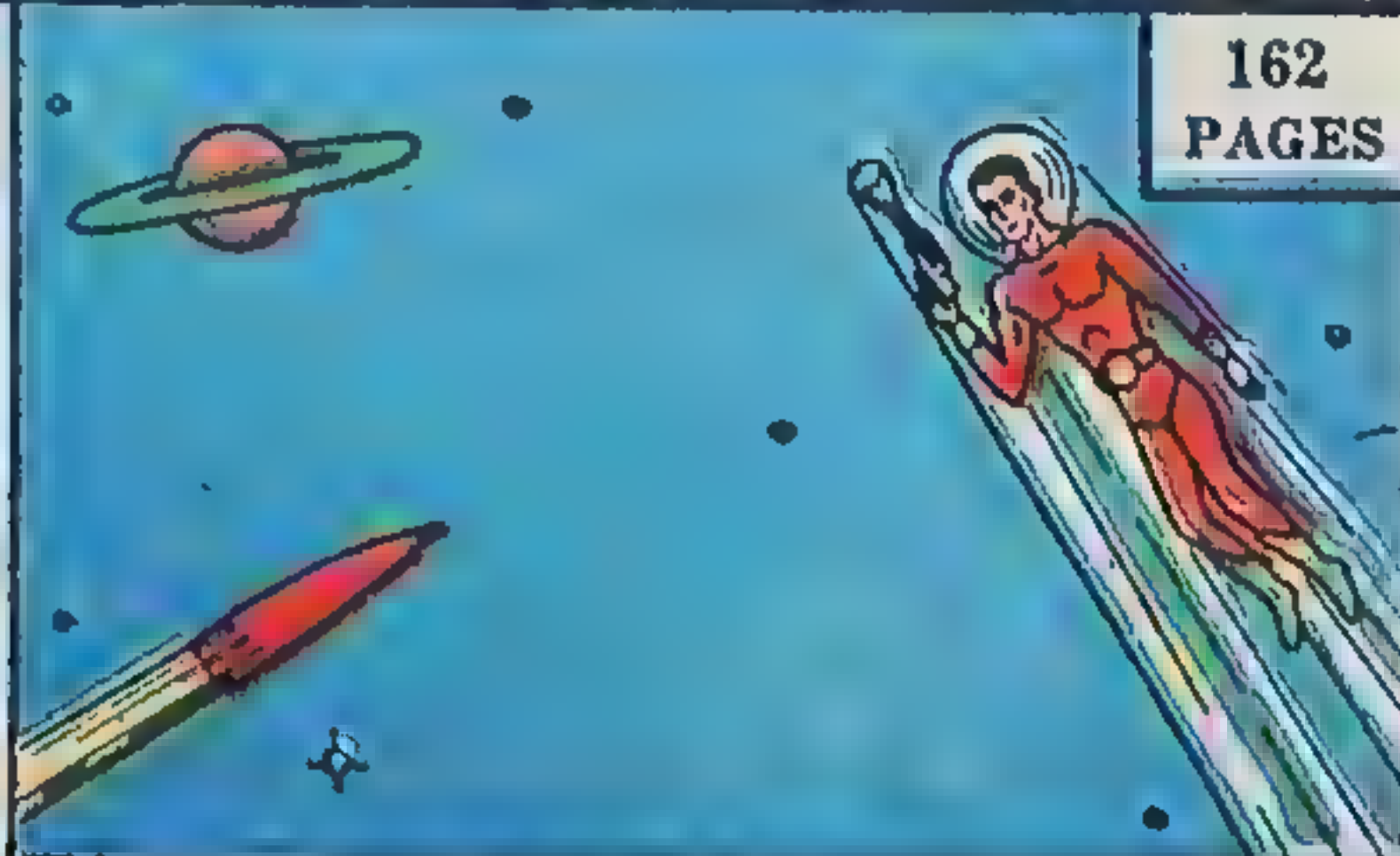
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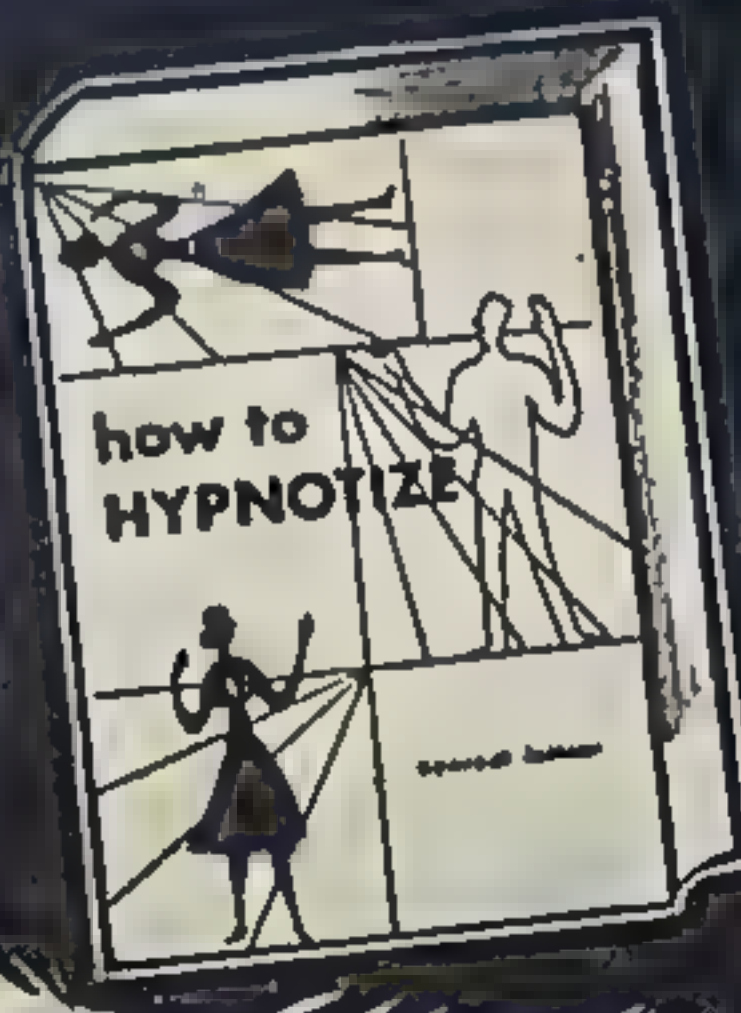
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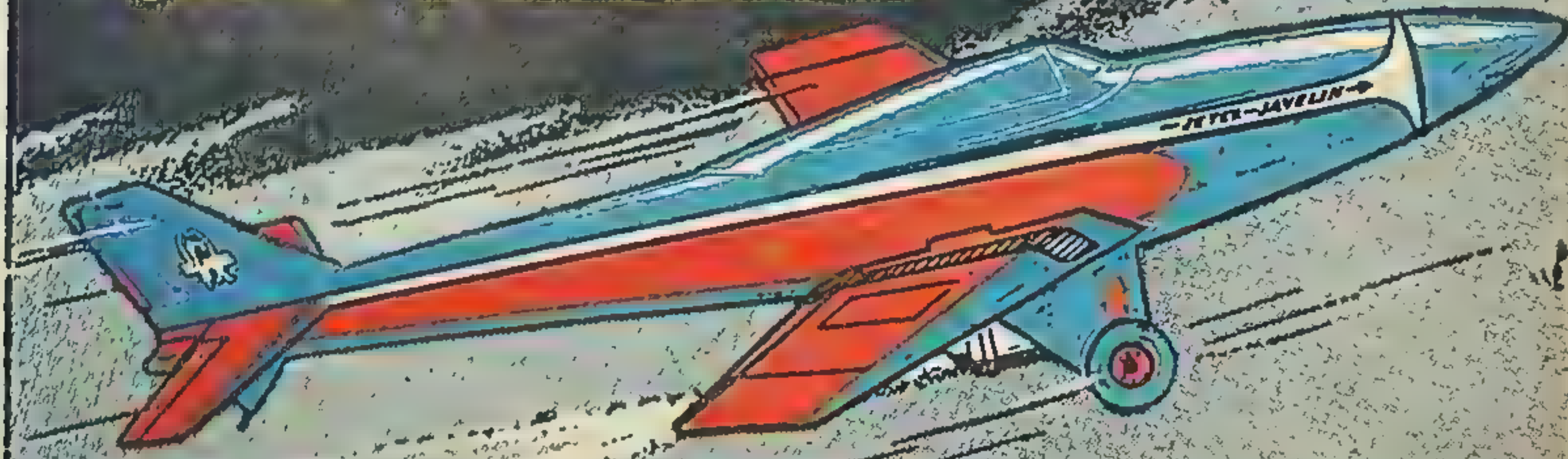
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